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OUR MILITARY PAST AND FUTURE.

AN observing visitor to a Southern plantation, having noticed an entirely tailless cat enter a hole in a corn-rick backwards, asked a colored agriculturalist if he knew the reason of that singular mode of ingress.

"Why, ye see, boss," was the reply, "dat ar cat use ter go inter dat hole headfomuss, jess like any other cat. But one day de tarrier dog, what had been layin' fur him a good spell, made a grab at him as he was a-gwine in, an' bit his tail squar' off. An' ever sence den, boss, dat ar cat goes inter dat hole hinefomuss, so 's de tarrier dog can't bite off his tail agin."

If the Southern extremity of our commonwealth had been carried clean away by the terrier dog of secession, instead of hanging painfully by a shred for several years, and at last getting cobbled on rather crazily, it is probable that we should have taken extreme precautions against a repetition of the amputating performance. In plain words (if any words can be plainer), what remained of our federative state would have conceded great powers to its general government, and would have provided it with a sufficient army.

But secession failed: we beat it after four years of doubtful war; we beat it at the price of half a million of lives and thousands of millions of money. Delighted with our success, and apparently all the more delighted with it because of its fearful cost in blood and treasure, we have fallen back upon our old belief that we need only the simulacrum of a military force. We have so enfeebled our army that we cannot concentrate a thousand men without difficulty, and must constantly hurry its thin battalions from point to point to meet the needs of a vast frontier. There is a strong political party which pretends to fear it as an engine of tyranny, and endeavors every now and then to weaken it still further, or to stop its pay. One is tempted to admit that republics are indeed forgetful and short-sighted beyond all other governments.

We certainly need all the men that we have. Any attempt to reduce our military establishment below the present niggardly estimates should be discountenanced as the act of an ill-intentioned or silly demagogue. Indeed, a force of thirty-five or forty thousand regulars would not be more than we could employ profitably, nor more than it would be true wisdom and frugality to support. The fewness of our troops, so far from being productive of unmixed saving, necessitates extraordinary outlays in transportation, sufficient to maintain several thousand additional soldiers. At any moment we are liable to an Indian war,

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considerable enough to break through our slender lines. Finally, and far the most important consideration of all, there is the always possible chance of a contest with some civilized power, and the consequent need of a strong regular force to serve as a nucleus for our citizen troops, and to furnish them with instruction and leadership.

Meantime, it is wise to admit that the American people will not maintain in time of peace such a land service as would be necessary in a great conflict. Of the political traditions of the free and self-governing Anglo-Saxon race, one of the very strongest is jealousy of a standing army. Our popular belief is that it is a potency hostile to liberty, and that it should not only be restrained to mere military action, but should be kept so weak in numbers as to be incapable of political influence. Our politicians dislike it because its cardinal motive of *obedience* cares naught for their arts of persuasion; because its modes of action are beyond their understanding, and largely beyond their direction; and because they cannot use its dignities as rewards for their adherents. Finally, our national frugality, or rather our simulation of that quality, militates against an institution which seems to be slightly needed in peace, and which, we constantly hope, will not be much needed in war. The result of these aversions and beliefs is that our permanent army has always been small, and that it will probably continue to be small for many years to come. It is but practical and wise to concede that in all great wars our principal reliance for numbers will be upon our citizen soldiers.

Of these we have two kinds, quite distinct in law from each other, — the militia of the different States, and the national volunteers. The latter, non-existent in time of peace, are in war on the same footing with the regular army, serving under an oath to the general government, and bound by its direct orders. The militia are not United States troops, but legally and strictly state troops, — the soldiers of Connecticut, of South Carolina, etc. The statutes of the United States on this subject go no farther than to require the enrollment in the militia of all able-bodied males between eighteen and forty-five, excepting those who are exempted by the laws of the United States, or who may be exempted by the laws of the different States. The troops of each State are organized, and their officers are appointed, by the authorities of that State. Nor can the general government call them directly into service; it can do that only through a requisition on the governor. In short, the militia is not a national force by constitution, and can be used temporarily as such only when the state rulers are loyal and willing.

Of these two very different kinds of citizen soldiers, which will be our main reliance in war, and which best deserves some serious national thought as to preparation and instruction? Let us look to the past for a reply. At the risk of terribly wounding American vanity, I shall present a truthful summary of

THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE MILITIA.

The militia of the Revolution was what the troops of semi-independent communities must always be. It was badly organized, because provincial governments cannot make a good organization; it was undisciplined, because it chose its own officers, and claimed privileges as local troops and as men who had not ceased to be citizens; it was inexperienced, because it seldom remained in the field more than three months at a time. In addition to these defects, it was ununiformed, armed with all sorts of guns, often ill supplied with ammunition, and generally destitute of bayonets. The short term of service was a great disadvantage to *morale;* a man who goes to war for three months means to come back. The election of the officers by the men was equally disastrous; the discipline was very like that of her majesty's ship Pinafore. Let us see how these most unmilitary soldiers, though patriotic and zealous citizens, conducted themselves in the presence of an enemy.

The affair after Lexington was a vig-

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orous harassing, from behind cover, of a column which had effected its purpose, and was returning by order to its post. The political importance of the skirmish was very far greater than its military interest; the militia-men showed themselves high-spirited citizens rather than skillful soldiers capable of decisive operations; they could worry an inferior force, but could not capture it. Bunker's Hill was highly creditable to the militia, and also to the English troops, both deserving more praise than the English generals. Some fifteen hundred novices endured patiently a cannonade to which they could not reply, resisted three thousand fine regulars until their ammunition was exhausted, inflicted a loss of over one thousand killed and wounded, and lost themselves four hundred and twenty, with only thirty prisoners. We must observe, however, that they were favored by an eminence and well covered by field-works, and that on an even field they would undoubtedly have been out-manœuvred and out-fought without difficulty. Thanks to such leaders as Montgomery, Arnold, Morgan, Greene, and Wooster, the invasion of Canada was a wonderful performance; but Montgomery pronounced the New Englanders "the worst possible material for soldiers," except the New Yorkers. "The privates," he wrote, "are all generals, but not soldiers." It is singular, by the way, that the finest feats of the citizen troops should have been done early in the war.

In the battle of Brooklyn Heights an army of militia was outwitted and whipped with the greatest ease. At Trenton our victorious column consisted mainly of Continentals; the two auxiliary columns of militia failed to cross the icy river. At Princeton the militia, forming three fourths of the army, fired two or three volleys, and then fled before the bayonet, leaving the battle to the Continental regiments, the ragged and barefooted sufferers of the New Jersey bivouacs, starved by a Congress which even in war was jealous of a regular army. The force which defended Fort Sullivan under Moultrie was a battalion of South Carolina regulars, not yet turned over to the general government. The battle of Bennington was honorable to the militia; but their antagonists were less than half as numerous, and had the additional disadvantage of coming into the field by detachments; there was no one period of the action during which the Americans were less than four to one. The army which conquered near Saratoga consisted, at the close of the operations, of 9093 Continentals and 4129 militia. I have no means of deciding whether the latter did their numerical share of the fighting; but the study of other Revolutionary conflicts leads one to suppose the contrary.

At the Brandywine Stirling's regular brigade stood firm long after both its flanks had been uncovered by a stampede of militia. After the battle Congress summoned Continentals from all quarters, showing that it had begun to lose confidence in its citizen soldiers, and leading us to infer that they had behaved even worse than the writers of the time confess. At Germantown the regulars lost in killed and wounded one hundred and twenty-seven commissioned and non-commissioned, and four hundred and eighty-seven privates. The militia, comprising about a quarter of the army, lost in commissioned and non-commissioned three killed, four wounded, and eleven missing, the latter supposed to be runaways or prisoners. Its loss in privates was not reported, but probably had the same unhappy proportion of missing, always an ugly item for the honor of a force. So far as these figures go, they show that the regulars fought the battle pretty much alone. In the combat of Brier Creek the militia fled promptly, some of them without firing; and the only troops who kept in shape, even for a little, were a few scores of Georgia Continentals. The storming of Stony Point, the finest American feat of the war, was done by regulars alone.

At Camden the Virginia militia, although they had bayonets, ran at the first volley, followed by all the North Carolina militia except one regiment, which stood next the Continentals. The

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regulars fought magnificently till their uncovered flanks were crushed, and, if we may credit the imperfect returns, more than one third of them were *killed*. It is difficult to believe that the militiamen could be of the same race with these heroes. Organization and discipline made the whole difference. At Cowpens the militia retreated with its usual alacrity, and the battle was saved by a volley and charge from Howard's two hundred and ninety Continentals, supported by a few regular riflemen, and followed up by the dash of Colonel Washington's regular troopers. Quite wonderful was the cool dexterity of Howard and the steadiness of his handful of infantry. Overlapped in consequence of the flight of the militia, he obliqued his line, retired a short distance, faced about as if on parade, and struck at the flank of the hurrying and disordered pursuers. No body of "state troops" ever performed such a movement under circumstances anything like so trying. It was, by the way, the first time, and perhaps also the last time, that a Highland regiment was ever seen to run.

At Guilford Court House eleven hundred North Carolina militia fled before it lost a man, and seventeen hundred Virginia militia followed it after a few volleys. Fifteen hundred Continentals, aided by two hundred regular cavalry, bore the whole brunt of the action, although there was only one veteran regiment present, the rest being raw recruits. The losses were, Continentals, three hundred killed and wounded; Virginia militia, one hundred ditto and two hundred and ninety-four missing; North Carolina militia, nine ditto and five hundred and fifty-two missing. "As is always the case after a battle," wrote Lee, "the missing might be found safe at their own firesides." At Eutaw Springs the militia behaved with unwonted steadiness, some regiments of them firing as many as seventeen rounds. Once broken, however, they left the field as usual, and the battle was fought out by the Continentals. Of the force which brought Cornwallis to surrender, the American part consisted of about seven thousand regulars and about four thousand militia. Only the former were used in assaulting, or could have been serviceable as artillerists, or could be trusted to do important guard duty, so that the contribution of the latter to the result must have been small.

The above summary of the principal conflicts of the Revolutionary struggle shows clearly enough that if our forces had been wholly militia we should probably have failed to achieve our independence; and that if they had been wholly regulars we should have achieved it with fewer defeats and in much less time.

Our subsequent wars with the Indians and the war of 1812 with Great Britain tell the same humiliating story as to the unreliability of state troops. In the defeat of St. Clair a vanguard of three hundred Kentucky militia, good marksmen and accustomed to forest adventures, broke at the first fire, and carried confusion into the main body. At Tippecanoe the militia, eight hundred and fifty strong, was supported by three hundred and fifty regulars, while the Shawnee warriors were not numerous, and their war-chief was absent. In 1812 General Hopkins had to give up an expedition against the Indians because his two thousand Kentuckians mutinied and turned back.

In the beginning of the war of 1812 the governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut declined to call out their troops at the call of the president, on the sole ground that their States were not threatened with invasion. Hull, the dismal hero of the surrender of Detroit, was tormented by his Ohio militia. One company amused itself with riding its officers on a rail; others fell back on their supposed legal rights and refused to cross the frontier. He said to Miller, the colonel of his only regular regiment, "Without the Fourth I could not march these other men to Detroit." In a skirmish which was remarkable as the first of the war, and which certainly did not furnish a cheering augury, one hundred and seventeen militia fled, with a loss of eight men, carrying along in their panic a considerable reinforcement. In the next

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skirmish two hundred militia ran away from a troop of Indians, with a loss of seventeen killed and a few wounded, all of whom were abandoned. In a third skirmish six hundred Americans, who differed from their inefficient comrades only in the fact that they were nearly all regulars, defeated an equal force of British, Canadians, and Indians. Hull's surrender was a timorous act, resulting partly from the feebleness of age and infirmity, and partly from a justifiable lack of confidence in the great majority of his troops. A good subordinate officer in the Revolution, he had been twenty-five years in civil life, and he was nearly sixty years old.

At Queenstown the militia general in command declined the assistance of a regular regiment under Winfield Scott, in order to give the direction of the invasion and the honor of a victory to his own son, also a militia officer. After a successful landing had been effected, some fifteen hundred New York state troops became frightened at the sight of battle, set up a claim that they were not legally bound to cross the frontier, and would not enter the boats. Of the eight hundred in the advance columns five hundred surrendered without fighting, and the others took small part in the engagement. The three hundred regulars present did nearly all the work and behaved with really astonishing spirit, although they were mostly recruits, and were commanded during the greater part of the day by boyish officers of six months' standing.

The melodramatic failure on the Upper Niagara (November, 1812) was the work partly of General Smyth, one of the few incapables who have appeared in the regular army; partly of the Pennsylvania volunteers, who set up a claim that they were state troops, and would not cross the frontier; and partly of the New York militia, who showed the same reverence for boundaries. Over and over in this war, as in that of the Revolution, bodies of militia went home on the expiration of their term, no matter how much they might be needed. Meantime their officers posted one another as cowards, exchanged challenges, and sometimes fought duels. The generals, mostly old Revolutionary heroes recalled to war from twenty-five years of civil life, could do nothing with such soldiers but cover the enemy with glory. In the South, where there were only half-civilized Indians to fight, and the militia was always twice as numerous as its antagonists, it gained some victories under an energetic leader, in spite of its tendency to break when charged.

The massacre of the River Raisin and the defeat of Colonel Dudley were militia disasters. The storming of York under General Pike was the feat of four regiments of regulars, supported by a small body of a new kind of troops, — United States volunteers. The storming of Fort George was done by regulars and a few volunteers, led by Winfield Scott. At Sackett's Harbor about eight hundred militia fled after one volley, headed by a still famous officer, who "started first because he was a little lame," leaving their general to give his undivided attention to a small band of stubborn regulars. Eventually a false report of victory decoyed some three hundred of them near the field of conflict; and by appearing on the flank of the English they inadvertently decided the latter to retreat. The successful defense of Fort Stephenson was conducted by Major Croghan of the seventeenth regulars, with one hundred and forty of his own men and seven volunteers. During the operations of Cockburn on the Maryland and Virginia shore, the local troops ran away invariably, and usually at the first fire, although they were defending their homes. The battle of the Thames was a militia victory, gained over a very inferior force of regulars and Indians. The English commander committed the fatal errors of forming his infantry in open order to resist cavalry, and of interposing a swamp between his wings, so that they could not support each other.

At Chippewa, our first creditable field engagement, there were no militia; and the volunteers, although they fought well for a time, eventually left the battle to

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the regulars. The victory at Lundy's Lane, by far our most honorable conflict during the war, was won by regulars alone. Fort Erie was triumphantly defended by both regulars and volunteers, and both shared equally in the well-managed and victorious sortie. At Plattsburg the regulars stood firm, while the militia broke and fled, abandoning a ford and nearly ruining everything. The retreat of Sir George Prevost was not due to the resistance by land, but to the destruction of his squadron on the lake, and the consequent impossibility of feeding his column during an advance. Of the seven thousand men under Winder, who gave up our capital to four thousand English, six thousand were local troops. At Bladensburg they not only broke, leaving the flanks of the regulars uncovered, but they at once sought the peace of their own firesides. No man loves his home more than the militia-man, especially in a period of disorder and violence. Our total loss in that farcical skirmish was twenty-six killed and fifty-one wounded. The general in command was an able lawyer.

The struggle in front of New Orleans shows the excellences of a militia of marksmen and the defects of all militia. The night attack on the British camp was executed with great spirit; but the assailants had an unusually inspiring leader, and two fifths of them were regulars. In the deciding conflict the troops on the left bank were more than three fourths militia; but they held an unflankable line of field-works, and the result was a slaughtering victory. On the right bank there were no regulars, and the position could be turned, and the result was an easy defeat. It is the old militia tale of a good fight behind ramparts, and a very poor one in the field.

Such is the history of the American as a soldier, when he goes forth to battle without organization and discipline, invested with the uniform, the supposed legal privileges, and the military ignorance of our home guards. Is there anywhere, in the records of civilized and gallant races, such another monotonous chronicle of disaster and disgrace? One is tempted to suggest a comic history of the militia with Cruikshank illustrations. When we talk about "the heroism of our forefathers" we ought to state that we do not mean the troops of the local governments. To deserve the epithet of heroic it is not sufficient merely to shoot well from behind breast-works; it is necessary also to stand firm upon an equal field, to carry strong positions, and to storm ramparts; and not one of these things has been done by our militia.

Does the American people, a people of brave and intelligent men, like such a military history? Is it proud of producing battalions whose wretched organization and lack of discipline are sure, in an open field, to send them to the right-about before an advance of good troops? If it wishes for a more Spartan record in future wars, it must get rid of its provincial system of defense, and devise something more practical. The entire antiquated and feeble jumble, with its forty civilian head-quarters and its party-colored host of predestined runaways, should be swept out of existence. In place of state troops who will not cross frontiers and who owe allegiance to governors, let us have a force of national volunteers, willing to march wherever they can see the enemies of their country, and bound by oath to obey its Congress and chief magistrate. Only we must remember that even these will need the backing of a good regular army, to furnish them with instructors and commanders of a high grade, and to steady them in their first battles.

THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

It has already been noted that the volunteer made his advent into American warfare (and cast his mighty shadow, it may be added, upon future American politics) during the struggle of 1812. At first thought one is surprised that the champions of state sovereignty should have permitted the birth of an idea so conducive to national unity. But Great Britain menaced; the militia-man was remembered for his stampedes from Revolutionary battle-fields and his scruples as to frontiers; the regular army

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was "an engine of tyranny," and its recruitment was difficult; and thus the national volunteer was accepted. The new force was not, however, well organized, nor much used. Few volunteer regiments were raised; the term of service was too short to allow of the introduction of thorough discipline; the men seem to have thought themselves state troops, and sometimes refused to cross boundaries; their only memorable achievement was the part which they took in the sortie from Fort Erie. But the potent national idea remained, and in after days brought forth noble fruit.

In the conflict with Mexico, an admirably managed war in every respect, there were thirty volunteer regiments. This revolution in our military methods was established and confirmed by the excellent behavior of the newly devised force. From the Rio Grande to California, and from Vera Cruz to the enemy's capital, the volunteers marched and battled by the side of the regulars with a long-winded patience, obedience, and steadiness wholly unknown to militia. They recognized and showed that they were United States troops, under the same statutes and the same rules of honor with the permanent army, and able to abide by them. They proved that the American citizen needs but a rational military organization to become in a short time an excellent soldier. They took the heart of the people, as they took the heights of Monterey, by storm. Henceforward the republic was in possession of an idea full of military power and of the promise of national unity.

Every one knows the history of our civil war. The militia of the seceding States refused to obey the president, and held by their allegiance to their disloyal governors and legislatures. A few organizations of loyal militia disappeared in a short time from the conflict, or remained in it only as regiments of national volunteers. The regular army, twelve thousand strong at the outset, was recruited with difficulty, and from first to last numbered but sixty-seven thousand men. The war was mainly fought out by some two million of volunteers, whose military oath bound them to the service of the United States government, and to no other.[1] What this army could endure is shown in a roll of eighty thousand slain in battle, of three or four times that number wounded, and of two hundred and fifty thousand dead of disease or hardship. What it could do appears in the crushing of a confederacy which was able to raise eight hundred thousand brave troops, and to set at their head such remarkable commanders as Lee, Jackson, and Johnston.

And yet the organization of the volunteers was incomplete and in some respects vicious. There was no proper system of recruitment; the sterling old regiments of 1862 were suffered to dwindle to skeletons; when more men were needed, new battalions were raised, — battalions green throughout, and of course ill fitted for service. Wisconsin alone had the genius, the firmness, and the patriotism to establish a strict conscription, and thus keep its veteran regiments full; the result being that Wisconsin troops had a uniform character for steadiness, and that a Wisconsin brigade was nearly equivalent in power to an average division. Let me observe, in passing, that the same lesson is taught us by the example and experience of the South. Without the conscription a population of eight or ten millions could not possibly have faced, on hundreds of battle-fields, a population of twenty-five or twenty-eight millions. It produced not only numbers, but also excellence, both of rank and file and of officers.

Another fault of our system was that, while the volunteers were strictly United States troops, the selection of their officers was left to the governors of the States. The result was that political influence, social influence, and in general civilian influence dictated the choice. Nepotism and favoritism flourished. A

[1] There were enlistments equivalent to 2,254,063 three years' enlistments, of course including many reënlistments; the exact number of men is unknown. The statement as to losses excludes regular troops and colored

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democrat could sometimes get a field position by promising that his adherents should run a "split ticket." The general rule was that the commissions should go to the men who could secure enlistments. Examinations were a sham, because real ones would have thrown out nearly all the applicants; my own, for instance, consisted of a few minutes of genial conversation about the chances of European interference. Every volunteer officer remembers some sad or ridiculous consequence of this hap-hazard method of appointment. We learned that even ward managers, heads of fire-companies, bosses of mining gangs, heroes of the prize-ring, professional gamblers, popular bar-keepers, and martial tailors might be cowards, as well as knaves or fools. I knew a lieutenant commanding who, during a storming party, proposed to loan and did loan his company to another lieutenant, and betook himself to distant cover. I knew a captain who, when reprimanded for consorting with his enlisted men, replied that before the war they had been customers of his "saloon," that he might again be dependent on their favor for his subsistence, and that, rather than offend them, he chose to resign. I knew a major whose scandalous poltroonery drove him from the service, but who was reappointed to a new regiment by the governor of his State, for the sake of "whitewashing" him and enabling him to "go on the stump." I knew a captain (foreign by birth) who sold stores to his own men, and transit across the lines to the enemy. For plenty more of this sort of thing consult the records of the Bureau of Military Justice.

Such cases, however, were not the rule. Moreover, the dastards and imbeciles were rapidly weeded out by their own terrors, by the stern demands of field service, and by courts-martial. After the first year, the great mass of the volunteer officers were brave men, of honorable character, and already military in their habits and ideas. Perhaps the governors made as good appointments as could be expected under the circumstances. They were civilians themselves, and so poor judges of soldierly qualities. They were politicians, naturally eager to carry elections, and so disposed to please voters and men who influenced voters. Finally, it was a perplexing task to glean officers out of a population which knew nothing of war, and very little of preparation for it. At first the best that could be done was to commission such militia-men as had learned something of the manual and of company movements, and to add thereto such stray West Pointers, college graduates, leading politicians, clever clerks, and martial adventurers as chance offered.

Beyond a very little drill, our officers at the outset knew nothing of their duties. I have seen a colonel, a man of much militia experience, deploy column under fire in such fashion as to bring his rear rank in front, and the right of every company where the left should be, with the necessary result of throwing his regiment into utter confusion. I have known a captain sent out on vidette when he did not know what a vidette was, and formed his men as skirmishers. Commandants of grand guards were ignorant of the necessity of vigilance, and thought it a shame not to let their tired "boys" sleep on post. No one can estimate the number of brave men who perished uselessly in small operations because their immediate officers did not know how to manage them. In large operations it was still worse. Of men fit for independent commands, or even fit to handle a division under clear instructions, the state troops had none to offer, as they always will have none. If we had not been opposed to troops about as ill directed as ourselves, and if we had not had the science of West Point and the regular service to organize and discipline and guide us, our early experiences would have been far more disastrous than they were.

The chief strength of the volunteer forces lay in the very superior character of the rank and file. They were brave, intelligent, self-respecting citizens, determined to master their new duties, and determined to win. Mere drill they

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learned rapidly, and to admirable perfection. They soon discovered, too, the necessity of discipline, and actually aided their officers in establishing it. Of their patience under the cruelty of forced marches, and of their courage on the field of battle, I cannot write even now without a throb of emotion. The fragment of my old company, in its last bloody fight with a gallant enemy, made charge after charge under a corporal. "You don't go into such a hole because you like it," explained a trooper, describing a dash through a cannon-swept valley; "you go in because you are ashamed to go back on the boys." "It's a burning shame that the captain should be sent up without his own company!" exclaimed a private soldier, when his officer was ordered forward to rally a forlorn hope which had already lost three commandants. "We may as well do it to-day as to-morrow," said the men to one another, as they advanced under Sheridan to recover the field of Cedar Creek. Such was the spirit of the masses of that memorable army, and, also, as I suppose, of the very similar army which confronted it. Self-respect, a noble feeling of comradeship, earnest purpose, and common sense supplied in great measure the lack of complete discipline and of trained regimental officers.

With all their defects of ignorance and non-preparation, the volunteers will be our chief resource in war. I predict that, in case of another great conflict, the regular army will not be largely increased, and the militia organizations will scarcely be used. The first momentous military act of the government will be to levy half a million of United States volunteers. If it is wise it will do more: it will at once establish a conscription; and it will assume the duty of officering its own soldiers. Thus the regiments will be kept full; the recruits will be rapidly disciplined by educated commanders and veteran comrades; the expense and demoralization of bounty brokerage will be unknown. It is an important fact, in connection with the question of appointments, that our citizen soldiers prefer regularly trained officers. My recollection is positive that my old companions in arms soon came to look upon a regiment which had a West Point colonel as a fortunate regiment. It is positive also as to the fact that we were quite right in this belief, inasmuch as such a regiment was always notable for its fine condition and drill, and rarely failed to acquire special fame as a fighting corps. What men desire above all things, and soldiers above all other men, is success. A leader who gives his followers victory and fame is sure of their preference and devotion.

But why should there not be some preparation in peace for the inevitable coming of that tiger in ambush, our next war? Would it not be well, this very year, to establish a national guard of United States volunteers, organized by the only war department that we have, instructed by officers detailed from our thoroughly trained army, and commanded by the national chief magistrate? As for our provincial forces, let them "vanish in a torrent of laughter and cheers," except so far as the governors might want a body-guard for parade purposes, or to escort them to the frontier in case of invasion. Something would be added to the budget of the nation, but the same sum would be deducted from the budgets of the States; and we should have a movable and serviceable national guard, instead of an uncollectable, feeble miscellany of local guards, — a solid nucleus for a fighting army, instead of a spectre sure to vanish before three months of warfare.

Another act of wise preparation would be the introduction of a system of

POPULAR MILITARY INSTRUCTION.

I have a bold and broad proposition to make, open, no doubt, to some practical objections, and perhaps open to ridicule. It seems to me that a people which is determined to do the most of its own fighting might properly add the elements of military science to the number of its enforced studies. Why should we not learn somewhat of this most important part of a citizen's duty in the

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same institutions which supply us with our other bits and scraps of knowledge? An American youth, whether in the public school or in the university, will as readily commit to memory a lesson in outpost duty as a lesson in grammar or logic. He will be as willing to draw on the blackboard an order of battle as a problem from Euclid. The military figure, indeed, would interest him more than the other, and would remain in his memory longer. It is highly probable that the art of war would become his preferred study. There will be no objection to this scheme on the side of the scholar.

But who will be the teacher? I reply that at first it must of course be the text-book. Why not this science by text-book, as well as another? What does the ordinary school-master or tutor practically know of astronomy? Yet with the aid of text-books he is able to give his pupils a fairly correct idea of it. I have before me a small duodecimo of three hundred and twenty-six pages, prepared for the use of the cadets at West Point by Brevet Colonel J. B. Wheeler, and entitled A Course of Instruction in the Elements of the Art and Science of War. It is my belief that there is nothing in it which an intelligent civilian teacher could not soon comprehend, and easily convey to the minds of his maturer youngsters. A series of questions at the foot of the page would facilitate the process of instruction. A blackboard for drawing the few simple illustrative figures would be essential.

My proposal is to popularize the science and art of war through our schools and universities. In a country like ours, which occasionally needs military tuition urgently, and which believes in the general diffusion of all knowledge, it is a marvel that this has not already been done. The idea is as practicable as the idea of common schools, — as practicable as the project of teaching a whole nation anything, a project which a century ago would have been scouted as visionary. If the American people decide upon it, if the people of any one State decide upon it, it will be accomplished while men are still calling it impossible.

In the teaching itself there are no insuperable difficulties; no other science, I imagine, could be popularized more easily. Its first principles are common sense itself; its reasonings are more obvious than those of metaphysics or geology; its processes are simpler than those of chemistry. What can be more comprehensible or undeniable than the statement that in general two men will whip one? Or this other, that the two had better whip the one before he can get away or obtain help? Yet these (in other words) are the two foundation maxims of modern strategy and tactics. They are the same as saying: (1) Concentrate a superior force on some point of the enemy's line. (2.) Make your attack speedily, before the enemy can divine your purpose and take measures to frustrate it. A youth in the public school or in college will memorize such lessons as easily as a youth at West Point; and the first snow-balling match in which he puts them to a practical test will convince him of their soundness.

Other maxims of the science of war are simply instructions as to the execution of these foundation principles. Read, for instance, the following, taken substantially from the memoirs of Napoleon, — a genius vulgarly supposed to have acted outside of the sphere of ordinary human intelligence: "The forces employed should be proportioned to the resistance to be overcome." "On the day of battle neglect no chance of success; a battalion sometimes decides the fate of a day." "In presence of a superior enemy avoid a decisive struggle, and supply the lack of numbers by activity." "Make no considerable detachments on the eve of a serious conflict." All these rules are as reasonable and comprehensible as the statement that "two men will generally beat one;" they simply mean, "Have more troops at the fighting point than the enemy, and not fewer troops."

A boy who is scuffling with another boy knows very well that if he presents

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his side to his antagonist at close quarters the latter will have a fair chance to hit him or trip him. Why, then, should he not instantly see the value of the precept, "Make no flank movements within sight or reach of the enemy"? Obvious enough, also, is the good sense of the principle that "all complicated plans of attack are liable to failure, through the necessary lack of constant communication and understanding between isolated columns, and through unforeseen obstacles delaying the advance of one or more of them." Even an urchin learns, after he has managed one or two snow-balling contests, that he cannot strictly depend upon the party which proposes to make a circuit and fall upon the hostile rear, and that it would be best to keep it within reach of his voice and heroic example. Equally plain and sensible is the maxim, "Be prepared to meet the enemy at all hours of the day and night, whether in camp or on the march." The youth who holds himself thus ready against teacher or professor will be sure to graduate creditably.

Such as these are the famous "principles" of scientific warfare. They perhaps seem too general to be of practical use to a novice. Critics will perhaps liken them to that famous motto of a business man, "Buy when things are cheap, and sell when they are dear." But the fact is that they would have afforded precious light to many a citizen soldier of our late war. They are scarcely less applicable to the handling of an isolated regiment, or company, than to the direction of a great army. Nor is it at all certain that the cleverest volunteer would by himself discover these apparently self-evident truths. The generals of veteran Europe did not fully apprehend the two cardinal principles of modern warfare until the concentration and swiftness of Napoleon had stolen a score of victories. Consider, too, how liable even an able man is to lose his head amid novel circumstances, and to take the most irrational steps. With a few settled principles in his memory he would do, perhaps not perfectly well, but much better; at least, he would be able to decide upon some one course, and thus avoid that terrible vice of delay, so noxious in war. Every one who has learned whist knows how helpful are the phrases, "second hand low," "third hand high," etc. Hesitation ends; the hand is played quickly; in general the right card is thrown; the tyro does pretty nearly as well as the veteran, — at all events, far better than if he had been obliged to invent his own game.

Of course these simple and obvious axioms are not the whole of military science. They have to be carried out amidst obstacles, perplexities, surprises, and perils which render necessary a host of preparations and precautions. Hence come the minor rules of the science, — rules showing how the grand maxims should be put into execution under varying circumstances; rules mainly of a practical nature, and descending gradually to minute details; in technical phrase, the rules of the art of war. Of Colonel Wheeler's sixteen chapters only two or three deal with general principles. He lectures briefly on strategy and tactics and the nature of modern warfare, and at length on orders of battle, the execution of marches, the choice of positions, advanced guards and outposts, detachments and convoys, reconnaissances and topography, camps and bivouacs and cantonments. He directs, down to the strength of an advanced guard and the position of its scouts, the arrangement of a column in march through a hostile region, — Dryasdust details, at first sight, but terribly important in this awful science, and capable on study of intelligent interest. For instance, a minute account of two different methods of moving a train of artillery does not seem to promise alluring reading. But when we learn that one of these methods resulted in a successful march of eighty-five miles in three days, and the other in wearing out the horses and dispersing the convoy, we are struck with the ever-fascinating problem of cause and effect, and we give the passage a second perusal.

A boy who should memorize this lesson could hardly fail to understand it, and would be long in forgetting it. I use the

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word memorize in full seriousness. The elements of war should be learned by heart, like any other elements. The scholar should become as familiar with their technical words as with those of grammar or geometry. He should be able to draw on the blackboard the formation, or the movement, which he has described. There should be faithful reviewing and sharp examination. Popularized military education need not be broad, — it need cover no more than the action of infantry and cavalry; but within that limit it should thoroughly use the understanding and memory. As I have already said, the text-book will be the principal teacher. But from the text-book a vast deal can be learned, if I am not greatly and absurdly mistaken.

Whether the drill-book should be added to the elements is questionable. The manual of arms and the school of the company (the points of knowledge where our militia usually halts) are not difficult to learn, but must be learned by practice. These things might be left to the day when the youngster enters a company of militia or a battalion of volunteers. They will then be quickly mastered. In our service, movements have been greatly simplified by the admirable changes of Upton. The formation of squares, the perplexing pivot-wheel, and the awkward method of doubling into fours are all gone. Company manœuvres can now be learned in half the time that they cost before and during the civil war. As for the manual of arms, it is sheer coxcombry, of the smallest possible use. On the whole, considering how much our embryo citizens have to study, I advise to omit the drill-book.

But the schools should not be furnished with text-books alone. There should be military histories in their libraries, — not the trashy, misleading ones which prattle of "billows of cavalry" and "infantry standing like rocks;" not such stuff as the world has had about war from a host of ignorant romancers calling themselves historians; but books which show just what war is, and what to do amidst its difficulties and perplexities. There are no more billows of cavalry, if there ever were any; cavalry dismounts now, and fires from behind walls and thickets and other cover; only now and then does it steal a charge on other cavalry, or on broken infantry, — never on infantry not already broken. Nor does infantry stand like a rock, but rather like reeds shaken by the wind. It stands as well as it can against shrieking flights of missiles, scattering wounds and death. It stands firmest when it lies down, using what shelter and hiding it can find, — a ripple of ground, clumps of bushes, tall herbage. It stands, not in solid masses, but in fragile groups or slender lines, swaying backwards and forwards unexpectedly, gaping open here and there with slaughter or sudden quailing, cobbled into temporary form by hoarse and anxious officers, supported hastily by panting reinforcements, doing its suffering best perhaps, but not at all like a rock. The columns of attack which one reads of are frail and fluctuating threads, for the most part dragging wearily along as if on a march, though sometimes breaking forth in brief, partial spurts. What they advance against the spectator can seldom discern with the eye; he only guesses it when a long, light roll of smoke leaps from the earth in front, followed by a continuous harsh roar; something invisible and perhaps altogether unexpected is causing regiments and brigades to vanish away. Or if the charge succeeds, it seems marvelous that the defeated should have fled, the conquerors look so scattered and few. A return attack will surely sweep them backward, and the master of the science of war is still needed, or victory will be turned to defeat.

A military history is useless, or even noxious, which does not show clearly that the best soldiers sometimes reel under blasts of destruction; that they must have sagacious guidance and swift aid to carry them through their fiercest trials; and that this guidance and aid consist of certain definite things, to be done in certain approved ways. No rhetorical generalities, such as are produced by most civilian historians, should go on the military shelf of the school libraries. What

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is wanted there is such practical and instructive writing as Cæsar's Commentaries, the Memoirs of Napoleon, Napier's Peninsular War, Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great, Kinglake's War in the Crimea, and other like volumes, — sadly few in number, — which give a faithful picture of war and a clear explanation of its giant mechanism and sublime logic.

THE VALUE OF MILITARY STUDIES.

It is worth while, in more ways than one, for a people to know somewhat of the art and science of war. It is worth while to us as a people of readers, — as a people which takes, I think, a particular interest in history, — as a people which, because it manages its own affairs, ought to read history understandingly. Now no other portion of the chronicle of humanity is in general so incompletely presented and so imperfectly comprehended as that which relates to military events. As history is usually written, an ordinary civilian may read about campaigns and battles all his life, without ever really knowing why one army failed and another succeeded. His first supposition probably is that the victors were braver than the vanquished. Then he is puzzled to account for the apparently resulting fact that Germans, for instance, are sometimes braver than Frenchmen, and sometimes not so brave. If he is a liberal in politics, he explains this by talking about "the spirit of an age." If he is a hero-worshiper, he speaks of the genius of Frederick, or the genius of Napoleon. But in neither case can he show the process by which his favorite cause produced the given effect.

On the other hand, the intelligent military student really and clearly sees why this or that battle ended as it did. He concedes, of course, a difference in the morale of armies, and a difference in commanders. But he investigates more minutely than this: he inquires into the particulars of organization, discipline, and other preparation; he studies the geography and topography of the scene of action, and the handling of the opposing columns; to this final circumstance, indeed, he attributes an almost decisive influence. Examining the details of Rossbach, for example, and remembering the principle "not to make a flank march within sight and reach of an active enemy," he understands why forty-six thousand French and allies were beaten by twenty-two thousand Prussians. Examining Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, and remembering the principle "not to make detachments on the eve of a conflict," he understands why seventy-five thousand Austrians and Piedmontese were crushed by forty-four thousand French. With the same ease many minor mysteries of military history are unlocked by the minor keys of military science. An outpost is captured, or a convoy comes to grief, through lack of small precautions, all well known to the educated soldier, though sometimes neglected by him, and all beyond even the guessing range of the mere civilian.

To Americans it is especially interesting to note how perfectly the principles of war explain certain extraordinary events of our great civil conflict. When, for instance, we read of one hundred and twenty thousand Americans under Hooker recoiling before seventy thousand Americans under Lee, we cannot at first tell what to make of it. We suspect, perhaps, that the one hundred and twenty thousand were not so brave as the seventy thousand. There is a little sense in that supposition, as applied to the period in question. The army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville was depressed by repeated failures, while the army of Virginia was confident through repeated successes. But that was not the only, nor indeed the principal, cause of this remarkable repulse. Hooker was only half-way an able commander. He had enough knowledge of strategy to make an excellent plan on paper, but he had not the moral force to carry it out in the face of unexpected aggressiveness. He knew perfectly well that two men would be likely to beat one, but he neglected the other grand principle, that they should do it promptly. The skill which he showed in crossing the Rappahannock and getting upon the left flank of Lee was admirable. Displaying three

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corps in front of Fredericksburg, and thus alluring the mass of the Southern army to that point, he at the same time slipped four corps across the river some miles further north, and then quietly drew after him one of the corps which had amused Lee. So far all was perfect: he had turned the left wing of the Confederates with a great army; he had only to advance and crush them between himself and Sedgwick, who was now seizing Fredericksburg.

But the moment Lee wheeled upon him he lost courage and retreated. The offensive was his rôle, but he took to intrenching. He lay still, — nothing more. He saw Jackson moving around his right, and did not attack his extended column of march, — a thing which Napoleon would have been almost certain to do, and no doubt with tremendous success. After enduring several assaults in front and rear, after suffering himself to be in a manner besieged by an inferior enemy, he retired across the Rappahannock. At least one third of his numerous and fine army had not fired a musket. He had brought upon the field of operations a far larger force than his antagonist, and then had used but a part of it, and that only in self-defense. Lee, who was to have been overwhelmed by numbers and enterprise, was allowed to recover the offensive, and to turn his whole power, first upon Hooker, and then upon Sedgwick. A novice in the science of war can see that what ruined the campaign of Chancellorsville was inattention to the Napoleonic principle that "a force must act with the greatest possible velocity." It was this same lack of energy and speed which spoiled the plan of McDowell at Bull Run, and of Burnside at Fredericksburg, and which made McClellan but half-way a great general.

But, objects a doubter, popularized military education is not likely to produce chiefs of armies; and of what possible use will a study of "grand warfare" be to subordinate officers? I repeat that the principles which govern large operations and great battles are frequently applicable to the movements and combats of detachments. At Ligny Napoleon pounded the Prussian right till he induced Blücher to reinforce it heavily, and then suddenly pushed a strong column through his enemy's weakened centre, deciding the conflict at a blow. The chief of a line of skirmishers, if he is adroit and determined and prompt, may play the same game upon an opposing line of skirmishers, and with the same success. Just as Blücher, after Ligny, got clear of Grouchy by changing his direct withdrawal to a flank march, so a retiring company may sometimes escape pursuit by slyly quitting its natural line of retreat for another. Just as Wurmser found it bad policy to divide an army of eighty thousand men into isolated columns, so did Custer, in his last battle, find it bad policy thus to break up a single regiment.

But if the fairly complete education of professional soldiers often produces imperfect officers, what can be expected of the far more superficial one which I propose? If a graduate of West Point could forget the grand principles of war at Chancellorsville, what is the use of imparting a smattering of them to a student at Harvard? In a country like ours, where the self-made man and the self-taught man have played the part of Romulus and Remus, and are the objects of popular worship, — in a country where the thoroughly trained expert is to some extent a mark for suspicion and aversion, as a species of intellectual aristocrat, — these questions require more notice than they deserve. When the Shah of Persia was invited to attend the Derby, he replied, "It is already known to me that one horse will run faster than another." Well, we learn a truth of about the same nature from the campaign of Chancellorsville, — we learn that one professional soldier may have more promptness in deciding and acting than another.

Yet just as the slowest of a stable of racers will outpace a good family horse, so an inferior "regular" will outwit and beat an intelligent novice in warfare. If Hooker had been opposed to Floyd or Pillow, it is not at all likely that he would have lost confidence and been tricked out of his tactical advantage. Consider,

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too, what a help it would have been to him, morally as well as otherwise, to be supported throughout by trained subordinates. Let us suppose that for ten years previous to the rebellion the schools of the North had taught the elements of the art of war, and had furnished the loyal army with officers who knew somewhat of military principles and of minor military methods. In such a case, Hooker, who was naturally a brave and pugnacious man, would have believed in his troops. He would have been encouraged, at every forward step, by finding that the details of his movement were cleverly executed, and that the preliminary skirmishes were mostly in his favor. He would not have been so likely to turn faint-hearted on the news that Lee was advancing. He would probably have pushed his fine plan to the end, and he could hardly have failed to see it result in victory.

It will be perceived that I do not exaggerate the value of popularized military instruction. I do not expect to evoke great generals from the public schools; only good regimental and company officers, who may grow to be able chiefs of division, etc., — though that, let us remember, is more than we had in our great extremity of 1861. Useful as an elementary study of warfare may be to a democracy which fights most of its own battles, it will not do away with the need of a permanent army, furnished with highly trained officers. For commanders of large independent columns we shall probably always have to look to our regular service and to West Point. Civilian life has not produced a distinguished leader in war since Cromwell, unless we except Washington [1] and some few insurrectionary chiefs, such as the heroes of La Vendée. Napoleon and all his marshals were either graduates of military schools, or professional soldiers in youth. The best of our citizen generals, Terry and Logan and Sickles, rarely acted except under the direction of regulars; and the success of the former was perhaps due to the fact that years before the war he had a military library and the zeal to study it. That very acute and energetic civilian, Benjamin F. Butler, found in warfare nothing but fiascos. Banks, another civilian of considerable talent and force, ordered assaults at Port Hudson without due preparation, and arranged on the Red River the most stupid of advances. During the whole contest neither side gained a notable victory, or performed a creditable manœuvre on a large scale, except under the supervision of a West Pointer. The solemn fact is that to know much of the science of war the cleverest man needs years of study and experience; and another solemn fact is that in such a momentous business we had better look for supreme guidance to experts, and to experts alone.

The facts and suggestions of this article are addressed not only to the national authorities, but also to the American people. It cannot be expected that Congress, in time of peace, should enter upon broad and radical changes in our military system, until the people shall demand them. If the ideas which I propose ever become law, it will be through the insistence of patriotic citizens and union-loving communities, prevailing over the champions of local sovereignty and of the right of secession. As for details, there will be time enough to draw them up when the measures themselves receive popular sanction; and the delicate task should properly be left to legal and military experts. I will therefore conclude by summing up my recommendations as follows: —

(1.) To do away with the militia, or troops of the States.

(2.) To substitute therefor a force of national volunteers, organized by the war department and commanded by the president.

(3.) To maintain an efficient permanent army, sufficiently officered to furnish instructors to the volunteers in time of peace and commanders of high grade in time of war.

(4.) To establish a system of popular instruction in the elements of the art and science of war.

[1] A soldier in youth, and hardly a first-class general.

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SISTER MARY'S STORY.

It happened to me, some years ago, to fall ill of a fever in a New England city where I was an entire stranger. I was traveling alone. Almost as soon as the fever set in, I became delirious, and the people of the hotel, not wishing to be burdened with the care of me, and not finding among my papers the address of any one whom they might summon to my assistance, had me removed to a hospital, and dismissed me from their minds, — taking care, however, to reimburse themselves most liberally from my purse for the few days I had spent under their roof.

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in bed in a small room with bare white walls and a single window. By my side there sat an elderly woman, attired in the dress of the Sisters of Charity, with the exception of the white bonnet. On her head she wore a cap more like the cap of a matron in the sect of Friends. Her hair, white as snow and very thin, was put back plainly above her ears, and the cap was drawn closely around her face and tied by a broad black ribbon under her chin. Her features were delicate; her eyes of a pale and faded gray; except for a look of great firmness about the mouth and chin, the face would have seemed a feeble one. She was sitting with her hands clasped tight in her lap and her eyes fixed on the window. So sad and yet so quiet a look I never saw on any other human countenance. As I made a slight movement in the bed, she turned her head, and seeing that I was conscious rose very quickly, poured a few drops from a vial into a spoon, and held it to my lips, saying in a low and pleasant voice, "Don't you say a word, now. You jest drink this. You 've been pretty sick, an' the doctor, he said you was n't to speak a word when you fust waked up;" and she took a plantain leaf from a saucer on the stand and laid it on my forehead. The coolness of the leaf, the pressure of her hand, were indescribably grateful to me; the queer old New England vernacular, which I had known so well in my childhood, and had not heard for a quarter of a century, seemed to transport me at once back again into the land of delirious dreams from which I had but just roused. I fell asleep instantly, and did not awake again, Sister Mary told me afterwards, for eight hours.

"But the doctor, when he come, he said 't was all right. I wa'n't to wake ye up, if ye slept a hull day. But the look ye had on yer face jest that second ye looked at me kind o' harnted me," she continued. "Ye looked at me so kind o' wishful like, I kept a-wishin' I 'd let ye speak. I thought mebbe ye hed something ye wanted to say; an' if ye did n't never come out o' the sleep again, — for the doctor, he 'd thought more 'n oncet that ye 'd go off in some o' them long sleeps, — I 'd ha' reproached myself, most likely, if any o' yer friends had ha' come. There might ha' been somebody whose heart 'ud ha' half broke for want of a message from ye."

There was a something in Sister Mary's face, and still more in her voice, as she said these words which smote on my heart. It meant sorrow of no common sort. Yet the woman's usual expression was shrewd, kindly, and not without humor. She never looked at me without a smile, and she spoke habitually in hearty, cheery tones. But I could not forget the look I had first seen on her face. I asked myself if it might not have been partly born of my delirious fancy, still not wholly cured; but the impression was too vivid, and hardly a day passed without my seeing on her face, at moments when she did not suppose I saw her, expressions of a similar sadness. They changed her whole face, as a dark cloud changes a clear sky. In a moment she seemed to grow many years older; and there was a certain hopelessness in the look which was piteous, — like

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the look one would wear who knew that his pain was to outlast eternity.

I grew better very slowly, and for weeks needed to be cared for about like a little child. Sister Mary's patience and kindness were untiring. She attended upon me more like a mother than like a hired nurse. I said as much to the doctor, one day.

"Yes," he replied. "I have never known such a nurse in all my practice. She is worth her weight in gold. I have offered her enormous wages, if she would go out as a private nurse. I could keep her employed all the time with my own patients. But nothing will tempt her to leave this hospital."

"I suppose it is her Roman Catholic faith which keeps her here," I said.

The doctor laughed. "You did n't suppose that shrewd Yankee woman was a Roman Catholic, did you?" he replied. "She is n't any more a Roman Catholic than you are. She wears the gown and lets them call her 'sister' so that she can be a nurse here; but she would n't put on the bonnet of the order. She said 'she 'd never wear that cocked-up sun-bunnet in the house, not for nobody; she 'd go to another hospital fust;' and they were only too glad to let her stay on her own terms."

"Why was she so set upon being in this hospital?" I asked.

"Oh, did you not know this is entirely a charity hospital?" asked the doctor. "No patients are brought here except those who are too poor to pay anything, and in rare cases, like yours, strangers who happen to be helpless and unknown in the city. The poorer the patients are, the more Sister Mary seems to like to take care of them."

"She has seen some very great and peculiar sorrow, I think," said I.

"Sorrow! Sister Mary had a sorrow!" the doctor shouted, shaking with laughter. "Why, bless my heart, you must be still a little out of your head. She 's the cheeriest soul in the building; got more fun in her in one month than all the rest of them in a year. That 's one reason she 's such a good nurse. I 'll have to give you some more valerian, if you get any more such notions in your head as that!"

"Sister Mary! Sister Mary!" he cried, as at that moment she entered the door, "What do you think this patient of yours says? We have n't got her quite cured yet! She says she thinks you have some secret sorrow. Ha, ha!" and the jovial doctor laughed harder than ever, — laughed so hard that he did not see what I did, — a flush spread over Sister Mary's face, and something like a spasm pass across her mouth. It was gone in a second, however, and she exclaimed, laughing as hard as the doctor, "I guess she don't see quite straight! It don't seem to me I look to favor a person given over to melancholy very much. It did n't ever run in our family to be that way," and Sister Mary bustled about the little room with unusual energy, and continued to laugh softly to herself.

After the doctor had gone out, I said to her, —

"Sister Mary, I did not say you were given over to melancholy. That was n't at all what I meant."

She looked at me affectionately, and said, "Tut, tut! Now you jest stop spekerlatin' about an old woman like me. I ain't one o' the pinin' kind, I warrant ye. I've got my hands too full."

I was silenced for the time, but my instinct was not diverted from its certainty. The next day I waked suddenly, from a long nap. Sister Mary was sitting by my bed. I did not open my eyes. I was almost sure I heard a low sob; no, it was only a sigh, but it was one of the sighs which would be a sob if it dared. I opened my eyes. Sister Mary turned her head away quickly, and sprang to her feet, but not before I had seen tears on her face.

"There! you are crying!" I exclaimed, "you dear, kind, darling old nurse. I knew something troubled you; and you need n't try to hide it away all the time. Do tell me about it. What are you crying about?"

She walked back to the bedside, blowing her nose vigorously, and rubbing her cheeks with a half-spiteful energy. "Crying about something that happened

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goin' on twenty years ago; an' if that ain't bein' a fool, I don't know what is, an' I 'm ashamed yer caught me at it. But it 's part your fault. You kind o' upset me yesterday, sayin' what yer did. I 've nussed in this hospital fifteen years, day an' night, an' you 're the fust person that 's ever seen any farther than skin-deep on my face; an' it 's kind o' upset me," and Sister Mary gave up at last, and cried hard. I was very near crying also.

"Oh, do tell me about it," I said. "Can't I help you? You 've been so good to me, I 'd like to help you."

"Did n't I tell ye 't all happened goin' on twenty years ago?" she said, half sharply. "Ef a woman can't help herself from bein' a fool over things 's dead 'n' gone 's that, I guess there can't nobody help her. I 'm 'shamed enough ye caught me cryin'."

All I could say was, "Oh, do tell me. I am so sorry for you, — so sorry, so sorry. It seems to me I could comfort you, if you 'd only tell me."

She shook her head. "No, there ain't any comfort," she said, "an' there never was. But I don't know," speaking very slowly, as if reflecting, "but it might do me some good to tell ye all about it. Ye 're the fust person that 's ever mistrusted that I 'd got so much 's a heart about me for anythin' but nussin. I don't know but I 'll tell ye. I 'll think on 't," and she stopped crying, and fixed her eyes on the window.

"Oh, tell me now!" I cried.

"No," she said. "I 'll sleep on 't. I ain't goin' to tell ye now; for I should only jest cry my eyes out, an' I can't afford to cry. It 's a sin to spend your strength that way; there 's nothin' uses a woman up like a cryin' fit. I 'll tell ye the hull story to-morrow, unless I change my mind, a-sleepin' on 't;" and that was all I could make Sister Mary say that day.

I waited eagerly for the morrow. I had many misgivings that I should not hear the story; but as soon as the old woman entered my room I knew that her mind was made up to tell me. There was a softened sadness in her countenance which I had never seen there before, and a new gentleness in her voice.

"I don't exactly make out why I feel like tellin' ye," she said, as she drew her chair up closer to my bed, and laid her strong, wrinkled old hand affectionately on mine for a second; "but I do, an' I 've made up my mind to do it. I 've always felt drawn to ye, ever since I fust began nussin ye. You was the most helpless thing ever I got hold of when they brought ye here. Now I expect it 'll tire ye some to hear all I 've got to tell. I guess I can't make it very short; but if you 're too tired, I can tell the rest on 't to-morrow; or if I get to cryin', I shall stop right off, an' tell ye the rest some other time. I can't afford to cry."

"I shall not be tired, Sister Mary," I said. "You need not fear that. And please don't cry; for to see you cry would do me a great deal more harm than to be tired."

"That 's a fact," she said, dryly, "and I don't calculate to cry, for both our sakes; but ye can't always tell when you 're goin' to. Well," she continued, fixing her eyes on the window (and she never once withdrew them from the sky, during her narrative), "I 've been married. I 'm a widow."

"Yes, I know that," I replied. "The doctor told me."

"How 'd he know, I wonder!" said she. "I never told anybody here except old Father Hemsen; he knew."

She remained silent for some minutes, thinking; then, saying once more, as if to herself, "I wonder how he knew," she resumed her story.

"We lived way down in Maine. I was born in Maine, too. Maine 's a nice State to one that 's reared there and used to 't. It seems dreadful rugged to strangers. The town I was born in was right close to the sea, — a great place for shipping lumber; an' my folks were all in the lumber business, but my husband was a farmer. He used to come down to our place with stock to sell; that 's where I got acquainted with him. I was n't but eighteen when we were married; I was eighteen, and John, he was twenty-

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eight. He was pretty old, he thought. We 'd been engaged two years, but he wanted to get the farm paid for first; he was always real cautious; a good business head John had. Well, we lived on the farm, and raised potatoes, and kept stock, and got on first rate. We were real well off, — that is, for those parts; not what 'ud be anythin' for city folks, but we had all we wanted, an' I don't believe there were ever two people in this world any happier 'n John an' I were, for years and years. We had one boy, the dearest little fellow that ever did live. I 've got his picture now; if you 'd care to see it, I 'll let ye some day; it 's all spotted; those old-fashioned daguerreotypes don't keep good, like the kind they take nowadays. He 'd be thirty if he was alive now, Johnnie would; it don't seem any way possible. I can't think of him 's a grown man, do all I can; I always see him jest 's he was that last winter he lived: he wa'n't but six year old when he died. 'T was the winter that the scarlet fever was ragin' all over the State; it jest went up and down, and mowed the children down like a man mowin' a swath, clean through the State. There hain't been anything like it since, an' I hope there never will be. Well, Johnnie he got it, and he wa'n't sick but three days, and he never knew anything after the first day. That was one mercy. John and I both felt that. For a little while after he died it seemed to me we 'd never be happy again, neither of us; an' I don't suppose we ever were quite 's we used to be. But we got reconciled, an' I was always a-thinkin' that I 'd have more children before long; an' I know I used to set at my sewin', day after day, an' try to make up my mind whether, if I had a boy, I should want to name it Johnnie after him, or not; an' I could n't ever get settled in my mind about it; John could n't either. Well, we 'd been married twelve years; John 'd got real gray, and he was always a steady-goin', sensible sort of man, that seemed older 'n he was. Ye 'd ha' took him for more 'n forty, a good deal, to see him goin' along the road; but when he laughed, his eyes twinkled so, he looked young 's anybody. He was forty that fall; in September his birthday came. I know the Tallman sweetings always begun to be ripe about that time, but that year they were earlier 'n common, an' I had some real ripe 'n' ready to bake for his birthday; 'n' he had n't kept eye on the tree, 'n' did n't know they were ripe, so 't was a surprise to him. An' I had a comforter I 'd knit for him, — a red yarn one, with white stripes, one of the handsomest patterns I ever saw; an' that night he says to me, 'Moll,' — he always called me Moll, — 'Moll, we 're goin' to have neighbors; Seth Barrett, don't you recollect? — he that used to live down in the Hollow. He was lame, don't you remember?'

"'The shoe-maker?' says I.

"'No,' says John, laughing, 'not your old beau; his brother, — the oldest one. I guess you 've forgotten him. He was a good deal older than I; he must be a man well on fifty now. Well, he 's got a notion the sea don't suit him, an' he 's bought this very next farm to ours. I told ye, ye know, it was up for sale. I did always mean to have that land, or the best part of it myself; but if I could n't have it, I 'd rather 't would be Seth Barrett than anybody I know. I liked Seth when I was a boy. An' they say he 's married the smartest girl on the river. They 're coming next week; an' I thought we 'd better write an' ask 'em to come right here 'n' stay with us till they get their house fixed. What d' ye say?'

"'Yes, indeed,' says I; for I was jest as pleased 's I could be at the notion of havin' neighbors so near. 'T was more 'n a mile to the nearest house that anybody lived in; an' I 'd often 'n' often looked at this old Plummer house, an' thought how nice 't would be if some real nice folks 'ud buy the farm an' move in. Well, I flew round, 'n' I made a lot o' pies, an' cleaned up the spare room; 'n' the woodbine was jest a turnin' red, I remember, 'n' I put a lot of it in a pitcher 'n' set it on the bureau, 'n' the room looked as pretty 's a picture. Ye see there was things happened afterwards that made me remember lots of little things ye would n't think I 'd recollect so long afterwards. But I

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hain't forgot one minute of all that time, an' I don't suppose I ever shall, not if I live to be a hundred. I can see Nelly Barrett, this minute, jest the way she looked when she fust come in at our door, that day. She wa'n't exactly what ye 'd call pretty; but she had a kind o' laughin', winnin', honest face, with great big blue eyes, and real pretty brown hair that curled all over her head 'n' down on her shoulders. It did n't seem jest the way for a married woman to wear her hair, — 'specially a woman that had got such an old-lookin' husband 's Seth was; but he was jest that proud on her, and sort o' foolish fond, he would n't have her wear it any other way. He used to call her 'Baby,' always; an' there was something like a baby in her face, an' yet she was as smart a little housekeeper 's ever ye see. There was nothin' she could n't do, 'n' she was always a-flyin' round, from mornin' till night, 's busy 's a bee; there was n't a lazy bone 'n her whole body, not one, 'n' she was always 's cheery 's a lark, a-singin' 'n' makin' fun. I never took such a likin' to any girl in my life, 'n' we got to be great friends in no time at all; we jest took to each other, for all I was so much older 'n she; it did n't seem to make a mite o' difference. John, he liked her too, though he did n't like her at first so much 's I did. He said she was a giddy thing, and had lots o' nonsense in her; an' I used to stand up for her to him, 'n' tell him to see how she worked, 'n' it wa'n't any more 'n natural that she should like to play, too; such a kitten 's she was, 'n' all the young fellows jest as fond of takin' her out, at the bees 'n' things, 's if she wa'n't married at all. But John, he always said she 'd got a very weak side to her, 'n' sometimes I had to own up she had, too. I used to get awful vexed with her sometimes, the way she 'd train; but I was jest fond of her, 'n' I could n't help it, she was so bright an' droll, an' was always makin' ye laugh when ye did n't expect it; an' I always did like a good laugh better 'n anything in the world, an' John, he was kind o' grave by nature. He was always a-studyin' over things, 'n' would n't speak, sometimes, half a dozen words from the time he got up till he went to bed, he 'd be so busy thinkin', thinkin'; that was his way.

"Well, 't was in the fall they came, 'n' they stayed with us a week, till they got all fixed in their home; 'n' after that there wa'n't hardly a day we did n't see each other. We used to be back an' forth from one house to the other, 'n' we used to ride to meetin' together every Sunday, — we all went to the Methodist church; 'n' I really think I got fonder 'n' fonder of Nelly every day, 'n' she did of me. She was 's fond of me 's if I 'd been her own sister, — I know she was. There did n't ever come a time when I misdoubted that. She was always fond of me, an' I of her always, till the last, 'n' she never knew anything different, never. Well, John, he got to be fond of her, too, — that is, not exactly fond, but real familiar like; an' she used to kind o' coax round him, 'n' flatter him a good deal 'n one way 'n' another. I think she knew he did n't like her quite so well 's I did, 'n' it kind o' pestered her to see it; she was used to havin' all the men sort o' make love to her, 'n' be polite, 'n' John he was jest as like 's not to say a rude thing to her, if he felt like it. He was an awful plain-spoken man, John was, to everybody; 'n' he saw her little flirtin' ways with all the men that came round, 'n' he did n't like it; 'n' besides he always had a great feelin' for Seth. Seth was lame, and could n't go round 's she did; 'n' he 'd set 'n' look at her a-playin' games at the sociables, 'n' laughin' 'n' carryin' on, 'n' every now 'n' then runnin' up to him to speak to him 'n' ask if he was having a good time; 'n' John used to say, 'She 'd better be settin' quiet at home, 'n' not draggin' Seth everywhere, to all these fandangoes. He don't enjoy 'em.' But I think he did. He liked anything that she liked; he was so bound up in her. Well, by degrees she 'n' John got to be better friends; she used to talk 'n' talk, an' tell him all sorts o' things about herself 'n' her folks, 'n' he used to like to listen to her. She had a real confidin' way o' tellin' you the least little thing

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that wa'n't o' any consequence at all; but she seemed to like to tell things jest like a child. After a while, John, he 'd say to me sometimes, 'Well, Moll, you 're right; she 's got a lot o' sense, that little body, if she is such a fly-about.' An' I 'd say to him, 'Did n't I say so? I thought you 'd come round. She 's a most uncommon girl, Nelly Barrett is; I don't know anybody that 's jest like her. She 'll settle down 'n' be a splendid woman one o' these days.'

"And we all jest got thicker 'n' thicker all the time, so that they did n't do anything without us, nor we without them; 'n' I jest took real comfort in seein' how John was comin' to think jest 's I did about Nelly. I suppose if I had n't been so sure about John's lovin' me, an' so full o' the greatest kind o' love for him, perhaps I should n't have liked to have him go so much with a girl like Nelly. I know I 've seen plenty of women jealous as cats that did n't have half as much to show for it 's I should have had, he 'd got to bein' so familiar with her, an' so fond of goin' where she was, an' always settin' by her an' lookin' at her, an' callin' her sort o' droll names; but it did n't once enter into my head, such a thing. I could n't any more have been jealous of John than I could — well, of the stars up in God's sky; I should have jest as soon thought of their tumbling out of their places. Do ye know what I mean? I mean that John's lovin' me seemed to me jest as fixed an' firm, so that there could n't anybody alter it, 's the stars did in their places in the sky. Ye see, I had n't ever had a thought in my life, since I first set eyes on John, that wa'n't all for him, and he had n't seemed to that wa'n't for me. That was the way it always was between us. An' we had n't ever got into the way o' havin' words, 's most married folks do; not but what John was hasty sometimes, like all men; he had a good sharp temper of his own, an' got vexed at things sometimes, but we never had anything to call a quarrel. I jest loved him so that if he was vexed it did n't seem a bit hard to me jest to go right up 'n' kiss him; 'n' he was real good-hearted, 'n' would get over things right away, if he wa'n't contradicted an' answered back. So there wa'n't ever anything between us that wa'n't over in one minute, jest 's soon 's I kissed him; 'n' I know there don't many married folks live so close t' each other 's we did, year in an' year out; 'n' I don't think but what if an angel from heaven had ha' come 'n' told me I 'd ever be jealous o' John, I should ha' laughed in his face. That 's the way I felt about John. I know once he said to me, — I remembered it afterwards; I did n't think anything of it at the time. I used to be afraid sometimes that people would talk about him an' Nelly if he was quite so free with her before folks 's he was when we was alone, an' I 'd said to him that I guessed he 'd better be a little careful how he called her droll names, an' not joke so much. An' says he, 'Moll, you 're jealous!' An' I remembered afterwards that he said it kind o' spunky like; but I jest laughed at him, an' said I, 'Jealous! If you think I 'm jealous o' Nelly Barrett, you 're awfully mistaken. It looks like it, don't it, — always tryin' to bring you together 's I am, an' plannin' for you to go here 'n' there with her. I don't want folks to think you 're foolin' round her, though, 's those other fellows do; 'n' I know too that the child 's got a vain side to her, an' she 's in danger of thinkin' there is n't a man livin' but what 'ud make love to her if he got a chance, — that 's all. There ain't a woman livin' that could make me jealous o' you, John, 's long 's I love you the way I do.' That 's the way I felt about John. Well, it got to be along towards summer; 't was real early spring, jest as it had been an early fall. Everything seemed to be a-hurryin'; an' so 't was for me, too, only I did n't know it; things were hurryin' on for me that it would ha' killed me to know was comin'.

"John, he 'd got a nice lot o' yearlins he wanted to take down 'n' ship, 'n' Seth, he wanted to go 'n' buy some leather; 'n' we 'd been talkin' all winter how we 'd all go down in the spring, 'n' have a real little kind o' play spell of 's

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much 's a week. I had n't ever been home since two years after I was married. My folks was all dead or moved away, an' I did n't care much to go, though always in the spring I did get a dreadful hankerin' after the salt water. Along in May, towards the last generally, it used to seem to me that I 'd give any money for jest one good smell of the salt water, an' some of it on my face. It 's always so, I guess, with folks that 's born 'n' raised by the sea.

" 'T was a real nice day when we set out. I remember it jest like yesterday, — kind o' warm an' kind o' cool, more like fall weather than like spring; an' the mud was pretty well dried out, except in spots. John, he rode on the old black mare, a-drivin' the cattle; 'n' Seth 'n' Nelly 'n' me, we rode in the wagon. We had to go real slow, but we did n't mind; the longer the better, we thought, 't was so splendid to be out-doors an' all ridin' together; an' we went on plannin' an' plannin' all day what we 'd do when we got there. The thing Seth had set his heart on most, was showin' Nelly a place he used to go to when he was a boy. He an' his brothers used to be always goin' there. 'T was a great place, too, for excursions; people used to come from all the towns round to see it; but it wa'n't a place I ever liked. I could n't remember when I did n't hate the sight of it when I was a girl; but I was always going, because when the parties went I hated to stay behind. But 't was always a fearful, scary kind o' place to me; I could n't ever imagine what made folks like it. 'T was called the Devil's Run, an' I think they could n't have named it any better if they 'd tried. It was jest a great cut, right down through the cliffs, and then through a kind o' mountain behind them; way back into the hills it reached, an' there was a river came down through it that they used to float the logs down on. Sometimes the river would be all choked up with the logs in among the rocks, an' then the lumbermen 'd have to come down an' start 'em an' get 'em loose, an' set 'em goin' again. 'T was awful dangerous doin' this; lots o' lumbermen got drowned doin' it. When the river was high, it just rushed an' tore round the points o' the rocks, as if the very devil the place was named for was drivin' it. But the walls were so high that when you stood up on top and looked down you could n't see that the river was rushin' at all; it jest looked white where it was foamy, an' green where it was smooth, but it all looked as still as if it was painted; an' as for the great logs, they did n't look any bigger 'n little young saplings. Well, 's I said, everybody I ever heard of in the world but me thought 't was splendid to go out there 'n' scramble all along the rocks at the top, 'n' look down into this place, an' nothin' would do Seth now but that he must take Nelly there; an' he 'd told her so much about it she was jest wild to see it. So 't was settled that we should do that the very first day after we got there; 'n' the next day we were goin' after May flowers on a hill I knew, up river a piece, where I used to go with John the spring before we were married. It was real late when we got into town; we 'd been two days on the road; the cattle had acted like fury some of the time, 'n' John, he was pretty well beat out a-ridin' hither 'n' thither, keepin' 'em in the road. We went to a little tavern down near the water, where the drovers always went; it had good yards for the cattle. Nelly and I was awful tired, too; we wa'n't used to ridin' so much; 'n' the springs to our wagon wa'n't very strong, so we got jolted considerable. Jest as we was gettin' out, Nelly says to me, 'Oh, goodness me! I 'm as stiff as if I was a hundred.'

" 'So 'm I,' says I, 'as stiff 's if I was a thousand.' Ye see I recollect every word 'n' everything. So I was quite surprised when I heard her say to John, at supper, —

" 'John, can't you take me out to buy a pair of gloves? The fingers of mine have all come through, a-holdin' on to the seat these two days.'

" 'Oh, yes,' said John. 'I 'll take you right after supper.'

" It crossed my mind then that it was queer she did n't ask Seth, — he knew the town as well as John did; but I jest

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thought she wanted a little run with John, 'n' I knew it would n't take ten minutes. Afterwards I recollected that John did n't ask me to go, an' I wondered I did n't think of it at the time, for John never started off anywhere without saying, 'Come, Moll, — come along.' He did n't ask me this time; but I never once thought anything, an' I went right up to my room an' laid down on the bed. I was awful tired. Pretty soon John came in an' sat down in a chair, an' says he, 'I declare, Moll, I 'm about played out. This ridin' after cattle two days is hard work. I don't know when I 've felt so used up,' an' he jest sat 's if he could n't stir. But presently he got up an' went out again, an' I heard them all talkin' in the hall; an' then they went out, an' I thought they 'd all gone together for the gloves. I was lookin' at a newspaper I found in the room, an' pretty soon I dozed off asleep, an' when I waked up the town clock was strikin' nine. I started up, an' I could n't think where I was for a minute, an' then I began to wonder where they all were. In a few minutes I heard steps comin' up; an' then I heard Nelly's voice at the door, an' she spoke real low, and says she" — Here Sister Mary stopped, and her voice choked. "There is n't any need of my repeatin' what she said; it was n't till afterwards that I put this an' that together, an' made out what it meant. Then she went right on to her room, an' John, he went away. In a minute more I heard her speakin' to Seth in her room, which was close to ours, so I knew Seth had n't gone with 'em, after all; but I did n't think anything then, — not till a few minutes after, when she came down the hall, and I heard her stop and go back a step, and then come on, and give a little knock at my door. And when I said, 'Come in,' she came in an' sat down on the bed, an' showed me her gloves, 'n' began to tell me about the store where she bought 'em, 'n' she acted so queer! She never once looked in my face, an' she seemed nervous like, an' I wondered to myself what in the world was the matter with her; but even then I never thought about John. He came in presently, 'n' sat down, 'n' pretty soon she got up and went off to bed. Then I asked John where in the world they went, to be so long; an' then he told me where they 'd been, an' it wa'n't but a few minutes' walk. I don't know what 't was, I could n't ever tell, but there was something in his way o' speakin' that did n't sound natural, — not a mite. You know you feel things, sometimes; well, I jest felt something that you could n't put into any words, an' it all came over me in a minute how queer it was, when John was so tired he could n't drag one foot after the other, for him to go walking up 'n' down with her for more than an hour. 'T was only a little after seven when we came up from tea, an' now it was after nine. I never said a single word, but I jest lay thinkin', thinkin' it over, I don't know how long, — ten minutes may be, — when all of a sudden, John, he came up and kissed me, oh, such a kiss! Well, I don't suppose I could make ye understand, if I was to try, what it was about that kiss. I don't know how to tell ye the difference, unless ye know it yourself. John had n't kissed me that way for years, — not for years an' years; it was the way he used to kiss me at the very fust, — when we were fust married. A man don't kiss ye jest the same after he 's used to bein' with ye all the time; it 's their nature, I suppose, an' a woman 's got to be real sensible not to mind it when it fust begins to be different; but if she is sensible she won't mind it; the love 's there all the same, and as like 's not better when it 's all quiet like, and nothin' wild or hasty about it. Jest as soon as John set his lips on to mine that way, I gave a little scream; I could n't help it. He jest laughed, and turned away, an' I did n't say a word; but if there 'd been a blaze o' lightnin' in the room that minute, an' the words written on the wall, I should n't ha' read it any plainer what that kiss meant. I knew he 'd been kissin' Nelly; an' that was the reason she 'd acted so queer, an' that was the reason they 'd stayed out a-wanderin' round in the dark all that time. I never spoke a word, an' when John spoke to me I pretended

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to be sound asleep; an' then I laid there all that night, with my eyes wide open, thinkin' what 'd become of me, an' wishin' myself dead. Now I suppose there 's plenty o' folks that don't think there 's any great harm done if a married man does kiss a pretty girl; an' I don't go to say myself that it 's any sin. I don't suppose it can be, or the Lord would n't ha' made so many real good, honest sort o' men, with such natures that they can't help doin' it when the notion seizes 'em. But this is what I do say: that while a man loves one woman with his whole heart an' soul, he don't ever want to kiss any other woman; more 'n that, it would go against him to; he could n't. An' that 's the way I 'd always loved John, an' that 's the way I 'd always thought he loved me; an' he did, too, I know he did, till that night.

" Well, in the morning I waited for John to speak fust; soon 's I answered him I expect he knew by my voice what I was thinkin' of. I don't doubt he knew I knew all about it. We 'd often talked about such things, an' I 'd always told him that I should think any woman would know in one second if anybody 'd come between her an' her husband. He did n't say much; when he did speak, he seemed to be kind o' tryin' to say cheerful and natural things; an' every time I answered him, my voice seemed to me to get fainter 'n' fainter; it seemed to me I was jest dyin' all over. I could see he was a-thinkin' an' thinkin'. I 'm almost sure he had a notion to tell me himself jest what he 'd done; an' I 've often thought if I 'd gone up an' put my arms round him, an' burst out cryin', the way I felt like doin', he would ha' told me, an' everything would have been different. But I expect he did n't dare to; a man can't tell how a woman 'll take things; and then it would n't ha' been fair to Nelly, either. I was combin' my hair, before the glass, when he got all dressed, an' he came up behind me and put his two hands on my neck. ' Oh, don't! ' said I; ' your hands are cold.' He never said a word, but went right out o' the room. The tears jest rolled down my face soon 's he 'd shut the door. I knew now, clearer 'n ever, jest how it all was; an' what I was to do I could n't see. It seemed to me I could n't go down to breakfast, an' look Nelly Barrett in the face, without burstin' out cryin'. I did n't feel no ways angry with her, an' I wondered I did n't; but I 'd always been so fond of her, I could n't. And I did n't feel a bit mad with John either; all the jealous women I 'd ever seen had acted real mad, but I did n't feel so. I only jest felt 's if the heart had died right out o' me, and if I could jest get right away out of everybody's sight, that was all I 'd ask. But I was proud, too, an' I did n't want anybody to see I felt bad, especially Nelly. I determined that she should n't know a thing; so I went down to breakfast, and I spoke to Nelly jest the same as ever. I saw her a-lookin' at me, but I did n't take any notice. John did n't come in till after we 'd all set down at the table; he came right along, as if he was goin' to set down by me, an' then, all of a sudden, he went the other side of the table, an' set down by her, right opposite me. Now that wa'n't but a very little thing, but there 's times when the least thing 'll seem as if it 'ud kill ye; an' when he went round the other side the table, an' sat down by side o' Nelly, I could have screamed right out, it hurt me so; but I jest went right on talkin' to Seth, an' did n't seem to notice. It 's a mercy our thoughts ain't written on our faces; there would n't be any livin' in this world if they were.

" Well, we started right after breakfast. We 'd got a beautiful lunch put up in a basket; and oh my! but the sun did shine that day. They all said 't was the prettiest kind of a spring day; an' I expect it was, but to me it seemed as if it was jest blindin' with light. I wanted to shut my eyes all the time. I sat on the back seat with Nelly, an' John an' Seth, they sat for'ard. I expected John 'ud ask her to ride with him, but he did n't. He felt real sorry for me in his heart, — I know he did. I shall always think that; I always have.

" It was pretty near noon when we got

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to the top o' the Run. The horses went slow; they were tired, comin' off such a long journey; it seemed to me they jest crawled an' crawled. I wanted to get there, an' get out, an' get off alone by myself an' think. When we got out o' the wagon, Nelly says, 'Now, I 'm goin' down to the bottom of the Run. Won't you take me, John?'

"'Oh, don't!' said I. 'It 's awful dangerous goin' down there. Sometimes the rocks fall, and if one was to slip under your feet ye 'd roll to the bottom. I 've heard of the narrowest escapes.'

"'I don't care,' says Nelly. 'I 'm goin' down if I have to go alone. I 'm goin' to see the whole on 't.'

"John was busy unhitchin' the horses, an' did n't hear her; but when he came up, I found they 'd talked it all over before, an' she 'd told him she meant to go down. It seemed to me I should go crazy while they stood talkin'. At last I says, 'Well, I 'm jest goin' to sit down up here, while you go scramblin' about. I 've been all round here lots o' times; it 's no new sight to me. I 'll stay where I am.'

"I thought John 'ud urge me to go along, at least part way. But he did n't. He never said one word. My heart turned sort o' faint in me, 's I saw he did n't speak; of course I saw then, plain enough, he 'd rather go alone with her; Seth could n't go far with 'em, he was so lame. Jest as they were startin', Seth, he turns to me, an' says he, jest as unsuspicious as could be, an' laughin', 'I guess I can't keep up with them long. I 'll roam round by myself.'

"I watched them as they set off, Nelly goin' ahead like a deer, an' I could n't stand it. I called out 'John!'

"'What is it?' he said, an' turned round, but never came a step back.

"'Come here a minute,' I said. He came and stood close to me, but he did n't look right square into my eyes. I guess he mistrusted what I was goin' to say.

"'Oh, John,' said I, an' I know my eyes filled up with tears, 'won't you jest go slow, and rest between whiles, so Seth can keep with ye? He said he could n't keep up with you, an' he 'd have to go alone. And, John, please don't go down into the Run; I 'd feel so much easier if ye would n't. I shall jest sit here and worry every minute, if I think ye 're goin' down there. It 's awful dangerous. Do promise me ye won't do it, John.'

"'Well, I don't want to go, myself,' said John, 'but Nelly, she 's so set to. But I guess there won't be time, anyhow,' an' he pulled out his watch and looked at it. 'No,' he said, 'we could n't do it possibly, and get back here in two hours.'

"I felt real grateful then, and I said, 'Oh, if you only won't! I 'd feel so much easier.'

"'Well, we 'll report to you,' he said, and hurried off to overtake Nelly, and never looked back at me once; an' those were the last words I ever heard John speak, an' that was the last time I ever set eyes on his face.

"I can't tell ye much about the time I sat there alone on those rocks. It seemed to me 't was a thousand years. I got a shady place, under an old cedar-tree, where I could look way down into the Run an' off to sea. You could see the line o' the river, way out to the harbor, where the great booms were that held the logs. There were ships comin' an' goin', I remember; an' I watched 'em 's far as I could; an' there were lots o' little ants crawlin' round on the ground, — ants 'n' flies 'n' several kinds o' little insects with shining wings, — all goin', goin', an' never once stoppin' to rest; an' I looked at 'em all with a kind o' pitiful wonder what God made such a world full o' creatures for, an' if there was any livin' thing that did n't have to suffer. I remember an eagle flew across the Run once, an' a lark sung out; an' when that lark sung, I jest burst out cryin', I did n't see how anything could be so glad as that bird's voice sounded. I felt 's if I 'd like to kill it for singin' so close to me. The more I thought, the more I felt sure that John would go down the wall o' the river, after all; for as I thought over what he said, I saw he had n't made any promise. He only said there would n't be time, he guessed; and

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I made up my mind that he 'd all along meant to do it, if Nelly was set to go. I got up, an' walked round an' round. One minute I thought I 'd go after 'em, an' see if I could n't keep him from goin' ; but I knew I could n't ever find 'em in that wild place. There 's more 'n five hundred thousand rocks, all piled up one top of another, an' in an' out, an' every which way, along the top o' that Run. Oh, but it 's well named for the devil; it 's named true.

" At last, I took John's coat, — he 'd taken it off an' thrown it on the ground, jest as he started; he said he 'd be too warm, — I took that an' folded it up, and laid down on the ground an' put my head on it; an' 's soon 's I touched it, I jest burst out cryin' again. I jest hugged that old coat, 'n' I kissed it, 'n' I cried till, if you 'll believe me, I went to sleep. Now, was n't that a queer thing, too, that when I was a-feelin' so wretched I could ha' slept? But I was jest worn out with lyin' awake the night before, an' keepin' such a strain on myself not to show anything; an' I must have slept a good two hours, for when I waked up the sun was shinin' on my head, and it had come a good piece to do that. I jumped up an' looked round; the horses were whinnyin' like mad, and I knew by that it must be real late. They were used to bein' fed about noon. At first I thought I 'd go an' see if I could n't find John an' the rest ; but I knew that would n't be any use; so I sat down again, an' waited. I jest looked off to sea, an' never turned my eyes any other way. I did n't dare to look down into the Run. It seemed to me, if I did, I should throw myself in, sure. So I sat still 'n' looked off at that ocean and sky, till 't seemed 's if I could see right through the sky. All of a sudden I heard steps comin', and great pantin' breaths, 'n' I got up, 'n' ran up the bank. I was a little ways down on a big ledge, in the shade; an' as soon 's I got to the top, there I saw Nelly, runnin', a-holdin' on to both her sides. She could n't hardly get one foot before the other, she was pantin' so, 'n' the tears streamin' down her face, 'n' she gaspin' out, —

" ' Oh, — oh, Moll! John 's — fallen — in; Seth — he 's tryin' — to — get — down — to him; — he — says — we — must harness — right — up — 'n' drive — back — 'n' get — men — to go — up — in a boat. Perhaps — they — can — find — him — better — that — way.'

" It seemed 's if I did n't hear a thing after the first word. I kept interruptin' her. ' I 'm goin' down to him myself,' I said, an' I started to run the way she 'd come. But she grabbed hold o' me like iron.

" ' Moll, Moll!' she said, ' there could n't no mortal woman go down there; it 's a straight precipice where he went over Seth 's workin' down higher up, an' if he is on the rocks he 'll get to him after a while. But Seth said I was to tell you that he said for you to go; you 'd help best by gettin' men up the other way with a boat.'

" ' Where was you? ' said I, 's I was gettin' the harness on to old Kate. My hands trembled so I could n't hardly do anything; but Nelly, she was workin' 's if she wa'n't any mortal woman. She had Dick all harnessed before I 'd got the headstall on to Kate. ' Where was you when he fell over? How 'd he come to fall? '

" ' Oh, we were half-way down the wall,' said she, ' an' we came to a narrow ledge he thought we could walk on; 'n' he jest stepped on to it, 'n' held out his hand to me, and says, " Come on, Nelly, give me your hand. I 'll lead you across! " An' I was jest liftin' my foot to step on, an' the words wa'n't out o' his mouth, when the whole ledge fell, 'n' he went right out of my sight, and the whole rock where I was standing shook so that I fell down flat. As soon 's I could I crept out an' looked over, but I could n't see anything; it was a straight wall right down to the river. But Seth says there are lots o' ledges; he may have caught on one.'

" ' Was Seth there, too? ' said I. I spoke very slow. I seemed to be all turnin' to stone, somehow, now I found that 't was in goin' down that wall I 'd begged him so not to go down that he 'd met his death; for I knew he was dead, —

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knew it jest 's well the fust minute she said, 'John 's fallen in!' 's I know it now. 'Was Seth there when he fell in?' said I, slower 'n' louder. She had n't seemed to hear me.

"'Oh, no,' she said. 'Seth had n't been with us at all. He said he 'd take it easy. I found him on the top. He wa'n't very far off from the place where we went down.'

"I did n't say anything. I jest lashed those horses; I wonder we did n't break our necks, for 't was an awful road. At last my hands got so cold, for all 't was a warm day, I could n't drive, 'n' I put the reins into Nelly's hands, 'n' says I, 'You must drive; I can't;' an' that was the last thing I knew till I come to in a bed. They told me about it afterwards. They said I went into a dead faint 's soon 's I handed the reins to Nelly, an' if a man had n't come along jest that minute, a-ridin' horseback, she never could have kept me in that wagon an' driven the horses; but the man, he fastened his horse behind, and got in an' drove, and Nelly, she held me up; an' I never knew no more when they lifted me out than if I had been stone dead."

Here Sister Mary paused, drew a long sigh, clasped her hands tighter, and shut her eyes. I waited a long time for her to speak. Then I said, in a quivering voice, —

"Oh, tell me the rest! Do let me know it all!"

She opened her eyes very slowly, and looked at me with the gaze of one just awakening from a trance. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice for the first time trembled, as she replied, —

"There is n't any more to tell."

"Did n't they ever find his body?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes," she said, with a sob. "They found his body; but it was a week, first. It worked down with the logs; the river was awful high. They found it in one o' the booms; but I never saw it. They said I 'd better not."

"Did you go home with Nelly an' Seth?" I asked.

A deep red mounted instantly to her cheek. "You don't suppose I could ever ha' looked into that girl's face again, do you?" said she. "Not that I blamed her a mite, — no, not a mite; but I could n't ever see her again, — that 's all. I think I should have dropped dead to look at her. Her face wa'n't ever from before my eyes, any more 'n John's was; it seemed as if I could n't even be let to think of him, even in his grave, without seein' her face along-side. I don't know how it was, but that was the way my mind worked, an' I could n't do anything with myself. I guess I wa'n't quite right in my head for a spell. I was at Parson Quimby's. They took me in; they 'd always been good friends of ours. Seth and Nelly, they stayed down 's long 's they could; an' they 'd come a dozen times a day, an' beg to see me; but I could n't. Nelly, she came up to the door o' my room once, and stood there cryin', an' callin' through to me, —

"'Oh, Moll, do jest let me kiss ye for good-by;' an' she cried so ye could hear her all over the house. Mrs. Quimby, she was sittin' with me at the time, and says she, —

"'Oh, do let that poor child in, can't ye? She 's breakin' her heart; she thinks you feel to think on her 's if she was to blame for all that 's happened.'

"But I could n't see her, I told Mrs. Quimby; an' I charged her to say it 's strong 's she could that I had n't any hard feelin' towards her, — not the least mite. I did n't hold her no ways accountable for John's bein' gone. An' that I 'd always loved her, an' she might count on it I always should; but, the Lord willin', I 'd never set my eyes on her, — not in this world. I could n't."

"No," said I, "you could n't. I don't wonder you felt so. But I don't see how you could say you loved her."

"Well, I did," replied Sister Mary, "an' it was true. I always did love the girl. She did n't live long, poor little thing; and one o' the last things she said to Seth before she died was, 'Do, oh, do send my last love to poor Moll.' He wrote it to me in a letter. I never saw him again, either. I did n't want ever to see anything or anybody to bring back those times. I sent a man up to

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sell out the farm and all the things. They did n't bring much; things never do when you have to sell 'em that way. I put all the money in the bank, an' I hain't never touched it sence, — only jest the interest. I worked round there a spell; but I was n't easy till I got away, 'n came down here nussin. It 's the only thing does me any good. It 's goin' on sixteen years now I 've been nussin in this hospital."

"Now," she added, "I don't know whether I 'm goin' to feel wuss or better for rakin' all my troubles open this way. I hain't ever told a livin' soul but you since I came away from home; but I felt drawn to tell you, somehow. It seemed to me you had more sympathy than common."

For answer, I took Sister Mary's wrinkled hand in mine and kissed it; my eyes were full of tears, and I had no voice to speak.

"Was n't what I said true?" she added. "There ain't any comfort for such a trouble 's that; an' there never was, an' there never will be, not even in heaven, supposin' I 'm so lucky 's to get there, an' we know our friends when we see 'em, which I 've never been clear about in my own mind, notwithstandin' I was Methodist raised an' a member there thirty years, — no, there ain't any comfort."

"No," said I, "you spoke the truth. There is n't any comfort."

"Yes," said she, "that 's jest what I 've always felt; it 's the way I 've always looked at it. But it ain't the way o' our family to pine, or mope round much, — not so long 's there 's anything to be done."

Jane Silsbee,
(Author of Massy Sprague's Daughter.)

THE CERAMIC ART IN AMERICA.

Some curious information is supplied by Mr. John F. Watson regarding the treatment of "æsthetic tea," as Carlyle calls it, in the olden time. When the aromatic herb was first introduced into Salem, it was customary to boil it in an iron kettle, to strain off the liquor, and, having placed the boiled leaves in a dish, to butter them. They were then eaten, and the decoction was used, without milk or sugar, to wash them down. "Surely," says the annalist, "the modern mode of taking tea in French porcelain gilt cups, with patent loaf-sugar and cream, stirred with a silver spoon, is more delicate, refined, and elegant." This being readily conceded, and no demur being made to the substitution of the decoction for the buttered leaves, the subject of tea-drinking is not thereby taken out of the realm of debate. When the proper position of tea in domestic economy dawned upon the Western mind, the tea-service was the next topic of discussion. It has not been disposed of yet. Styles and tastes vary and change. Old-fashioned people were led away by various degrees of beautiful uniformity, or uniform beauty, and set their hearts on the services, many of which still survive to charm us with designs and colors both sombre and gay, complex and chaste. Lately there has sprung up a heresy, very attractive it must be confessed, to the effect that sets are a long-standing mistake. Good taste, it is said, demands variety, and the harlequin is the true king. Let, therefore, a heavily flowered tea-cup from China be flanked on the one hand by a delicate specimen of Sèvres, and on the other by a more robust representative of England; while elsewhere are arrayed the wares of Saxony, Berlin, Italy, Spain, and Japan.

In the ceramic art, the "centuries of far-off beauty" lead to that near at hand. The routes by which it has traveled centre in our tea-table, and its steps

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are marked in our collections. As the fragrant beverage is sipped, and the light shines through the tilted porcelain cup, the different stages of the art and skill that produced it may be thought over. It may be French, English, German, or Oriental, but in any case it is the representative of an art that was, in all primitive faiths, the gift of the gods. It becomes a serious matter, too, when, to change the scene, one realizes that the massive granite ware of the restaurant is the nineteenth-century development of a skill derived by direct teaching from heaven. All that this means is, of course, that early piety in this way solved a problem that to civilized inquiry is a problem still. Whoever the first potter may have been, he laid the foundation of an art of which ceramicomania is not the least remarkable product. The refuse of the savage becomes venerable to his civilized successor, — such are the wonders of time. A broken potsherd may fill a gap in the construction of some beautiful theory of progression. The ceramic chain binding the youth of the world to its old age derives its greatest value from being unbroken; and no potter that ever lived can be overlooked, no ware, however humble, can be despised. No doubt, if some of the potters of the brave days of old could look back to this mundane sphere, they would be both amused and astonished to find how valuable have become the coarse and inartistic vessels to which they and their neighbors and customers had attached so little importance, and to see them placed in museums and collections, and commented on as links and as early buds on the ceramic branch of that art which has its roots in chaos and its loftiest branches beyond mortal ken. To handle one of these old vessels is like shaking hands with one of the pioneers of humanity across the gulf of time. If it be examined closely, a finger mark may be found, or an indentation made by the nail of a potter who lived ages ago. It represents an idea, and as it is turned round a dim perception is felt of the fact that, with all its rudeness, it is a result of the promptings of a sense of beauty, inarticulate almost, like the gasping of a dumb man trying to relieve his surcharged heart in speech. In that respect it resembles every other vessel produced by the potter's hand. It is a record, and has its place in history.

The New World, in so far as its ceramic art is concerned, differs in no essential respect from the Old. Pottery reveals a singular harmony between the ancient peoples of the two continents in religious ideas and customs. There is, for example, a close connection between the Peruvian and the Egyptian conceptions of deity. Both people appear to have been conscious of the existence of a supreme being, whom they worshiped through certain natural forms chosen as the symbols of his attributes. The fine glazed pottery of Egypt has supplied numberless illustrations of the religion of the Nile, and it is from the paintings upon pottery that we derive almost our only knowledge of the religion of ancient Peru. A similar parallel might be drawn between the Chinese and the Peruvians. In regard to the respective customs of the East and the West, the pottery of Egypt and Peru indicates many points of similarity. It is hardly necessary to make special reference to burial urns, as they appear to have been used by nearly every ancient people, both in Europe and in America. They have been found in Etruria and in Roman graves, in Gaul, England, and elsewhere in Europe, and at several places in both South, Central, and North America. There is, however, one striking feature of the burial rite as it was practiced in Egypt and Peru deserving of notice. According to Dr. Birch, the Egyptians deposited vases in their tombs, filled with various kinds of food and other substances for the future use of the deceased. Some of them disclosed traces of articles of luxury or medicaments, such as a thick, viscous fluid, the lees of wine, fragrant, solid balsamic and unctuous substances, asphalt, a bituminous paste, a snuff-colored powder, and chopped straw. Turning to Peru, we find the Inca and his poor subject alike preparing for the supposititious needs of

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a future state. Graves have been opened in which, beside the remains of the dead, were discovered vessels of pottery containing maize and other edibles. That the latter were intended for subsistence in a future life there can be no doubt. From their pottery, therefore, we learn that two peoples as far removed from each other as the Egyptians and Peruvians held the same views of the next life, and regarded the indefinite future as a mere prolongation of the present.

From what has been said it may be inferred that an examination of the pottery of the New World must be conducted upon the same principles, and will be rewarded with the same historical results, as that of the pottery of the Old World. It is a matter of deep regret that the chronology of the former is very inexact. A few specimens may be ascribed to a certain age with approximate precision; of many others all that can be said is that they antedate the Spanish conquest; with regard to an equally large number even conjecture is entirely at fault. These unfortunate circumstances are to be attributed to the mystery overhanging the early history of Peru.

The specimens at our command, as they may be studied in such collections as those of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and the Peabody Museum at Harvard, are divisible into great and easily distinguishable classes. There are, first, the water vessels and domestic utensils, such as jars and pots, which have been exhumed on the coast settlements. There are, secondly, the vases, many of which are decorated with human faces in relief, which come from Cuzco and Lake Titicaca. A third division might be formed of the vessels modeled after the human head, in some of which are preserved wonderfully fine types of the heads and faces that attracted the potter. Upon the first of these classes, the water vessels of the Chimus and inhabitants of the towns upon the coast, the greatest amount of ingenuity seems to have been lavished. They supply a comprehensive and curious index to Peruvian customs. The typical shape is a rotund jar with an arching hollow handle, and spout projecting upward from the middle of the arch. The handle and spout are of identically the same pattern in many specimens where the body of the vessels is never seen twice alike. In devising the shape of the latter, the Peruvians followed a rule which is discovered in operation in every country with any claim to the possession of an original art. They found models in nature, and in the appliances and usages of their every-day life. One of their jars thus represents a musician; another, a primitive boat; and where the double body is brought into requisition, or where a short neck takes the place of the siphon handle, a hundred instances are supplied of an appeal for suggestions to the familiar surroundings of the potter. Thus, in one case, the two sections of the body consist of a stag and doe; in another, the orifice of one of twin bottles is occupied by a bird; in a third, one compartment is modeled after the human figure; in a fourth, the jar is single, and represents the human head and bust, the orifice being in the top of the head. A like rule was followed in designs graved in the paste, one being a rude and inartistic semblance of the human face, and another consisting of a bird. There are also painted representations of birds, serpents, and double-headed snakes, and these are found mingled with geometrical designs, such as diamonds arranged in vertical bands and other patterns, which recall the early efforts of the Greeks before their emancipation from Phœnician and Assyrian influences. The art of Peru, broadly speaking, may be said to have sought expression in three distinct forms, which are met with in the ceramic art of every country that passed the most primitive stage, namely, the imitation of natural objects by the modeler, who follows the actual form, and the same imitation by means of graved outlines and colored representations.

Assuming an early connection between Peru and Central America, — of which the historical evidence is sufficiently decisive, — we find, with the exception of the colors found upon painted ware, lit-

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tle in common between the potteries of the two regions. Large, round, heavily shaped jars and painted tripodal basins from Nicaragua, and earthen images from Guatemala, take the place of the multiform drinking vessels of Peru. The relationship is closer between the Peruvian and the red unglazed vessels of the Aztecs. The double jar reappears among the latter, and there are many figures of deities, priests, and snakes which are peculiar to the early Mexican civilization. The Aztec black glazed ware seems to have been worked with considerable care, and the details of the designs are finished with scrupulous nicety. Some admirable specimens of this quality are in the Smithsonian Institution and in the Peabody Museum.

Coming next to the mound-builders, we discover a similarity between their earthenware remains and those of the Peruvians, such as would almost justify the inference that, at a period now impossible to specify, a connection existed between the two peoples. Many of their vessels are either modeled after natural objects, or are surmounted by representations more or less rude of human and animal heads. Their ceramic relics have been discovered from the lower part of the valley of the Mississippi northward through the middle section of the United States. That either through the mound-builders, or through some other channel of which even less is known, a knowledge of working in clay passed from South to North America is a conclusion to which the inquirer is almost necessarily driven. There are two facts, equally singular and distinct, which can hardly be explained by any other hypothesis. The first of these is that corrugated ware has been found both in South America and among the Pueblos and Indians of North America. The manner of making this ware is so remarkable that it seems impossible that it could have been common to many tribes belonging to widely separated sections of the American continent without direct transmission or tradition from one source. The heavy clay was made into strips, which were coiled round a centre formed by keeping the end of the strip first used stationary at a point representing the centre of the bottom of the jar. As the strips were carried round one above the other, the layers were pressed firmly together, and in doing so the potter, by using either his nail or a piece of wood, gave the jars their corrugated appearance. Had a similar process been known to exist in any other country, the community of usage throughout America might have been disposed of without the assumption of a community of origin. But as it is a characteristic of a large variety of the ancient pottery of this continent only, the natural supposition is that here, in some unknown locality, it originated, and passed from tribe to tribe throughout a period which must have comprised many centuries. The second fact to be noticed is that both in the colors employed in decoration and in shapes there are many examples of the pottery of the Pueblos and the Moquis of the present time which are allied with the Peruvian. Among the North American Indian tribes the cultivation of ceramic art depended rather upon tribal tendencies and usage, as determined by location and habits, than upon choice. Those who approached most nearly the typical red man of the plains, whose pursuits of preference and necessity were war and the chase, found nothing attractive in the potter's art. Those having more permanent settlements cultivated it to a greater extent, and with them are to be numbered the tribes which, through admixture of blood or other causes, are to be classed as exceptional. The Indians of New Jersey attained a skill never displayed by the nomadic hunters of the far West, and have left urns, clay pipes, and many fragmentary relics which attest their taste in decoration. There is one remarkable specimen described by Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, to which, for the sake of the custom indicated by it, special reference may here be made. It consisted of a quadrangular box of black pottery mixed with mica, ornamented on all sides with fine engraved lines. "When taken out of the ground, it was full of a reddish

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powder of a faint aromatic odor, and contained many of the smaller bones of a deer. These bones had apparently not been exposed to heat at any time, but were probably the remains of venison buried with and intended *as food* for the deceased, whose skeleton was found within a few feet of the 'box.'" The Indians of New Jersey availed themselves of the same beds of clay to which the manufacturers of terra cotta now resort. Like many other pottery-making tribes in Illinois and the West, they mixed it with crushed shells, sand, or mica, and restricted their decorative efforts to a profusion of lines and dots. One remarkable fact regarding the old potters of the continent, in South, Central, and North America, is the absence of the potter's wheel. Molding appears to have been practiced by them all, from the Peruvians to the Indians; but that a contrivance, of the use of which in the Old World the evidences are so frequent, should have been unknown to any of the aboriginal inhabitants of America is not the least singular result of our investigations amongst their pottery.

One of the most important and at the same time most absorbing questions in connection with the present and future of the ceramic art in the United States arises in connection with the consideration of the clays of this country. It may be premised that the language employed by potters and by the owners of deposits in designating the clays of their respective sections is occasionally misleading. Thus there is a quality of clay in New Jersey which is generally called *kaolin*, although in no way entitled to the name. That State is the only one of the clay deposits of which we have any really exact knowledge based upon systematic observation and analysis. The importance of information upon this point may be illustrated by a reference to the usage of the Chinese, who, having arrived at a knowledge of the different deposits of kaolin within the bounds of the empire, are enabled to mix them with the confident precision resulting from long investigation and experiment. Their china clay is a compound of many deposits, each of which supplies an ingredient or possesses a quality lacking in the others. We have no similar knowledge of the clays of the country; and in view of the service performed by the state geologist of New Jersey, it appears eminently desirable that other state governments should follow its example, and supply the information which can otherwise be acquired only by assiduous and expensive experiment and skillful analysis on the part of individual potters. The chief ground on which an appeal to the States is based is that information provided by the State is for the benefit of all its citizens; that acquired by an individual will most certainly be withheld from competitors in business, and, while probably of great advantage to its fortunate possessor, is practically of no effect upon the furtherance of a great industry. With regard to all the clays for earthenware and stoneware of every grade, they are present in the United States in great abundance, and their peculiarities are pretty generally understood. With reference to kaolin, or porcelain clay, let it be remembered that without the discoveries of John Schnorr and Madame Darnet at Aue and St. Yrieix respectively, the world could never have admired the porcelains of Dresden and Sèvres. No chemical combination could have taken the place of kaolin; and unless John Schnorr had discovered a road to additional wealth by means of an earthen hair-powder, and unless Madame Darnet had been led to economize by using an unctuous clay for soap, Europe might still have been laboring to imitate in artificial compounds the works of China and Japan. The possession of kaolin is the key to that branch of the ceramic art of these countries in which their universally admired triumphs of color, painting, and form have been accomplished. Similarly, in reference to America, it is upon its mineral wealth that an estimate of the future of its ceramic art must in a great measure depend.

The fact is therefore of the greatest moment that kaolin beds exist in Pennsylvania, Georgia, Missouri, and other States, and that feldspar — the *petuntse*

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of the Chinese — is present in quantities that are practically limitless. Quartz is also abundant. Between the possession of these deposits and taking full advantage of them in making porcelain there is, however, a considerable difference. This may be illustrated by certain remarks made by President Thomas C. Smith, proprietor of the only porcelain manufactory in the United States, — the Union Porcelain Works at Greenpoint, Long Island, — at a late meeting of the Potters' Association. He said, in effect, that the production of clay for the best works and wares was one of the most pressing problems of the day, and then continued: "We must buy from abroad. We are called upon for better and better wares, and there is scarcely an even American clay that we can buy. . . . The only clays we can get are from Pennsylvania, and they are not good; they are refractory, and do not yield readily to the fire. We need a better and more regular clay, upon the quality of which we can depend." This want of evenness in the quality he illustrated by adducing an instance in which he used native clay without any foreign admixture; he felt a pride in doing so. He used up all he had, and sent for more. It arrived during his absence; his foreman made it up without trial, and the consequence was a loss of about two thousand dollars. There was no similarity between the two consignments, and Mr. Smith still finds it necessary to resort in part to imported kaolin.

At the same meeting of the association the committee on materials presented a report, in which the following very suggestive passage occurs: "It would seem that the great natural productions of our country, embracing everything necessary for our use, when properly developed, ought to put within our reach materials at a cost which would enable us to compete successfully with foreign wares. But so long as imported English clays can be sold in our market at less prices than our own American clays, we shall certainly labor under great disadvantages. Some means should be devised to develop more rapidly and more thoroughly the resources of our own country in this direction. There is no doubt that these materials exist in great quantities, only waiting development to enable us to defy ruinous competition, and to hold the American market against the world."

The existence of the finest clays is taken for granted in both passages, and the corollary is that when they have been subjected to the necessary preparatory processes, and the peculiarities of each deposit are thoroughly understood, the American manufacturer will be independent of foreign material. It could hardly be expected that Missouri clay sent to the manufacturer unwashed, as taken from the mines, should compete with the prepared kaolin of Cornwall. Means will no doubt be devised to reverse the present condition of things, and to give the native material the advantage in point of expense.

One of the most hopeful phases of the question of material is that at the present time nearly every manufacturer in Trenton is experimenting with native clays, in the search for a ware which shall gain for this country an *entrée* into the markets of the world with a purely American porcelain. Specimens from several Trenton potteries and from the New York City Pottery are very pure and translucent, and fully substantiate the right of the ware to the distinctive names of "American porcelain," "semi-china," and "ivory porcelain." It differs from the natural or hard porcelains of China and Europe in the firing, and in having a boracic instead of a feldspathic glaze.

From these indications it may be gathered that the potters of America are now in a position very much akin to that of the French and Germans before experience had taught them the proper use of the kaolins of the Limousin and Saxony. That at some not far distant day we shall have an American kaolinic porcelain with a feldspathic glaze there is hardly room to doubt. The potters of America are fully alive to the wealth of their country in material, and are by patient experiment reaching upward to-

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ward a better native excipient for a higher form of art.

The history of pottery in the United States begins with the year 1765, when the firm of A. H. Hews & Co., now of North Cambridge, Massachusetts, was founded, and when Wedgwood in England was on the highway to fortune and fame. The factory was then several miles distant from its present site, and the exact character of its products is unknown. They are referred to in the old books of the firm merely as "ware." The company is now making an immense variety of flower-pots, fern cases, and garden vases. Many of the designs are attractive and decidedly original. A few years ago the Messrs. Hews introduced, under the name of "Albert ware," a fine quality of terra cotta, chiefly after the forms supplied by Greece, Phœnicia, and Etruria. They have also succeeded in reproducing Peruvian pottery, and notably a whistling jar in the Peabody Museum Collection. The Cambridge terra cotta has been very favorably received by decorators, and has probably been subjected to more determined efforts to obscure the natural beauty of the body by crude compositions in colors than any other ware of the present time. Fortunately, the least skillful decoration cannot completely destroy the work of the potter, or annihilate the charm attaching to the antique forms.

The first domestic porcelain enterprise was instituted at Philadelphia about the year 1770, but it was soon brought to a close, and for many years after that date the country was almost absolutely dependent upon Europe for household wares. Earthenware was made at Norwich, Connecticut, towards the end of last century, and in 1800 stoneware was being made at Herbertsville, New Jersey. The manufacture increased rapidly in the Eastern States, and in the first quarter of the present century the porcelain industry was revived by W. E. Tucker in Philadelphia. It spread to Jersey City and to Bennington, Vermont, and many attempts were made to establish it on Long Island; but the first enterprise by which plain domestic and decorated porcelain was placed upon the market was that of T. C. Smith & Sons, of Greenpoint. Success was not gained until after a protracted series of struggles. All the original proprietors retired from the strife, and Mr. Smith alone stuck to his project, and succeeded. The kaolin used at Greenpoint is partly imported and partly native, and the fact has already been accounted for. Rather than carry on a long series of expensive experiments, with a sole view to testing the qualities of American kaolins, Mr. Smith, while never leaving that object out of sight, prefers to retain his footing in the market by in part using English kaolin, the properties of which are well known and thoroughly understood. The Greenpoint porcelain is pure and strong, and a great deal of the decoration is original and chaste. Apart from the exceptional pieces, amongst which we might find several decorated with a degree of beauty and a perfection of execution that leave little more to be desired, the general average of decorated domestic ware is decidedly high, and is rapidly rising. The manufacturer has a double opposition to contend with. There is, first, the foreign competition; and, secondly, the greater opposition of a wavering public taste, ready to accept anything from abroad rather than be at the trouble of estimating native products at their real value. This propensity affects all the ceramic productions of America. Their American nativity appears to be accepted as a conclusive argument against their excellence. Time, it is hoped, will overcome this foolish prejudice, and bring to American art the encouragement dearest to the artist, — sympathy and appreciation.

Mr. Smith's first artistic works were the century vases exhibited at Philadelphia, on which, by means of panels bearing white reliefs, the story of the past century is vividly and forcibly told. A more recent work followed the publication of Mr. Longfellow's Keramos, of which it is an illustration. In a series of panels, the artist — Mr. Karl Müller — shows the potters of all ages at work,

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and gives some of the more famous specimens of their skill. In their midst appears a bust of the poet in a medallion framed with laurel. Mr. Smith has also turned out a number of very fine figures and groups in parian by his chief designer and modeler, Mr. Müller.

A great deal of excellent work in earthenware is produced by the Robertsons, of Chelsea, Mass. No more true ideas of art, and no more patient contention with the difficulties in the way of their perfect expression, can anywhere be found. Aside from their attempt to imitate the Haviland faïence and Doulton ware, the Robertsons have succeeded in perfecting certain styles which, so far as we know, are original. Here, as everywhere else, the original work — that which expresses the artist's own thought — is the best. There are vases from this workshop which deserve a place in every collection. The clay used is of two colors, brown and white, and is thrown in shapes that are generally elegant and always in harmony with the decoration. The latter consists of gravings in the paste, applied moldings, and carved reliefs. To illustrate the last mentioned, we may instance a vase upon which is carved a flower, or a creeping plant is twined round the body and touches the lip. The work is minute and true to the model, and the disposition of the tendrils, leaves, and flowers has all the grace and freedom of nature. Other examples might be adduced, but the above will give an additional point to what has been said of the recognition of American art.

At East Boston is the establishment of the New England Pottery Company, the only producers of white granite and cream-colored ware in the Eastern States. Portland and Beverly are both known in connection with terra cotta, of fine body and graceful shapes, chiefly after the antique.

In the city of New York a manufacturer devoting himself to art with no little zeal and enthusiasm, guided by long experience and profound practical knowledge, is Mr. James Carr, of the City Pottery. He makes use of six or seven combinations of material, from iron-stone china to American porcelain. For many years Mr. Carr confined himself to plain domestic wares; but when he with others felt the awakening of a taste for art, he turned to work of a higher order in decoration and modeling. Some of his figures, busts, and groups in bone-china, parian, and terra cotta are praiseworthy, and his iron-stone china and semi-porcelain are painted in styles to which, a few years ago, American workmen were practically strangers. Both here and in Trenton, the demand for decorated services during last year showed a large advance, and promises to increase as the art improves and prejudices die away. Terra cotta of various qualities is also made in New York.

As one of the leading centres of the pottery industry, Trenton deserves more than the brief notice we can now give it. Its chief productions, apart from the fine ware or porcelain already referred to, are white granite and cream-colored ware, of which immense quantities are made. It has risen to its present eminence within the last twenty-six years. The industry was founded by Taylor & Speeler in 1852. The firm made brown and Rockingham ware, and also tried to make porcelain and parian, but without success. The ware is said to have been of good quality, but the demand was insufficient to make the venture profitable, and the difficulties in the way of manufacture were more than the enterprising members of the firm could cope with. In 1853 the production of the white ware which constitutes the staple of the Trenton trade was begun, and has now reached an annual value of about two million dollars. The most noteworthy attempt to combine artistic work with the manufacture of white ware was made three years ago by Ott & Brewer, the present Etruria Pottery Company. Their works in parian are highly creditable, and although their art enterprise met with little encouragement, and has been for the present discontinued, it deserves special recognition among the efforts that had been and are now being made to lay the foundation of

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an American art. The body is fine, compact, and hard, and appears in a variety of warm and pleasing tints. One of the later specimens is a bust of Cleopatra, a careful study and an example of highly finished workmanship. It was on view in New York for some time, and according to Mr. J. Hart Brewer brought his firm into violent contact with the prevalent antagonism to American works of art. The bust was seen, admired, and priced by a New York gentleman, who appeared disposed to become the commercial Antony to the Trenton Cleopatra. He expressed his satisfaction both with the work and its value, and asked from what European studio it came. When told of its Trenton origin, he received the information at first with incredulity, and, when convinced of its truth, withdrew from the purchase. The story illustrates the operation of the unreasoning prejudice against the American artist. The bust, although widely differing from such an ideal as Gérôme's, is, if less attractive, probably more truthful in the presentment of a type of beauty peculiarly Egyptian. It is to be hoped that the Etruria Company may be led to revive the production of works in parian. In following Copeland and Minton they have entered a field which in this country is almost entirely their own.

It is unnecessary for the purposes of the present sketch to give further particulars of individual manufacturers, or of the nearly eight hundred factories which are scattered over the country. A subject of greater importance is the styles of decoration to which the artists of America resort, or, more generally, the manner in which their artistic feeling seeks expression. There is, in the first place, a wide-spread admiration of the graceful forms of Greece, which has led the workers in terra cotta to follow them, and to reproduce many other less attractive antique shapes. A similar tendency has for a long time manifested itself in Europe, and the wonderful success of Ipsen and Wendrich, of Copenhagen, had no doubt its influence in firing American potters with a desire to emulate the taste and skill of the ancients. At the present time the antique may be said to absorb all the attention of the American producer of terra-cotta vases. The public is rapidly becoming familiar with the chaste simplicity and elegant freedom of outline which constitute the great charm of Greek ceramic art. It has not yet, however, occurred to any one to confer upon those admirers of the Greek who are shut out from any comprehensive collection the real benefit that would be contained in a complete set of the leading Greek forms. The educational value of such a collection would be great, as illustrating the beauty with which the Greeks were preëminently successful in investing their domestic pottery, their jars, wine-coolers, vessels for drawing the wine, and drinking-cups. In copying the Greek decoration our artists are far behind the Danes, and resort at times to styles which have nothing to recommend them. It is difficult to infuse into a copy the feeling of the original; and American modifications of the antique, and original designs based upon the antique, are almost invariably devoid of either feeling or meaning. The point for the American potter to keep in view is that the beauty of the Greek vase which can be enjoyed throughout all time is in its form. Its decoration is often rude. The drawing of many of the figures is poor, the proportions bad, the coloring arbitrary, the attitudes impossible. Should any one undertake to make exact copies of the fifty thousand Greek vases which are said to exist in different parts of the world, or of any number of specimens, he would engage in a very laudable enterprise. But to spoil American terra cotta with new designs "after the Greek," and marked by all the imperfections of Greek workmanship, is not art, but folly. If the Danish work be examined closely, it will be found that with the quietude of color characteristic of the ancient it unites perfection of drawing and a careful attention to all the minutiæ of detail. Whether the design be copied from an antique vase, or is after one of the classical works of Thorwaldsen, or is original with an artist whose genius, like that of

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the great sculptor, turns to the classical by preference, its execution gives the vase a right to be ranked with works of art. Not only in form, but in tone, it is a reflection of the same spirit that animated the old Greek artists, and deserves the study of every decorator of American terra cotta "after the antique."

The warmth with which the Haviland faïence was received led to attempts on the part of American potters to probe the supposed secret of his process and to imitate the ware. There was in reality very little mystery about Haviland's method. Its leading points, that of painting the unbaked clay and that of using an alkaline glaze, were given to the public almost immediately after the faïence was introduced. The Robertsons of Chelsea [1] have, after a long series of experiments, succeeded in bringing out a few pieces with very beautiful grounds of blue and green. As studies in color these pieces are attractive, but they are far more deserving of attention as a groundwork for future endeavor, of the artistic results of which great expectations may be entertained. This is said in view of the patient contention with material difficulty, and of the presence of the true art instinct elsewhere manifest in the Chelsea workshop. But it may be well to consider the difficulties in the way of the Robertsons and of all other imitators of the Haviland faïence. That the latter is the greatest contribution to the ceramic art of the present day is almost universally conceded. It brought with it new ideas of the beauty of color, and of the possibilities within the reach of the artist who resorts to a clay excipient. The results of the process are in some cases wonderfully beautiful. The melting together of the glaze and colors gives the latter a liquid softness seen on no other kind of faïence, and at the same time necessitates the most patient care on the part of the artist, lest the work of a too free or careless brush should pass into an indistinct daub. The effect has been described as that of an "oil-painting on faïence," and how true this description is may be seen from many of the pieces. The execution is invariably free and bold, and many of the designs are characterized by a most charming simplicity. The originality of method and treatment forbids description by comparison with any other faïence. Some pieces are decorated with carved, unglazed reliefs; others, with paintings of flowers, birds, dogs, or human faces or figures. Some present us with a combination of these styles. There are some on which the flowers are laid upon a ground of cloudy blue, and are seen as if held against the sky. There are others in which a parasite or flower stem is wound in high relief round the piece, finishing at the handle in a flower, a butterfly, a snake, or merely a knotted part of the stem thrown into an arch. These natural and simple suggestions are made use of with wonderfully fine effect. Whatever care and attention to minutiæ the artist may have bestowed upon his work, they never obtrude themselves upon the attention to mar the effect. One is not tempted to analyze in presence of the beauty of the general result. All seems free, easy, and natural, and the conviction is forced upon us, after examining the strained effort and painful exactness displayed by his predecessors, that Haviland has discovered the only true treatment of faïence. When the brilliant colors have made their full beauty felt, there still remains to be enjoyed the deep and suggestive background. In some instances, as, for example, in the cloudy blues and mottled grays, the ground upon which the figure or floral decoration is laid is even more fascinating than the decoration itself. So in nature the flowers and trees are no more inthralling than the freshness of the green leaves or fields, than the blue of sea and sky, than the soft, dreamy gray of mottled clouds. Some of the best French artists of the day have availed themselves of Haviland's palette and faïence to perpetuate their art. Let

[1] The present article was written before the recent achievements of Miss McLaughlin in faïence at Cincinnati, and the new discovery of fine clays in Ohio. See Contributor's Club in the Atlantic for September.

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it be assumed that the Robertsons have overcome all the mechanical and material difficulties; that they have mastered the process; that their glaze contains the necessary alkalies; that they have the facilities for firing at the proper temperature; that their palette equals the French in richness, and there is still before them the greatest difficulty to be surmounted, — the acquisition of the genius and skill which bring process and palette to the creation of a work of art. In paving the way to such a consummation, the Robertsons are doing noble service, and are engaged in a work a thousand fold better than the obscuring of terra cotta with crude designs in oil.

The number of skilled decorators is rapidly increasing, and much of their work — especially that from the decorating room at the Greenpoint Porcelain Works — is remarkably healthy in tone and sentiment. Designs drawn directly from nature, such as charm us in Japanese porcelain and faïence, are abundant, and indicate a mastery of the secret of the artistic success of all nations that possess a distinctive art. When the artists of Capo di Monte sought originality, they turned to the sea-shore, and found models in the corals and shells of the Mediterranean. The flowers, plants, animals, and insects of America are the inexhaustible treasury to which the artists of Greenpoint most frequently resort, and their works are therefore, in many cases, both attractive and original.

One result of our view of the present position and tendencies of American art is the assurance that, having every kind of material, enterprise, and an artistic sense which promises to assume, as it develops, forms more decidedly national, the American manufacturer and artist have little to fear in the future from either prejudice or foreign competition.

Jennie J. Young.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

XXXII.

All the rest of that day and all night the holy city held carnival of plunder, lust, and murder.

A host of Damascenes, Bedaween, Koords, Druzes, and Metawileh, followed by many soldiers of the Turkish garrison, poured, howling, into the Christian quarter, and ravaged it without let or hindrance. The timorous, unarmed inhabitants hid as they could in closets, wells, chimneys, and other coverts, only to be dragged forth, insulted, spit upon, beaten, subjected to every degrading violence, and butchered by the thousand. The American vice-consul, a Syrian of high character and great learning, was attacked in his own house, shot at, gashed with blows of hatchets, and saved from death only through the intercession of a Moslem friend, backed by an irruption of Abd el Kader's magnanimous Algerines. The Dutch vice-consul and the noble Irish missionary Graham were murdered. Islam had broken bonds at last, and was showing its ancient nature.

It was astonishing how little of the uproar of this bloody frenzy penetrated the Payson dwelling. The great, heavy-walled building of unburnt brick had not a window upon the street, and the one small gate which gave entrance to its court was of course kept carefully closed. The inmates might almost have remained ignorant of the atrocities without, had it not been for the pallid, bleeding fugitives who occasionally asked and obtained admittance. Not many came, for the mission was as yet but little known, even to the Christian inhabitants. To go forth and search out other sufferers might have been death to the seeker and ruin to all.

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It need hardly be said that there was no repose during the day and no slumber during the night. Hour after hour the doctor toiled over the wounded among the thirty or forty refugees, while the ladies tore up bandages, or assisted in preparing and distributing food. Payson's chief office was to watch the gate, to open it guardedly to suppliants, and to see that no Moslem obtained entrance. There was need of caution and judgment and knowledge of the people. Once a gang of unseen ruffians bawled entreaties for shelter through the portal, and, finding their cajoleries useless, ended with yells of "Death to the infidels!" and two or three harmless pistol shots. An hour later the roar of a musket bellowed in the narrow street, and a heavy slug of iron penetrated the door and hummed across the court.

Of course much was said in the beleaguered household, and much also was thought and felt, which might be interesting. But how can one relate all the incidents of such a night? By themselves alone they would make a volume. Toward morning Payson was amazed by hearing a voice outside shouting in English, "Open the door!"

In great joy he flung the gate wide, and found himself in the arms of DeVries.

"Ah, my friend!" he exclaimed. "Is it indeed you? What brings you *here?*"

"Come in!" called the young man eagerly, turning to some shadowy shapes of mounted people behind him. "It 's all right," he added, addressing Payson. "This is Mr. Wingate, an American. The others are my Arnaout and my guide."

In a minute or so the four men, each leading his horse, had entered the gate and closed it behind them.

"Ah, the lad!" said Payson, taking DeVries by the arm, and gazing at him with a sort of wondering fondness. "What have you come to us for?"

"To give you a lift," returned Hubertsen with a smile, meantime pushing on toward the centre of the court-yard. The great space was partially lighted by a fire, where the refugees were boiling coffee, and in the midst of this illumination he could see a pale and weary young lady kneeling upon the pavement and tearing bandages. Gently loosening the missionary's hold, he advanced swiftly to her and confronted her with outstretched hands.

She looked up, recognized him with a cry of amazement, and then seized both those wicked hands with another cry of joy. Undoubtedly her first thought was, "Here is a deliverer!" It may be that her next was, "He has left Saada to come to me." But probably, even in that very moment, she could not have told whether she had any thoughts at all.

"Oh, how came you here?" she asked, when she had risen to her feet. "Did you get hurt?"

"Not yet," he smiled, very well satisfied because she could be anxious about him. "And I am delighted, — so delighted, my dear friend! — to find you safe. This is Mr. Wingate, my traveling companion. We rode over from Lebanon to get you out of here. The story was general there that Damascus was to rise. I wish we had started earlier, Wingate."

"It would have ended more to our convenience," replied Wingate, whom the reader will perhaps remember as a stout, florid, jovial young American, given on occasion to cards and wine. "I saw you and the Paysons on the steamer Imperatore, Miss Grant," he added, with a composed smile which was curiously friendly and cheering. "I am sorry I could n't have made your acquaintance at that time."

Then Mrs. Payson came up, and greeted DeVries with a cordiality which surprised him, and immediately set about preparing refreshments for his party. It must be understood that she was not merely glad to see him as a person who had come with the kindliest of purposes, and who perhaps brought safety. There was more than that in her womanly heart: she had accepted him as the man of her choice for the girl of her preference; she had put upon him the ephod of love, and felt an almost devout desire

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to serve him. I do not mean that she was aware of saying all this to herself, but only that there was some such emotion within her, impulsively influencing her behavior.

Meantime Dr. Macklin hardly looked up from his bandaging long enough to say, "I hope you have no bones broken."

"There is n't much disturbance as yet on the western side of the city," returned DeVries. "But we must get away to-night, if we can. How soon can you all start?"

"I can't start at all," declared the physician; "I have too many patients."

"But the city is on fire."

"I see it is," said Macklin, glancing up at a broad glare which reddened the sky. "It is only on the east side, — the Christian quarter. It won't be allowed to spread much farther."

"Miss Grant, you must go," persisted DeVries. "And the Paysons. There may be worse business to-morrow. I can get you away to-night. I have an understanding with the officer on guard at the west gate, who is an Arnaout by nation and an old friend of my fellow. When he goes off duty the chance is lost. It cost some trouble to get it, and it 's a pity to lose it."

"The ladies shall go," decided Payson. "I must stay and do what I can for the wretched people. But the ladies shall go, if the doctor can spare his horse."

"I will buy it," offered Hubertsen.

"No, sir," returned Macklin, almost roughly. "I give it for Miss Grant's use."

The clergyman gently urged his wife and Irene to their rooms, bidding them prepare promptly for the journey, and then hastened to the stable in rear of the court to order the saddling of the household steeds. There were some minutes of anxious, impatient, and nearly silent waiting. All this time the great red glare stained the sky, broadening and growing more lurid every moment. Huge black masses of gloom, the smoke of hundreds of dwellings, occasionally rolled majestically across it, starred here and there by flights of sailing cinders. There was a shrill hum which was the cry of a distant multitude, and a perpetual stern murmur which was the roar of the conflagration. A pattering of far-off musket shots, a sound familiar to the ear for hours back, swelled by moments into a continuous fusillade.

"This is tremendous," said the doctor, rising from his work and coming close to DeVries. "Are you sure of reaching the gate? Are you sure of your savage there? He is a Moslem."

They both glanced at the Albanian. In his embroidered jacket, long white kilt, and close-fitting scarlet gaiters, his sunburnt hands resting on a girdle full of weapons, and the firelight falling on his bronzed, fierce, stony countenance, he was a picturesque, an elegant, and a formidable figure.

"He is a Moslem," assented DeVries. "But he is an Arnaout. His religion consists in fighting for the man whose salt he eats. I believe he would shoot a mufti if I told him to. Will those ladies never be ready?"

Just then Mrs. Payson appeared, walking rapidly by the side of her husband, but looking at him imploringly and sobbing aloud.

"I will go if you will," she was saying. "Oh, dear! How can I leave you here! I can't."

"My dear, I command it," the husband murmured, meanwhile patting her shoulder. "It is my command. Without you Irene cannot go; and it is best for you also. Fear not for me. The Lord will not forget me, humble as I am."

"I do wish you would go," she continued to plead.

"I must not abandon my brother worker and my little flock of unfortunates. There, my dear, good wife, do not distress me."

And so, with much difficulty, Mrs. Payson was prevailed upon to consent to a departure, and to make her final small preparations. Irene also was soon ready, and so were all who were to go. It was necessary to lead the horses outside ere they could be mounted; and before commencing this operation it seemed best to

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reconnoitre the shadowy street. The Arnaout partially opened the gate, and immediately presented his revolvers, as if he saw an enemy. Dr. Macklin, who was looking over his shoulder, beheld three tall, dark-faced men, mantled in long white burnouses and armed with long guns, scimitars, and pistols. But with them were two persons in Frank costume, an elderly gentleman and a lady of uncertain age, — no other than Miss Biffles and Mr. Wormly, the latter holding two horses by the bridle.

"Oh, God bless you, doctor!" called Mr. Wormly, in an eager, quavering voice. "I was just about to knock. Do, for God's sake, ask these fellows what they want."

There was a brief conversation in Arabic with the leader of the three burnoused men, a tawny and stern-visaged giant, whose immense chest gave forth a voice like the bellow of a bull.

"These are Algerines," explained the doctor. "They tell me that their Emir — the famous Abd el Kader, you know — is sending forth his people to save the Christians. They saw you wandering about, and were afraid you would be attacked, and thought it best to follow you a bit. They give you their salaams, and say they will now depart."

"My dear sir, please salaam them to the best of your ability," begged Wormly, meantime drawing forth his purse.

The Algerine of the lion voice waved his finger to and fro in refusal of the proffered gift. Then all three, touching their hands to their breasts and foreheads, faced about, and hurried away at a swift, springy trot, as light as panthers.

"We are trying to get out of this awful city," Miss Biffles here gasped out, in a tone which indicated extreme terror, as did also her pallid, shaking face. She was truly an object of pity, but the doctor could not help saying, "You don't believe in the millennium, I fear."

Miss Biffles had no reply at hand, or perhaps did not hear his sarcasm. Mr. Wormly raised his visage, now ghastly and wilted and very old, toward the broad, hot glare in the sky, and muttered, "Millennium! It looks more like Tophet."

Meantime parting tears were being shed and parting words murmured in the court, and three or four of the refugees were leading the horses through the narrow portal.

"God favors us with tranquillity," said Payson. "Mount, all of you, and speed on. Ah, Miss Biffles! are you here? Let me help you up. May the divine mercy guide and speed you!"

The poor woman was too confounded to reply, or to address a word to any one, or even to recognize her *bête noir* De Vries. Mrs. Payson leaned from her saddle to kiss her husband once more, and Irene wrung his hand, saying, "Do promise to be careful of yourself."

"God will care for us all," he replied gently. "Let us not be troubled for one another."

Then the little cavalcade, eight equestrians in all, moved off at a walk down the narrow, winding street, dimly lighted by the distant glare of the great fire.

XXXIII.

For a few hundred yards the fugitives journeyed in perfect quiet, without sight of a human being.

They were in the Mohammedan quarter of Damascus, and their way of escape led through its most aristocratic region. Behind them lay the Christian district, sending up a continuous, wide-spread glow of conflagration, but too far distant to reach them with its surge of human anguish. They were astonished at the tranquillity around them, and marveled at hearing the feet of their own horses. It seemed as if this part of the cruel city had wearied of its bloody debauch, and fallen asleep like the Cyclops after his cannibal banquet.

The truth was that all the unquiet spirits, the men who loved plunder and violence and blood, had betaken themselves long since to the scene of havoc, and were sporting there amid arson and murder. During that night and the fol-

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lowing day scores of churches and thousands of houses were burned, and property destroyed to the amount of five millions of dollars. In the conflagration of the Greek Patriarchate six hundred persons perished, while one thousand victims, many of them European monks, strewed the smoking ruins of the Franciscan convent. No wonder that, when Islam found such a carnival of ferocity in the eastern part of Damascus, it should leave the western districts nearly deserted.

The fugitives moved forward in procession. First came the guide; then DeVries and Irene; then Wingate and Mrs. Payson; then Mr. Wormly and Miss Biffles; lastly the Arnaout. The pace was a walk, not because the way was dim, but to avoid rousing the neighborhood. There was plenty of light; for not only did the baleful glimmer of the flames penetrate everywhere, but it was now four o'clock in the morning, and the night had turned to grayness. They could distinctly see on either hand the high, blank walls of the houses, and even recognize the ugly, dirty yellow of the sun-dried bricks which composed them.

Presently they turned into a broader and straighter street, leading directly away from the glare of arson, and toward the western gate-way. Here they first chanced upon fellow-creatures and upon visible peril. Out of the gray obscurity in front came fifteen or twenty men, armed miscellaneously, — some with long muskets, some with scimitars or large daggers, some with merely hatchets. They were obviously a gang of Metawileh from Anti-Lebanon, who were hastening to share in the plunder and massacre. At sight of the European costumes they halted and closed rapidly in a group, as if with intent of disputing the narrow passage.

The guide called to them to clear the way, and DeVries angrily beckoned to one side, but without effect. The Arnaout came up, his revolver in his right hand, and, leaning forward in his saddle, looked silently from face to face, as if searching out the leader. The well-known costume and fierce countenance of this man produced an immediate effect. No other human being is so dreaded in Syria, so held in absolute detestation and horror, as the ferociously pugnacious mountaineer of Albania. There was a mutter of "Arnaout! Arnaout!" and the Metawileh drew aside, leaving the street open. The kawass faced them until his little caravan had passed, when he sternly signed them to go their ways, and resumed his place as rear-guard.

"Were you frightened?" asked DeVries of Irene.

"Not much," she replied.

"That's a good girl," he said, in a petting tone; and she was conscious of being pleased with the compliment. There was of course little thought in her just now of his coquettish misdeeds with other women. They seemed far-away matters, and very insignificant matters, also, in the midst of murdering and blazing Damascus. How could a girl who stood in fear of death, and who was surrounded by a sublime spectacle of rage and destruction, call up a flirtation or two against a man who was imperiling his life to save hers!

Erelong the fugitives had to make a considerable circuit to avoid a large café, in front of which could be seen clusters of turbaned men, all no doubt armed. This détour brought them into a district of narrow alleys and low houses, inhabited by the poorer sort of people. Here doors were open and a few persons were about. A filthy woman, whose skinny face was only partially concealed by a ragged veil, cursed them in shrill screams till they were out of sight. A fat and rosy cherub of perhaps five years, whose fresh cheeks and glorious black eyes made one want to kiss him, surveyed them with a curious mixture of fun and spite, and yelled at the top of his small voice, "Frangi! Frangi! Giaour!"

Next, a dozen small roughs, looking preposterously old in their turbans and loose garments, made an onset with handfuls of dust and lumps of earth, raising meanwhile an abominable vituperation.

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"I say, DeVries, those chaps are dangerous," called Wormly, in a quavering voice. "They 'll raise the neighborhood."

The Arnaout appeared to be of the same opinion. He rode into the group of evil-tongued urchins, and laid about him mercilessly with his long koorbash. There were some keen shrieks of anguish, followed by a swift dispersion. Then the cavalcade broke into a canter, and kept it up until the main street was regained.

"I like your Irishman," said Wingate to DeVries. "He handles his shillalah beautifully."

"I only hope he won't kill anybody and bring a crowd upon us," was the reply. "He keeps me in constant fear. I feel like a man who owns a bloodhound."

"I wish he would kill this whole city!" cried Miss Biffles, which was the first speech she had made since leaving the mission house.

Mrs. Payson was so far amused that she looked up from her sad meditations about her husband and smiled at Irene.

Just then they heard a wild falsetto chanting in front of them, and at the next turn they came upon a party of men singing. Their dark, stern faces and short-sleeved frocks of white and black stripes showed that they were Druzes. Stepping forward gayly, and brandishing their long muskets, they shrieked out the war-song which was then current in Lebanon and wherever else a Druze had a chance to shed blood, "How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Nazarenes!"

Nevertheless they passed the travelers civilly, two or three of them indeed saluting with the usual touch of the fingers to the breast and forehead, and saying in their strong, deep tones, "Peace be with you." The salutations were returned by all with as much Oriental courtesy as could be mustered.

"Are those fellows going to help the Christians?" questioned Mr. Wormly, meantime bowing backward to the Druzes, and waving kisses to them.

"They are going to butcher them," replied DeVries, who had heard the war-song before, and knew its bloody purport.

"Good heavens! You don't say so! Then why did n't they pitch into us?"

"Mr. Wormly, hold your tongue!" snapped Miss Biffles. "What if they should overhear you!"

"They probably take us for Englishmen and friends of their people," explained DeVries. "There is an idea current among the Druzes that they and the English are brethren in belief, and that England will some day come to their help."

Here he stopped speaking to stare at Mr. Wormly's fellow-traveler. That there were two strangers in the company he had been aware all along; but hitherto he had not given them anything more than a cursory glance. Now for the first time he studied Miss Biffles's countenance, and caught a glimpse of something there which had once been familiar. The lady accorded him a recognition, which, strange to say, had no sort of hatred or scorn in it, but rather a beseeching deference and wheedling. Irene, who saw this expression, was extremely surprised by it, but presently concluded that Miss Biffles was in terror for her life, and felt willing to be saved by anybody. DeVries raised his hat civilly, but with a puzzled expression, and rode on for a minute in silence. Then he leaned toward Miss Grant, and whispered, —

"What is that lady's name?"

"Biffles," murmured the girl, glad to see that his recollection was so indistinct, and auguring therefrom that the cemetery scandal might not amount to much.

"Exactly," he grumbled. "I remember her perfectly. How the dickens came the old goose here!"

Irene's hopes fell again. He seemed to be angry against Miss Biffles. It was to be feared that the cemetery scandal amounted to a great deal.

But they could not long think of subjects so far away from blazing and murdering Damascus.

"This part of the city is quiet enough

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to suit us," observed Wingate, who had been saying comfortable things from time to time, and who had a permanent cheering smile on his rosy, worldly face.

"I don't see why we need have left," complained Mrs. Payson. "I have the greatest mind to ride back to my husband."

"Of course he is perfectly safe," pronounced Wingate. "Still, as we set out by his advice, I think we had better go on."

"We are not through with the worst of it," said DeVries. "There is a large coffee-house to pass, and we shall find a rabble at the gate."

The coffee-house proved to be a trying ordeal. It was a long, bazaar-like affair, made up of a series of rude shanties, with wide-spreading, rubbishy awnings in front, which sheltered many low seats ranged along a runnel of water. In the shanties and under the awnings loitered at least fifty men and boys, most of them in the white turbans and raiment which mark the Moslem Damascene, while a few wore the striped frock of the Druze or the beggarly garments of the Metawileh. Everywhere were arms, — long muskets, huge bludgeons of pistols, curved scimitars, and heavy daggers.

The boys were ragged, filthy younkers, with foul, lean, and fierce faces, — the swarthy and savage hoodlums of Damascus. They were the first to note the Frank attire, and to salute it with bawling insult. Then a haggard, yellow-eyed dervish leaped forward and seized the bridle of Irene's horse, meanwhile howling unintelligibly. The animal, a spirited and skittish beast, reared violently, and shook him off. DeVries at once rode in between the two, shouldering the fanatic into the runnel.

By this time the crowd was in an uproar, and had surrounded the travelers. Arms clattered on every side, and the devilish boys picked up stones. DeVries and Wingate cocked and presented their revolvers. The Arnaout cantered to the front with drawn scimeter, and, dashing to and fro recklessly, made a little clear space around the group. An old Damascene with a silver beard, standing behind a pillar of one of the booths, took aim at him with his long musket. It seemed as if blood would certainly flow, and the whole party would be massacred. But just at this moment a cavalier in a white burnouse galloped into the midst of the uproar, and addressed the rioters in a stern, deep shout, as startling as the roar of a lion. He was one of the Algerines of Abd el Kader, and apparently a man of known distinction and authority.

The crowd recoiled a few paces, and the fiendish youngsters dropped their stones. The parchment-faced, jaundice-eyed dervish alone stood his ground, and continued to bawl imprecations and menaces. The Algerine struck him furiously with his koorbash, and sent him howling into one of the shanties. Then there was a long parley. The guide was permitted to speak; and a wonderful story he told. Here was a party. O true believers, — here was a party of infidel dogs (may their name and faith be accursed!), whom the Arnaout there, a true son of Islam (may the blessing of Allah be upon his fingers!), had been charged to deliver captive to the officer at the gate.

The rioters may not have believed the tale, but they at least seemed to believe it. There was a general cry of, "Let them go! Off, ye dogs! — ye infidels!"

The cavalcade moved on at a rapid amble. The Algerine curveted after it a hundred yards or so, and then turned back to koorbash a boy who had thrown a pebble.

"I wish we could do something for those burnoused fellows," said Wingate. "Our government ought to give Abd el Kader a pension."

"Were you really going to fire?" asked Irene of DeVries, looking at him wonderingly.

"Not if it could be helped. I would n't have suffered you to be seized."

She rode a little closer to him, letting her foot drag against his boot lightly, and found a pleasure as well as a sense of protection in the touch.

"I am on the wrong side of you," he

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smiled. "And yet I have always meant to keep on the right side."

Mrs. Payson overheard the speech, and, to her own surprise, giggled. Even in those circumstances the feminine soul could note the voice of compliment, and understand it as courtship.

Presently the arched and towered gate-way rose before them, gray and grim against the foliage of the gardens beyond. Three or four soldiers and a score or two of citizens and peasants could be seen lounging under the rugged mass of ash-colored stone. The Arnaout hurried to the front now, and requested the travelers to halt while he rode forward to find his countryman, the captain of the guard. In a few minutes he turned toward them, and beckoned them to advance.

The officer was a blonde, sunburnt young man, neatly dressed in the blue Turkish uniform, handsome of figure, except that he was over slender in the waist, but harsh in feature and cruel in expression, as an Arnaout usually is. He saluted DeVries courteously, and signaled him to pass on.

"Fine-looking fellows, those Epirots," said the young man to Irene.

"I think they are horrible," she replied, glancing quickly at the stony blue eyes of the captain, and then at the coal-black, burning eyes of the kawass. "They have exactly the expression of panthers and lynxes."

"That is just what I like, — that fighting look," said Hubertsen. "At any rate, we ought to praise the bridge that carries us over. Here we are, outside of this City of Destruction."

He rejoiced too soon; they were still in peril.

XXXIV.

The pale citizens and swarthy peasants who lounged about the gate-way were evidently not pleased to see a party of Giaours going forth from them unmolested.

With the friendly captain there were only three soldiers, — dull and listless-looking lads; while the fanatical roughs were thirty in number, nearly all well armed for close fighting. There were sullen murmurs among them, and then exclamations of "Infidels! Dogs! Accursed!"

Of a sudden, a gigantic negro sprang forward after the passing travelers. His eyes were wild, and he had a silly, brutish expression, as if he were half-witted, or possibly downright mad. But in the Orient a lunatic, and even an idiot, is considered inspired, and may often commit outrages, if not crimes, with impunity. Roaring "Ullah! Ullah!" this black monster bounded toward DeVries, and aimed a blow at him with a rusty khanjar, or large dagger.

The young man parried with the barrel of his revolver, and narrowly escaped a gash in the thigh. In the next instant the Arnaout was behind the negro, and struck him over the head with his gunstock, fetching it down like a sledge-hammer. The bellowing brute dropped in a filthy heap, and lay still amid the feet of the prancing horses. The Arnaout looked at him steadily for an instant, and then glanced up with a smile at his friend the captain. The latter silently returned him the same cruel smile. The crowd, which had already begun to press forward after the negro, receded again; and the travelers, breaking into a gallop, were soon out of sight of the gate-way.

Not until they reached the Kubbet en Nazr, one thousand feet above the plain of Damascus, did they make their first halt, and look back at leisure upon the fiery, the smoke-mantled, the cruel city, stained already with the blood of three thousand Christians, and in arms to butcher as many more. By this time DeVries and his original comrades, barring, perhaps, the iron-nerved fighter of Epirus, were worn out with fatigue and excitement. They had ridden the previous day and nearly the entire night, and on top of that had passed through something like a battle. The ladies, and that venerable knight errant, Mr. Wormly, had seen less of journeying, but quite as much of watching and worry, and were equally exhausted. There was perforce an hour of slumber, or rather of drowsing, in the shadow of the prophet's

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vaulted monument. Then, rising with a sense of universally broken bones, they prepared to resume their long flight to Beirut.

"I feel as though our colored brother had pummeled me from head to foot," observed Wingate. "Miss Grant, we Americans do quite right in thrashing negroes. I wish an able South Carolina paddler had our misbelieving friend in hand."

"Do you think the Arnaout killed him?" asked Irene gravely, and with a glance of awe at the Albanian.

"I hope so," said DeVries, somewhat to her horror. "Wingate, I am ever so much obliged to you for coming on this trip," he added. "I ought to have told you so before."

"Don't mention it," smiled Wingate. "I am indebted to you for a most interesting adventure. Would n't have missed it for a good deal of money."

"How *can* you like it?" stared Irene. "I wish we were in Beirut."

"Wish you were in America!" exhorted Hubertsen. "Come, Miss Grant, just to please me, wish you were in America."

"I ought to do a great deal to please you, I know," confessed Miss Grant, her voice dropping, and perhaps faltering a little. "Did you really come to Damascus to fetch us? How *could* you do it!"

Wingate quietly turned his horse, and joined Mrs. Payson; the conversation, he delicately perceived, was not for him. He was a very sensible, gentlemanly fellow, this wine-bibbing, poker-playing lounger, — this minion of a wicked world. He need not, however, have stepped aside; there was no possibility of earnest love-making between our young lady and her deliverer; they were both too weary in body and anxious in mind to think much of tendernesses.

Miss Minnie Biffles, too, was frequently on hand, all alive at last to the presence of DeVries, and watching him with undisguisable interest. Irene could not help noting over and over again that she did not look at the young man with eyes of anger, but rather with an anxious, pathetic, almost beseeching expression.

In the end Hubertsen came to observe that the young maiden was studying the elder one indefatigably. He smiled to himself, and still continued to smile, clearly unable to drive away some farcical reminiscence.

"What are you laughing at?" Miss Grant finally demanded.

"I shall have to tell you," he said, spurring to one side, and beckoning her to follow him. "I was locked up once in a cemetery with that venerable belle."

"With *her!*"

Irene looked a great deal more amazed than to Hubertsen seemed natural.

"Yes, with her," he repeated. "I found her, — you must understand that she was an old college belle, and hung on to the students till she was well into the thirties, — I found her putting flowers on the grave of a classmate. Of course I stopped to say a word or two. She was clever in a sort of way, — a little bookish and a little flirtish, — talked pretty fairly, in short. Well, time passed, and when we got to the gate it was shut, and there we were. Actually, the police had to boost us out with a ladder."

"O-h!" said Irene. It was the same story, — only, it was not a young girl; it was an old one.

"You can imagine what fun the fellows had out of me," continued Hubertsen. "I seriously thought of quitting college. I did change my boarding-house."

"What do you mean?" stared the young lady, beside herself with curiosity. "Did she" —

"Yes, she did," he laughed. "She made a great deal out of it. You see, a college widow — that 's what we used to call them — is very persevering. I was the last of a long line of chances, and I was considered very precious. Yes, I had to quit my boarding-house, and the fellows made life a burden to me."

"It is too ridiculous," said Irene. "I do believe the woman is n't quite right about the head. She is a millenarian now."

"Oh, very likely. It 's quite common for old belles to turn religionists."

The student of the Scriptures looked

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at the student of Balzac with an expression of trouble amounting to pain.

"What is the matter now?" he inquired, half amused and half penitent.

"Oh, well, — it 's of no use. You have n't my opinions. I don't like to hear you allude lightly to some subjects. But I shan't argue the point."

"You may if you want to. I am quite willing to be brought over to your opinions, whatever they are."

"I wish I could fully believe you," said Irene; but really she did not just then care much. She was thinking mainly that Miss Biffles's story had been near akin to a fib, and that perhaps the tale about Saada was at least a little exaggerated.

This entertaining and cheering revelation turned out to be the only notable incident of the hegira. It was obvious that Miss Minnie Biffles longed for an interview with Hubertsen DeVries; but all in vain she snubbed Mr. Wormly, and rode on in advance, and dropped in the rear; the young man's artfulness in evasion was too much for her. Notwithstanding some scowling of swarthy Metawileh, and a miragic trembling of Bedaween lances on far-away glares of hill-sides, it was an uneventful flight. "Nothing has happened," repined the jovial Wingate, "but the upsetting of my inkhorn," — by which he meant his flask of arrack.

On the second day of the sunburned, feverish push the travelers reached Beirut, and separated. The two missionary ladies were received into the house of "Brother" Pelton. The Biffles-Wormly innocents made a nest for themselves in the crowded hotel, and presently afterward vanished sweetly and softly away, no one knows whither. The young gentlemen bunked in at the consulate; but they did not resume a life of mere Cyprus wine and poker; gone for aye was Mr. Porter Brassey. He had departed, indeed, some weeks previous, and probably not long after the rejection of his second offer of marriage, which occurred, one dimly remembers, by letter. The post was already in the hands of a successor, — a gentleman specially fitted for it by character and linguistic acquirement, whose name will long be treasured by the American mission.

"I am sorry our old wheel-horse of polities has cantered off," was Wingate's comment. "He was four times as entertaining as a gentleman and a scholar. Beirut is a dull hole without him."

"A place often palls on a second visit," said DeVries. "I have noticed that a dozen times. It 's like reopening a bottle of champagne."

But the two youngsters called at the Peltons, and there they got involved in a series of philanthropies, discovering therein a joy beyond revelry. They found Irene, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Pelton, Rufka, and the queenly Mirta distributing rations and clothing to a pitiable host of refugees from the mountains. It was frightful to look upon the wounds, the filth, the rags, the haggardness, and the hunger. The young gentlemen took hold of the problem in such ways as they could; and I have reason to believe that it cost them smartly, both in toil and in piastres.

This huge labor of ameliorating the wretchedness of ten thousand (eventually twenty-seven thousand) cripples, widows, orphans, and beggared men so occupied time and thought that other matters remained for a while as if they had been forgotten. DeVries and Irene saw very little of each other except in the engrossing company of misery.

"Where is Saada?" he once inquired of Rufka.

"She is gone to Abeih," replied the shy girl, without looking at him. "She was not well, and they sent her to the mountain."

"Not well?" he asked, with much interest. "What was the matter with her?"

But Rufka would only tell him that Saada was feverish; and so the subject passed away. There were plenty of other sick people to think of, who indeed would hardly let him think of anything else. Meantime he admired Irene beyond measure, and more and more from day to day. He had come to take a kind

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of ownership in her, and to be glad because she was useful and lovely to others.

"I think you are charming," he at last said to her, as she lay, one sultry afternoon, on a mukaad, worn out with her charitable industry.

"Oh, don't say such things," she smiled. "I don't deserve them. Besides, it seems as if you were not in earnest."

He sat still, looking at her tranquilly, and with much pleasure in the survey. He liked to gaze on her now by the five minutes together. She lay silent, her eyes frequently turning to his face, and once or twice she smiled confidingly in response to his steady regard.

What did she think of him? Well, his journey to Damascus on her account, and his courage and management in bringing her out of that frightful city, had produced a strong impression upon her. It seemed to her, to use a vague phrase which is widely expressive, that something had happened which "made a great difference." They two were not the same to each other that they had been previously. They were no longer acquaintance, — no longer even mere friends; they were different, if not more. It was of no use to strive to put away this feeling; it was always present, and always drawing her near to him. Beyond this she believed, or hoped, that she had not gone.

After a long, long pause, — but not an embarrassing one to either of them, — the young man added, "But, Irene, I am quite in earnest."

The speech struck her with great power, mainly because he had called her Irene, and that for the first time. She was so moved that she made no reply, though she continued to look at him fixedly.

"I am entirely in earnest when I call you charming," he resumed, gravely. "I believe, in truth I know, that I like you very much, — better than anybody else in the world."

Irene was really startled now, thrilled in every nerve and artery, shaken all at once to her very soul. Could it be that he would say anything more? Was she to be called on immediately to decide the great question between duty and feeling? How should she answer him? Oh, if he would wait, would only pause for a minute or two, and give her a chance to think! But he did not tarry; he pushed on like a conqueror; almost, she felt, like a tyrant.

"I think, Irene, that you ought to love me in return," he continued. "What do you think?"

It seemed to her in that instant that it was impossible for her to say anything but "Yes."

But just then there was a noise at the door, and then a masculine step strode across the stone flooring, and then Mr. Payson stood before them. Irene sprang up from the mukaad and flew to greet him, with a cry of gladness. She was never more rejoiced in her life than at that moment. Here was the implicitly trusted adviser who would tell her with almost divine authority whether she might accept or must reject the man whom she held dearest in all the world.

XXXV.

There was a swift gathering of the family; the Peltons and Mrs. Payson rushed into the hall; it was a very joyous greeting.

Mr. Payson, all dusty and sun-scorched as he was from his long ride through the Syrian summer, briefly and quietly narrated his adventures after he had been left in bloody Damascus. Of his own perils he made but few words, as was his modest custom. Of the scenes of slaughter and ravage in the cruel city he spoke more at length, and with tremulous feeling.

"I understand that Abd el Kader and his Algerines toiled nobly to check the massacre," said Mr. Pelton. "Is that true?"

Raising his hands, as if calling Heaven to attest his sincerity, Payson replied solemnly, while a tear rolled down his thin cheek, "I believe that the true love of God and of man is in the hearts of

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many Moslems. I believe that many a Christian stands lower before the throne of mercy than does that unbeliever. If ever I, unworthy as I am, should enter the great city of refuge, I shall expect to meet there Abd el Kader, justified by a Redeemer whom he knows not."

Then Mrs. Payson and Irene led him to his room, where he might wash away the grime of his journey, together with that sublime Christian tear of admiration for a most noble Moslem.

Mr. Pelton, who had been affected but not convinced, turned to DeVries, and shook his silver-gray head solemnly.

"That 's just like dear Brother Payson," he murmured. "Altogether too clement, — altogether too hasty about opening the doors of the kingdom of heaven. Before you offer pardon to the sinner, you must bring him fairly on his knees, — *must* roll him in the dust, sir!"

Remembering, as we affectionately do, that the young man was anxiously waiting to know whether Irene would love him or not, we can perhaps pardon him for not taking interest enough in the subject to make reply.

Meantime the young lady had not only followed Mr. Payson into his room, but had sent Mrs. Payson out of it.

"I want to see him," she whispered, her face crimson with blushes. "I want to ask him a question."

The good lady divined the topic of the query, and without a word returned meekly into the hall, holding up both her hands in spirit, and filled with joy unspeakable. Since she had fairly given up her doctor for DeVries, she had longed with all her heart that the latter should be loved, as well as that he should love. The glance of sympathy and of tender well-wishing which she now bent upon him was so fervent that even he noted it, absorbed as he was. Excepting the saints, there was nothing in the world so beautiful to her eyes, so worthy of kindliness and even of reverence, as a fine young man who wanted to marry. She sat down by Hubertsen; she talked with an unwonted facility and charm; she really kept his attention for the one minute that was necessary.

In the mean while Irene was putting her momentous question to her friend and counselor.

"Mr. DeVries has spoken to me," she whispered, coming close to him, with a face which had suddenly turned white.

Then there was a short silence, while Payson kindly gazed upon her, and marveled what this thing might be.

"About what, dear child?" he asked. But a sudden light fell upon his mind, and he instantly added, with grave tenderness, "Is it, perchance, about marriage?"

There was no gloom on his face: he would deeply regret, no doubt, to lose her from the mission; but he was far too sweet-hearted and sympathetic to dwell upon that now.

"I think so," hesitated Irene. "He has asked me to love him."

"And *do* you?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Irene, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why, then, my child — But something stands in the way. Are you thinking of duty?"

"I could give up my work here, if that must be," said Irene, removing her handkerchief, and looking appealingly in his eyes. "But there is another thought. There is that text, Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. You know that Mr. DeVries is not one of us."

"Irene, it would be better if he were one of us," returned the clergyman, gravely. "It would be better for you, and inexpressibly better for him. Yet it is not my duty to conceal from you the true meaning of that passage which has tormented so many sincere souls. The unbelievers whom the apostle there mentions were idolaters; the infidels were those who rejected Christianity and worshiped the gods of heathen Corinth. The whole context shows this. I am sure of it."

"Then" — gasped Irene, her whole countenance suddenly alight with joy, and with wonder also that joy should be found possible.

"Then go to him and answer him as your heart dictates," he replied. "Answer him — whatever your decision may

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be — in all gratitude and kindliness. He deserves it."

There was no need of this adjuration. She was in the greatest possible haste to show all the lovingness that was in her heart. It did not occur to her that there was something child-like and perhaps laughable in the alertness with which she hastened back to the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelton had already vanished, possibly through the power of some spell muttered by Mrs. Payson. That lady also rose, at sight of her young friend, and retired as if before a supernatural being. The two lovers were alone in the broad radiance and languid breath of the comandaloon. Irene came straight to DeVries, put out both her hands, looked imploringly in his face, as if she were begging him to be merciful, and said in a tremulous whisper, "Did you ask me to love you? I do. I have."

And then — we need not repeat the old, easily guessed dialogue — they were betrothed man and wife. The story of their Oriental acquaintance and wooings and winnings has been told and is done. It is permissible, however, to say a word about the marriage and the subsequent history of hero and heroine, as well as of the other personages. The wedding took place at the Payson house, after Mrs. Killian DeVries, of Albany, had been duly informed of the engagement, and had replied with an outpouring of gladness and devout gratitude, saying among other things, "I am rejoiced beyond measure that you have taken a missionary girl; and now, if you will become a missionary yourself, I will go to Syria and live with you."

But Hubertsen could not do that; he was in the hands of the Philistines. There was further digging, this time at Gath and Ekron, with Irene always at hand, keeping house in a tent and very happy. I believe that nothing of importance was spaded up, and that the History of the Philistines remained unwritten. What finally turned DeVries from his excavations was the continued thunder of that great strife which for nearly four years desolated his native land. He came home, raised a regiment, commanded it wisely and valiantly, and gave his wife reason to glory in his fame and titles. But really this part of his life belongs to the history of his country.

Saada remained on the mountain until she had recovered her strength and bloom and gayety. Among the bridal presents there was a reticule of silk and gold embroidery, which was the work of her small, taper fingers. She never had an interview with DeVries until she had measurably buried all throbbing remembrance of him in the dark eyes of a handsome young doctor, one of the native graduates of the mission seminary. The man who had thrice kissed her sent her a wedding present which made Mr. Pelton fear lest the glory of the things of this world should interfere with her spiritual welfare. It was Mrs. Hubertsen DeVries who selected this extravagant gift, and who added to it one of the sweetest letters of congratulation imaginable. Mr. DeVries not only paid the bill cheerfully, but grumbled a little because it was not more.

Dr. Macklin went home on sick leave of absence just before the marriage of his heroine. He seemed much broken at the time; but in a year he returned, spliced and mended. Mrs. Payson never dared to mention to Mrs. Macklin (who was quite a young lady, just out of South Hadley School) that she bore a noticeable resemblance to a former teacher in the mission. But her interior light told her that the doctor had been captivated by a likeness.

It must not be forgotten that among the guests at the DeVries wedding was a large American family, of which the mother made herself memorable by the following remarks: "We are on the way back to Vermont, you see; and you won't wonder when you go to Jerusalem yourselves, for it 's out of the question to lead a spiritual life where there are so many insects of one kind and another, and, as Mr. Brann says, no man can look up to God in a right spirit when he 's bitten from head to foot."

Dr. Macklin, the Peltons, the Kirkwoods, and the Paysons remained in

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Syria. I believe that Mr. Pelton won the fame of being the greatest man, so far as fame can be dispensed by scholars and Oriental societies. But from Payson, all through his modest, holy life, there exhaled an odor of sweetness and love which made him dear to every one who knew him, no matter of what nature or pursuit, no matter of what creed.

Wingate disappeared, as travelers do. I presume that, wherever he went, he showed ability to take care of himself, and copiously enjoyed the gifts of Providence. With Mr. Porter Brassey DeVries chanced to meet during his career in the army.

"Glad to see you again," said the ex-consul, shaking hands with the grip of a knight in steel gauntlets. "We've both had something happen to us since the old Syrian times, have n't we? Here you are a general, and I 'm in Congress."

General DeVries expressed satisfaction in the Honorable Brassey's success, and there was a brief conversation of a friendly and patriotic nature.

"Let 's see — you married Miss Grant — did n't you?" the legislator finally inquired, his eye wandering.

"Yes," said DeVries. "My wife remembers you with kindness," he added, with that compassion which a man who has won a prize feels for a man who lost it.

"Does she?" answered Mr. Brassey, coloring with pleasure. "Tell her that I am very much obliged to her. Give her my very best respects, general — Ah — well!"

There he stopped; it was more delicate not to say it; even Mr. Brassey could feel that. DeVries understood him all the same, and gave him a kindly pressure of the hand, and so they parted.

ENGLISHWOMEN IN RECENT LITERATURE.

A NOTEWORTHY feature in contemporary English literature is the number of female writers. In looking through a London publisher's catalogue, one is struck with the large proportion of books by women and with the diversity of their topics. Works of fiction are naturally in the majority, but theology, morals, science, political economy, *belles-lettres*, education, art in its countless branches, — including household decorations, bric-abrac, china, and lace, — travels, cookery, are to be found on the list; indeed, one might go on until the subjects on which books have ever been written were exhausted. The tables of contents of the leading magazines and reviews bear witness to the same literary copartnership of the sexes in Great Britain; in the Contemporary and Theological reviews and the Nineteenth Century some of the articles with the most serious titles are by women. Strange to say, poetry is conspicuous by its absence from the list; among all the new books by women mentioned by the Spectator and Saturday Review for April and May, there is but one volume of verses, and the same lack is to be observed in the periodical literature.

It has befallen me lately to read several of the new books by Englishwomen. Notwithstanding extreme variety of subject and style, and a great difference between the writers themselves, I have been impressed by a sort of family likeness, a certain similarity of tone, which runs through them. The reader's mind gradually catches it, and the perusal of each leaves him at the same pitch. The books were chosen at random, in search of entertainment only; they all produced mental fatigue. This seemed so singular that I have tried to arrive at the causes of the uniform effect, and to discover the key-note of the monotonous

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and wearisome strain into which the cleverest Englishwomen fall, no matter what their theme may be. In order to make the experiment fairly, I have taken among the latest publications those which differ most in every essential, and which have received most notice from the English press.

To begin with, there must be a belief prevalent among English people, especially women, that everybody can and should write a book, and that in order to do so it is only needful to write English with tolerable correctness. In default of everything else, they give us autobiography: they may call it travels, letters from Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australia, but it is in reality only personal recollections. There is no pretense of offering anything new, interesting, amusing, or instructive. When a fine lady takes up the pen, she seems to think that the mere condescension of addressing the public is sufficient to entitle her to a hearing. No incident is too insignificant, no detail is too dry, for her pages. Queen Victoria's Journey in the Highlands is the type of this class of book: "Tuesday, August 30th. We heard, to our great distress, that we had only gone fifty-eight miles since eight o'clock last night. How annoying and provoking this is! We remained on deck all day, lying on sofas; the sea was very rough towards evening, and I was very ill. We reached Flamborough Head, on the Yorkshire coast, by half past five." A royal record of this sort may have set the fashion. A queen's daily life may be supposed to interest her subjects and many people besides. I have heard Americans speak with surprise and contempt of the taste; but although I cannot read H. B. M.'s books myself, curiosity about the lives of royal people seems to me a natural instinct. Their peculiar education, their historical position, their influence over the destiny of nations and the working of the world, the extraordinary ordeals and reverses to which they are liable, constitute for them a life apart, and make the most commonplace of them, both superficially and intrinsically, unlike mortals of lower rank. It is this unlikeness and their double life as public personages and private individuals which give interest to their daily actions and impressions; one wishes to know how the elements and accidents of our common existence look to those who see them at so different an angle from ourselves. But when persons of less degree give us the chronicle of their diurnal sayings and doings, and the picture of their private life, it is hard to guess what satisfaction can be found in the revelation either by reader or writer.

Lady Anne Blunt's book,[1] which, strange to say, comes under this head, has a number of extrinsic advantages to recommend it to the general reader. In the first place, notwithstanding the precedents of Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Ellenborough, it is a new and startling feat for an English lady to travel with the Bedouins; then it is a fine thing for a civilized woman to be able to ride so far, to fast so long, and to make no fuss about that or anything; besides which, it sticks several feathers in the cap of an author to be able to furnish the maps and illustrations for her work, and the musical annotations of the songs which she hears. But these adventitious glories must be put out of sight in criticising the book, for although Lady Anne deserves full credit for them, they are not literary merits. The chapters are embellished by quotations, chiefly from Shakespeare, who is compelled to stand sponsor for the sins of a whole posterity of scribblers. English people of the present day are over-fond of quotation, and aptness has little to do with their choice; extracts are put at the head or foot of the pages without much more regard for fitness than when a savage pulls a cocked hat or a pair of top-boots over his war-paint and tattooing. The chapter which records the Blunts' short and uneventful stay at Aleppo is headed, —

> "Set you down this
> . . . that in Aleppo once"
> . . . . . .

[1] *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* By Lady Anne Blunt. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

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It is surprising, as Shakespeare is always there to draw upon, to find two or three chapters without a quotation, and it gives the reader a momentary sense of mortification for the author and editor; but the omission is evidently due to the fine carelessness which pervades the whole performance. Lady Anne's English is very good as far as it goes; her stock of words is small, and belongs to the vocabulary of May Fair; she does not use slang, but "honest," "merry," "tiresome," "nice," and "nasty" are made to serve on all occasions. She has words enough for her ideas, however; one runs against the fences of her mind in every direction. The Blunts are no cockneys; they are not even the proverbial British traveler who carries his bath-tub to the top of the Himalayas, and strews Sahara with bottles of Bass's ale and Worcestershire sauce. They lived, moved, ate, and slept like the children of the wilderness. They were in Arabia instead of at Nice or Pau, or up the Nile to escape from conventionality and the "chains of Europe;" yet they apply English tests, and those of a fraction of English society, to the manners and customs of the desert. They speak of one Arab as "rude," — that is, uncivil; of others as "bores;" and of "the Moayaja and their sheik as the very nicest people this side of the Euphrates." They constantly repeat that they like the desert freedom; yet, as usual with their nation, the freedom is only for themselves. Mr. Blunt meets a party of Arabs whose looks he does not like, and asks them peremptorily "who they are, and what they are doing there." So much for the inhabitants of the country; the rulers are treated in the same way whenever they have not force on their side. When the Blunts took up their quarters for the night at a Turkish guard-house, thereby claiming protection and hospitality, they sent the mudir to the right about with the simple comment, "The officials are all alike, and we are tired of them." It never once occurs to Lady Anne that she and her husband are intruders and interlopers. This is a touch of caste. A Frenchman, not long ago, brought home an amusing story from the East, which he pretends to have got from a dervish: whenever a traveler approaches a well in the desert he hears from afar a terrible hubbub, which turns out to be a Russian and an Englishman quarreling for possession, while the real owner stands aloof throwing stones at them both, in hopes of driving them away.

The exhibition which Lady Anne gives of the mental attitude of a well-born English man and woman towards their fellow-beings is more curious than any of her adventures, but her mode of telling her story is still more odd. The book is made up from her journal, and consists for the most part in extracts from it. The diffuseness is excessive, and there is hardly an attempt at compression. This defect appears on the first page: "We were recommended to take in Constantinople on our way, and to consult the British ambassador there. Or, on second thoughts, we might call on Sir Henry himself, who was in London, and would be sure to pay all possible attention to our inquiries. From his long residence at Bagdad, he would be the fittest person to advise us. Sir Henry, to whom Wilfrid sent in his card, received him with courtesy." The whole story is told with the same prolixity. We hear one day what they mean to do the next; on the morrow whether they did or did not do it; on the third how well it was that they had done it, and wherefore, or what it would have been better to do instead, and why. Such a mode of narration might have value and possibly interest in a historical work, — in the account of a decisive campaign or an important parliamentary session; but when the whole question is whether Lady Anne and Mr. Blunt shall start on a journey on Tuesday or Wednesday, ride their camels in the morning and their horses in the afternoon, or *vice versa*, and whether every silly report of the Arabs and Turks be true or false, the tale becomes inexpressibly tedious. No detail of their own arrangements is suppressed, — "Wilfrid's card" is one of a pack; but sites of trans-

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cendent beauty or antiquity, and the strangest and most suggestive customs, are dismissed with a sentence, — "No doubt many other people have described this." Lady Anne, to make amends, gives her readers in full what other travelers have thought it unnecessary to mention. The Belgravian habit of mind betrays itself also in the tendency to talk of everybody and everything connected even momentarily with one's self as of consequence and notoriety. We have to hear at the utmost length of the squabbles of desert tribes with unknown names and no fixed abode, — clans as shifting and indiscriminate as the sands. We are bewildered by a new Antipholus and Dromio multiplication of names: "Our Faris, who is not at all the same" as Faris Ibn Mohammed, Mohammed El Faris, or Naif Ibn Faris, all of whom, however, are seen or heard of, and make a fine confusion of *dramatis personæ* with other Mohammeds, Mahomets, Mahmouds, Ahmets, and Akhmets.

Lady Anne's style has a queer conversational simplicity, like that of an uncultivated person. Her diffuseness is connected with this, and so are her odd, abrupt, short-sighted summaries. Her pages overflow with sentences like the following, which resemble a child's or a peasant's way of talking, or uneducated people's trick of talking to themselves: "Now I return to my journal;" "Now I must leave off;" "I will describe the visit;" "I will try and describe the view;" "Here I was interrupted;" "Colonel Nixon has given us much valuable information about the population, history, and general affairs of the town, some of which, at the risk of being dull, I think I ought to put down. It appears that Bagdad," etc. Then follow two pages of history and statistics which might be written either for a child or by a child. She is incredibly prosaic and matter of fact, and unfortunately has no gift either of narration or description; the latter want is a very strange one in a writer who can sketch. She by no means lacks the sense of the beautiful or the ridiculous, yet her total absence of imagination and nearly total want of humor prevent her conveying her impressions to the reader. She is full of spirit, but her words are tame; we sometimes understand what she has seen or felt, we never see or feel it. Her first and almost only good bit of word-painting occurs at the approach to Bagdad: "At last the city of the Caliphs loomed through the driving rain, — a grimy and squalid line of mud houses rising out of a sea of mud. Even the palm groves looked draggled, and the Tigris had that hopeless look a river puts on in the rain. . . . The walls have been pulled down, and one enters by scrambling over the mounds of rubbish where they once stood, and then crossing an intermediate space of broken ground, given over to dogs and jackals, and gradually abandoned by the town as it has shrunk back from its old circuit, like a withered nut inside the shell. One sees at once that Bagdad is a city long past its prime, a lean and slippered pantaloon, its hose a world too wide for its shrunk shanks. Within there is little to remind one of the days of its greatness. The houses are low and mean and built of mud, the streets narrow and unpaved as those of any Mesopotamian village. There are no open spaces, or fountains, or large mosques, or imposing buildings. The minarets are few and of inconsiderable height, and the bazaars without life or sign of prosperity. No caravans crowd the gates, and hardly a camel is to be met with in the streets. The rich merchant, like the Caliph, the calender, and all the rest, seems to have disappeared. I don't know how it is, but these signs of decay affect me disagreeably. Bagdad has no right to be anything but prosperous, and stripped of its wealth is uninteresting, — a colorless Eastern town, and nothing more. The feature of Bagdad is of course the river — the Tigris — on which it stands, and that is still beautiful. On either bank, above and below the town, there is a dense grove of palm-trees with gardens under them, making an agreeable approach for travelers who come by water, and setting off the yellow mud houses to their best advantage. Some of these

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are picturesquely built and cheerful enough, with bits of terrace and orange-trees in front of them; but they are pretty rather than imposing, and there is an entire absence of really large buildings, or even of important groups of houses, while the flatness of the banks and the want of streets leading down to the river prevent one's getting any idea of the depth of the city beyond. The Tigris itself is a noble river, flowing at this time of the year in a rapid, turbid stream, and with a breadth of perhaps three hundred yards. The houses come close down to the water's edge, and there are boats and barges on it, giving it altogether a rather gay appearance; but there are no bridges but a single one of boats, which most of the time we have been here has been taken away in anticipation of a flood."

The description of El Haddr is perhaps the blankest picture of a series which might have been so splendid and striking. This is a ruined and deserted town, of Greek origin and about the date of Palmyra, belonging, no doubt, to that period of the decadence of Rome when the costly self-indulgence of her degenerate and unremembered Cæsars strewed the desert with palaces, temples, and gardens, the courts of luxury, art, and learning. Remnants and traces abound of the ancient glory and beauty of El Haddr amidst the devastations of conquest, time, earthquakes, neglect, and the sweet encroachments of nature, covering what is intact as well as what is defaced with grass and flowers. "We have been spending the day at El Haddr, and have been far more interested than we thought to be," begins Lady Anne; "we were surprised to find a really large city in tolerable preservation." She tells us that the desert here might be mistaken for one of the turfy downs of Wiltshire, but there are tulips, stocks, marigolds in the grass, "and pastures sufficient for twice the number of flocks there are to eat it; and the ruins rise out of a bed of green, like ruins preserved for ornamental purposes in England. . . . The moldings and architraves of the door-ways [in the palace] are carefully executed and very beautiful. They would make beautiful chimney-pieces, if one could get them to England. . . . One room would pass without much comment in London as a dining-room."

The Blunts did not meet with many actual adventures, but they were constantly encountering strange and perilous situations and startling incidents, such as the attack on the Arab camp where they were sojourning by a hostile tribe. Lady Anne takes these things very coolly, and recites them briefly; one is forced to admire her dauntless nerve, her freedom from exaggeration or love of the marvelous. On the other hand, were they told with more animation, they would be more exciting to the reader. There is ample material for a lively, picturesque, even an engrossing book. The story of the chieftain Abd Ul Kerim, which is scattered about in different and distant chapters, when tacked together is as romantic as a play of Victor Hugo's, with the power of nature and truth besides. The vicissitudes of the brigand Curro are very amusing and dramatic: "Mérimée would have made a good story out of this," observes Lady Anne, undisturbed by her own inability to do so. The dead, matter-of-fact manner of repeating extraordinary events sometimes enhances their effect, like our American bathos or anti-climax, but in her case the effect is often evidently unintended by the writer.

Thus Lady Anne pushes through her long and hazardous equestrian journey, — through scenes such as inspired the pen and pencil of Fromentin, and associations which would kindle the soul of Dean Stanley, — her fancy unmoved by the dangers, the beauty, the suggestions, of the way. When one bears in mind her field and mode of travel, her own advantages and acquirements, the wealth of novelty and incident in her hand, the book she has produced is amazingly dull and dry. And there are four hundred and forty-five pages of it! Only an Englishwoman could be content to offer so little to the public, and in such bulk, under such a title. The carelessness with which the book is made up matches the

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rest. There is no attempt at arrangement or abridgment; obvious mistakes are corrected by foot-notes, instead of being rectified in the text. There are other points in the volume which it would be unfair to pass in entire silence: the strongly-marked figures of sundry strange people whose paths cross hers, and whom we see distinctly, thanks to Lady Anne's minute and detailed record of their intercourse; her own feats of horsemanship and heroism. But I do not pause upon these, nor upon some less pleasant aspects of her expedition, because I am considering the book as a literary performance. In this light I can discover but two good qualities: First, that through her repetition and multiplication of particulars the reader comes at length to share her life and follow her footsteps as one could not do in a more succinct and rapid narrative; and when the Bedouins cross the landscape we can count the bands of the patriarchal procession, the vanguard of armed horsemen, the camels bearing the women and children with the tents and household stuff, the youth on foot with dogs and donkeys, the flocks and herds bringing up the rear; and we are reminded (although Lady Anne is not) of the meeting of Jacob and Esau. Secondly, the plain English, the simple, straightforward, unaffected style, produce the impression of good-breeding, in spite of the coarseness of choosing such a journey, with its risks and exposures, and the relapse into barbarism in these English people which seems like a reaction from over-civilization; there is a frank, fearless, natural tone which we can fancy to be the echo of the writer's voice. It is a lady's book, beyond a doubt.

By mere chance, the day I finished Lady Anne Blunt's book I took up Mrs. Pattison's.[1] The two are as great a contrast in style as they are in subject. Mrs. Pattison has not the accent of May Fair; her language is not even English, but the modern *lingua Franca* which distinguishes the disciples of the Neo-Renaissance. So much has been so well said about this school that persons who do not know it by its fruits in art, letters, dress, and morals are referred to Mr. Mallock's New Republic, to the Monks of Thelema, and to an excellent essay called Thoughts of a Country Critic, which appeared in the Cornhill Magazine early in the year 1875. It is painful to be forced to admit that Mr. Ruskin, who has enriched English literature with passages of unsurpassed eloquence, and, in spite of prejudice and paradox, with the first great art criticism in the language, is the inventor of this manner of writing, — the poetical and vaticinatory mode of treating of every-day matters. It is to be found in the perfection of its beauty and force in Modern Painters, the Seven Lamps, and Stones of Venice. It runs mad or drivels in his later pamphlets, and is not in the least caricatured by the discourse of Mr. Herbert in the New Republic. But it is to his imitators that we owe the corruption of the vernacular which puts "brilliance" for "brilliancy," "indenture" for "indentation," "to differentiate" for "to mark the difference," "to requisition" for "to make requisition," etc.

The characteristic of Lady Anne Blunt's style is simplicity, of Mrs. Pattison's affectation. There is a parade of calling things by their names, yet nothing is said naturally. Her sentences are cumbersome, ill-turned, overloaded, reminding one of the worst architectural productions of the period she is writing about. Now and then there are queer breaks into a colloquial tone, but I am unable to say whether these are momentary slips from a high horse, or only another form of affectation; in view of her preference for "carven" to "carved," "wrought" to "worked," and similar mannerisms, it seems probable that they are accidental. Mrs. Pattison has an affection for certain forms of speech: she likes to say "men" instead of people, — "men still thought;" for she cannot mean that women *did* not think. "Fit" is a pet word with her, and she wears out its force by constant use: "For to him the forms of classic work were not the rigid expres-

[1] *The Renaissance of Art in France.* By Mrs. Mark Pattison. London: C. Kegan Paul. 1879.

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sion of absolute rules, to be got by heart and repeated in timid obedience; they meant only increased resource. And though he does not hesitate to make variations which are adaptations to the fit fulfillment of his immediate purpose, yet whenever he has recognized, as in the proportions of the orders, a perfection not to be touched without fear, he respects it with scrupulous reverence." "Fit fulfillment!" — fulfillment alone was enough. Mrs. Pattison has a fatal weakness for adjectives and epithets; if one of her admirers would do her the service of striking the superfluous words from her proof, after the famous example of Alfred de Musset with the first page of Indiana, it would be a benefit to author and reader.

Another form of her affectation is to speak of common things in high-flown phrases. Of Duvet's engraving of Henri II. she says: "The knees of the prince are bare even as the knees of the imperial Roman statues are bared." Then there is the affectation of elegance and lightness of touch: "Reproductions of this group [Pilon's Graces] have been seen wherever cheap French casts and bronzes penetrate. The Graces of Germain Pilon bear clocks, vases, lamps, and to all graceful trifling they lend themselves with ease." But Mrs. Pattison has a grand manner, which she assumes in contemplating Jean Cousin's picture entitled Eva Prima Pandora: "Eve, the fertile mother of nations, the source of all life, — in her the manifold forces of nature herself are embodied. All desirable charm of beauty reigns in body and face. Latent passion lives in the quick compression of the lips, in the swelling curve of the throat; the lines of the supple limbs tell of bodily strength. But this woman rules not the dominion of sense alone; she holds the keys which open the house of wisdom. The fruit of knowledge was plucked in deliberate choice, not in lustful passion, and the sceptre which she bears in her right hand — the sceptre which speaks her sovereign and author of life — is the broken branch from which the golden apples hang. For her there is neither foul nor fair, but all things are seen with equal eyes. Stretched at length before us on the ground, she pillows her right arm on a death's-head, whilst from her extended left her instrument, the serpent, having fulfilled her uses, is permitted to uncoil and pass into the vase at her side, from whose secret recesses he had been summoned. She averts her head, but hers is not sickly revulsion from the necessary means by which complete experience has been sought; no instinct of feeble disgust colors the full and complex expression of the face. Her eyes are without choice or desire of evil or of good, and the weight which hangs on their lids is no burden of melancholy regret born of a weak asceticism, but the profound quiet which is the gift of knowledge. Body and mind alike are poised in calm. . . . The Eva of Cousin claims with well-weighed purpose universal dominion. Hers are the realms of earth and sea and sky; all things shall be under her feet, — shall obey the rightful uses of spirit and sense."

Mrs. Pattison's motto is modest and deprecatory: "On le peut, je l'essaie, un plus sçavant le fasse;" but the modesty of the book is comprised in this line. "Un plus sçavant," would not be easy to find. Mrs. Pattison possesses an amount of information regarding the matter in hand which can have been acquired only by long and wide reading, as well as by special study. She flings the accumulated mass upon her readers, — facts, dates, statistics, extracts from old deeds and documents, — until we have a sense of stifling from the dust of ages which she has raised. When this subsides, instead of the treasures of literature and learning which we supposed she had unearthed for us, we find a load of heterogeneous data, apparently the memoranda of her reading and research. Mrs. Pattison has the same tendency towards dry detail as Lady Anne Blunt; the book bristles with it; and it is tedious and irritating. Whenever the reader fairly gives himself up to an interesting description or anecdote, he is suddenly brought to a reckoning by pounds, shillings, and pence, of

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which Mrs. Pattison does not spare him the uttermost farthing. Consequently, much of the time it is like reading ledgers or catalogues of sales. The information which the book contains is to be gained only by plodding through dull and tiresome minutiæ. Mrs. Pattison has no power, makes no effort, to combine or collate the facts which she has gathered together. She gives no notion of prices, rate of wages, mode of living, or any of the general statements which convey an idea of the habits and customs of a country or period.

Mrs. Pattison has the predilection for quotation to which I have alluded already as one of the pests of even the best contemporary English writing. Her quotations are generally impressive rather than apposite: "When Schelling was asked, 'What makes an Ethnos?' he answered, 'Language and religion.'" This is imposing, but so little to the purpose of what follows that at the end of the paragraph the reader looks back, puzzled about the application of the stately formula. The motto of the chapter enticingly headed The Châteaux of Touraine is "Quid sibi volunt isti lapides? Josh. iv. 6." Impressive again, but where is the point, since we have under consideration the royal Blois, the ruined Etampes, the vanished Anet, Chenonceaux, and Chambord still in perfect preservation, and other buildings in conditions as various? And why is the sentence in Latin? Why not in Hebrew at once, if English would not answer? Many other quotations follow, in Latin, Greek, old French, and Italian, with numerous references to rare books and MSS. There is plenty of ostentation in these allusions.

It would give a false impression of the two volumes to imply that they are wholly made up of quotations and financial statements. The rest consists principally of the enumeration and description of works of art and the lives of the artists. Mrs. Pattison's descriptions are of two sorts: one is precise and specific, conveying a distinct notion to the reader's mind, without being graphic or pictorial. Her way of describing buildings is almost as clear as the ground-plans which accompany some of them; but the image left upon the mind is that of a plan, not of a castle or palace. The best instance of this ability is a passage illustrating the union of architecture and sculpture, which she terms the central point of the Renaissance: "Bas-reliefs, as in the tomb of Anne of Brittany, continue to be employed for the purpose of giving space to the design. The broad planes of light are modulated, not broken up, by the waves of faint relief which flow over the marble surface without disturbing it. The vigorous channeling of the slender columns, the deep tones of the inlaid marbles, and the full relief of the statues by which the tomb is surmounted strike the eye in forcible contrast to the delicate accent of the interposing passages." This mode of describing is her own. The other is that of the school to which she belongs, by which small things are described as if they were large, simple things as if they were complex, things no longer in existence as if they had been seen by the writer; the material properties of an object are exaggerated, and meanings ascribed to works of art foreign to the thought of the artist and his time. The engraver Duvet's print of the Crucifixion is described on the scale of Tintoretto's or Rubens's immense canvases; the degree of intention and significance attributed to its details are to be found in no painter earlier than Mr. Burne Jones.

There is a pragmatic tone in Mrs. Pattison's criticism, a pretension in her positions, which would be more exasperating if they were less absurd. Although she makes a point of calling a spade a spade, and adopts a fine freedom in expressing

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights"

to their inmost and uttermost, appropriate to the "deliberate revolt of human intelligence against self-imposed bonds," one detects now and then the pursed lips of the British matron when the force of early habit momentarily gets the better of higher culture.

There is less instruction to be gained from the book than the labor of writing

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or even reading it deserves. It is all collection and compilation. Mrs. Pattison draws no conclusions, deduces no principles; she seems to be incapable of intelligent generalizing, or of using the information which she has amassed; in fact, she is unable to cope with it. The period of the French Renaissance includes the reigns of Louis XI. and XII., the Valois dynasty and Henri IV., the rule of the Medici women and the Guises, the outburst of the Reformation; it is the most striking epoch in French history, splendid, picturesque, romantic, — heroic, if we consider the Huguenots. In Mrs. Pattison's hands it becomes as flat and colorless as the reign of Louis XVIII. She wants historical insight, independent thought, æsthetic feeling. Of the extraordinary practical and religious aspects of the time which helped to shape and color its art and literature she has hardly a word to say, and even that is mere echo. A day spent among the court-yards of one of the *châteaux* of Touraine, till the fancy, stimulated by their beauty, recreates the life which once inhabited them when the province was the seat of royalty, or an hour's lingering in the galleries of the Louvre, where the Henri II. and Palissy ware, the armor and plate of Benvenuto Cellini and his French followers, are displayed, will do more to imbue a lover of art and history with the spirit and achievements of the period than all Mrs. Pattison's measurements and sums in addition.

It is with a sensation akin to awe that I write the great name of George Eliot. From the publication of Adam Bede, twenty years ago, to the time, not so very long past, when the months seemed longer because we were waiting for a new number of Daniel Deronda, I have been of those who hold her the foremost female writer of the century. Since Middlemarch I have shared with many people a foreboding that I should have less and less enjoyment from her future writings; but the decrease of pleasure does not alter my estimation of her genius. Even while watching the rapid growth of her defects, especially of the tendency to interrupt and impede her narrative by axioms and corollaries, I have not ceased to regard the force and completeness with which she states the problems of life and the heart, and sometimes their solution, as proofs of the highest and rarest order of intellect. No writer of fiction with whom I am acquainted has united so profound a metaphysical insight with so much creative power. To all thoughtful admirers of George Eliot the reading of Theophrastus Such [1] must be a prolonged shock, — the after-effect a dull, stunned amazement. A new work by her is such an event in the lives of so many people that on first thoughts it seems a matter of course that any production of hers will be universally read; yet the instinct of self-preservation is so strong, its intuitions are so keen and far-reaching, that this book may remain unknown to numbers who are usually swift to seize upon anything from her pen. For their benefit it may be mentioned that the Impressions profess to be the observations and ruminations of an old bachelor, whose appearance and personality are defined with more elaboration than distinctness in the first chapter, to grow fainter and disappear in the following ones. There is no connection or cohesion between the chapters; the very paragraphs are more like separate short essays than portions of a whole. One suspects that all the reflections, maxims, aphorisms, and sarcasms which have been struck out of her novels as too paltry or too dull have been swept together and pieced into this patchwork. There are a number of imaginary portraits after the manner of writers of the eighteenth century, French and English: Touchwood the ill-tempered man, Spike the political mollusk, and others. They are not characteristic likenesses; they are not morally salient; they are emphasized by tricks and grimaces; they are like Dickens's subordinate personages stripped of their individuality. "He appeared, indeed, to be preoccupied with a sense of his exquisite cleanliness, clapped his hands

[1] *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By GEORGE ELIOT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

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together and rubbed them frequently, straightened his back, and even opened his mouth and closed it again with a slight snap, apparently for no other purpose than the confirmation to himself of his own powers in that line." Do we know Spike any better because of these touches?

The author proceeds through this gallery of pale caricatures, moralizing with more or less obvious relevance. Her comments are expressed in an oracular or ironical style, which prevents their being recognized as familiar truisms until we untangle the web of strange words in which they are wrapped. Sometimes they are set off with a sort of cheap smartness, a flippancy which miserably counterfeits the barbed wit or hearty humor of her better vein. It is far-fetched and forced. Here is her first joke supposed to be spoken by Theophrastus Such: "I am spoken of to inquiring beholders as 'the author of a book you have probably not seen.' (The work was a humorous romance, unique in its kind, and, I am told, is much tasted in a Cherokee translation, where the jokes are all rendered with the serious eloquence characteristic of the red races.)" This conceit of the Cherokees comes up again. One is led to surmise that Theophrastus Such may be a translation from the Cherokee. Here is a specimen of her irony: "One wonders whether the remarkable originators who first had the notion of digging wells or of churning for butter, and who were certainly very useful to their own time as well as ours, were left quite free from invidious comparison with predecessors who let the water and the milk alone; or whether some rhetorical nomad, as he stretched himself on the grass with a good appetite for contemporary butter, became loud on the virtue of ancestors who were uncorrupted by the produce of the cow; nay, whether in a high flight of imaginative self-sacrifice (after swallowing the butter) he even wished himself earlier born and already eaten for the sustenance of a generation more *naïve* than his own." Here is her conception of a pantomime by which Shakespeare will be made easy to coming generations: "A bottle-nosed Lear will come on with a monstrous corpulence, from which he will frantically dance himself free during the midnight storm; Rosalind and Celia will join in a grotesque ballet with shepherds and shepherdesses; Ophelia, in fleshings and a voluminous brevity of grenadine, will dance through the mad scene, finishing with the famous 'attitude of the scissors' in the arms of Laertes," etc., etc. But this is enough, and more than enough; it is painful and humiliating to rehearse these titubations of genius.

Unfortunately, there is not to set off against them a single sentence which raises a genuine smile, or gives food for meditation. Although she takes a tone of lofty sententiousness, although she lashes the sides of platitude with strong and stinging words to make it rear, although she works herself into a frenzy like a pythoness of commonplace, all is stale, flat, unprofitable. Her absence of simplicity is more vexatious than Mrs. Mark Pattison's: in the first place, it matters very much less how the latter writes; secondly, her inflated periods now and then collapse from her inability to keep up the effort; but every sentence of Theophrastus Such is so artificial that we fear George Eliot could no longer be simple if she should try. She fails in the few passages where she seems to aim at it, as in the pretty one describing her childish rides on a pony beside her father (here depicted as a country clergyman) among the hamlets of her native shire, which made her acquainted with the types and traits of the middle and lower classes, — for this is a bit of autobiography. She laughs at foibles which are held ridiculous by everybody; she withers vices which all condemn; and she satirizes the mediocrity at which people everywhere are too ready to sneer, forgetting that the man with two talents who made them other two was commended in the same words as he who doubled his five. Her violations of good taste are frequent: the most shocking is her sarcastic parallel between some modern fallacy and the treachery of Judas; it is

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using the thorns of Christ's passion to point epigrams.

The chapter on Moral Swindlers is the best. It has been said before in substance, but it cannot be said too often in this country, where beyond all others private decorum has a much higher value than public morality and integrity, and where dishonesty, fraud, and even murder are excused in a man who observes the fifth or seventh commandment and keeps early hours.

The concluding chapter, entitled The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep! does not belong to the rest in any respect. It is a plea for tolerance in behalf of the Jews, and is written gravely and earnestly, with some strong passages and sound arguments. This fragment appertains, both from its spirit and style, to Daniel Deronda, and reads like after-thoughts of the same strain, or spare material left over from that novel which seemed to the author too valuable to waste. There is truth and justice in it, but one is impelled to ask, "What 's Hecuba to her?" The wrong belongs to the past; ghettos and Jewish disability laws have ceased to exist, and to put one's self into a passion of sympathy over the present condition of the race in civilized Christendom is as much an anachronism as to preach a crusade against Austrian tyranny in Italy or negro slavery in America. George Eliot's arguments are directed against the prejudices of the intelligent and educated, and not at those of the ignorant and unlearned; but can she suppose that the points on which she lays stress, the position of the Jews in art and literature or their political prominence, are secrets from the majority of well-informed Christians? At any rate, these facts, whether generally known or not, and the recent great Jewish and Gentile intermarriages in England and France prove conclusively that she is fighting a dead ogre.

The height of George Eliot's fame is happily above the reach even of the mischief which she might do it with her own hands. Of this book, considered separately, no more need be said than that it is totally unworthy of her, and would have given no reputation to an unknown author. It is an epitome of her faults.

The object of this review has been not so much to criticise generally, as to find out what makes Englishwomen's books tedious. As we have seen, Lady Anne Blunt shared the life of the Arabs, that extraordinary existence of organized and ordered instability in which thousands of years have made no change. Why is it that her pages do not reflect that unbroken tradition, those sharp outlines, the sombre or vivid intensity, of desert custom? Why, as we follow her through scenes at once so strange and so familiar, do we never feel that we are in the land of the Old Testament, the Arabian Nights, the Koran? If such recollections awake faintly once or twice, it is by an effort of fancy in the reader alone. Why throughout her whole long chronicles do we vainly seek for

> "Moments fraught with all the treasures
> Which her Eastern travel views!"

Why is it that Mrs. Pattison gives us half a dozen ways of spelling a man's name, yet not one strong sketch or true portrait? — that she can tell us to an inch the dimensions of a masterpiece, and what it cost to a copper; how many days it took to build a palace, carve a monument, arrange a procession in the sixteenth century, yet fail to open a single glimpse of the splendid, pompous pageant of the time?

Because — the writers lack imagination. Not only the books which have just been glanced at, but Baroness Bunsen's Correspondence, Mrs. Oliphant's Within the Precincts, and, looking further back, Mrs. Somerville's Memoirs, Miss Muloch's novels, all lead to the same conclusion. The authors want vivacity, versatility; their fancy is strapped to the tread-mill of routine, and recognizes only the practical and positive side of existence, the external aspects of the world. Their eyes are riveted upon the actual, never raised to the ideal, in life and human nature. And even on this lower plane their range is limited, their horizon confined. Habit and training are all-powerful with them; their minds move in ruts so deep that they cannot

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see over the sides. Even Lady Anne Blunt, although erratic in her proceedings, is perfectly conventional in her notions. The intellectual disposition of mind is also wanting. All that Mrs. Pattison has read and seen has left her essentially uncultivated. Art, poetry, history, the past, have no part in her. Education must have something to do with this tendency, but temperament has more.

The absence of poetry on the book-lists points to the same causes.

It would be presumptuous to dismiss George Eliot with two words, as if her grand lapses were to be measured by the same guage which is applied to the highest of lesser minds. But want of imagination too in herself and others is at the root of some of her worst defects. It would be beyond the scope of this paper and aside from its purpose to do more than refer to her violent and awkward contrivances for cutting the knots in her novels, — her proneness to distinguish her personages by gestures and postures, like the "individual *motif*" in Wagner's later operas, rather than by developing their characteristics and peculiarities. But, to keep to Theophrastus Such, the wit is like the jests of a clown of literature, adapted to a literary public whose apprehension goes no further than that of the public which sits round the saw-dust. The repetition of each idea, beating it thin by iteration, is addressed to brains which can be impressed only by long hammering. Yet George Eliot must know better than most people that nothing rouses the common mind so swiftly and sharply as a flash of imagination; the wit, the proverbs, the watch-words, the war-cries, which have become immortal, are almost invariably the fagot gathered by common sense and experience, kindled and turned into a torch by a spark of fancy or poetry. The euphemisms and figures of speech which veil the grosser realities in the thoughts and words of all but the lowest of mankind are merely the transfiguration of things as they exist to the material sense into their types, images, or higher significations. One of the distinctive qualities of the more delicate and potent intellect is the unconscious exercise of this gracious gift, the habitual translation of crude fact into the abstract idea.

George Eliot once had the power and the will to show us earth and sky, and the faces of our fellows illumined by the light of the inner life; nor did it blind her keen glance to the presence of the humblest flower or the meanest creeping thing. Has she lost that prophetic vision, that sublime gaze of inspiration? If so, it is because, like the others, her eyes are bent on lower things.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

In ancient times it was sufficient designation of an unbeliever, a worshiper of false gods, to call him a countryman; a pagan, or dweller in the Latin *pagus*; a heathen, or dweller on the open heath, the Gothic *haithi*. The dweller in the city (*urbs*) was not only urbane, but he, and he alone, heard and comprehended God's word. The times are changed. The unbeliever, the child of darkness who threatens the institutions of civilization, is a member of the *civitas*. To the countryman (*paganus*) we now look to preserve the faith and furnish the police to keep in check the wild man of the city. In the ancient days, if a man wanted to avoid his obligations to society, or to escape the penalty of a crime committed against society, he fled to the wilderness; now he finds his safest retreat in the most densely populated part of a great city. He buries himself in

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a tenement house, filled to overflowing with his urbane fellow-men of the clan Kearney, who care less for his incomings and outgoings than the beasts of the field cared for those of the malefactor of old who hid himself in a cave.

There is something at once fascinating and terrible in the idea of being lost in a crowd, of being with the crowd but not of it. The feeling of loneliness which takes possession of one surrounded by his fellow-beings, who know him not and who take no note of him, is comparable only to the sense of desolation which one might experience if left in solitude and darkness on a wide-stretching heath at midnight. The dishonored man and the dishonored woman, the broken in heart and the broken in fortune, those who seek to be alone and those who seek to escape detection, alike fly to the public haunt where they may pass unnoted in the crowd.

In every large city there are thousands of men, women, and children whose past history and whose present means of living are unknown to those with whom they come most closely in contact. It is only when some crime, at once frightful and mysterious, has been committed, and the newspaper reporters tell us of the inability of the police to identify the victim, or to find an adequate motive for the crime, that we fully appreciate the conditions of our modern city life. In American cities especially, where police surveillance is slight, and where an asylum is afforded to immigrants of all nations and all classes, and no questions are asked, the possibilities of passing unrecognized are much better than in any European city, except, perhaps, London. That city, says Mr. John Timbs (who has a pretty intimate knowledge of it), is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat, or remain, if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays regularly for his lodgings and for what he has to eat and drink, nobody will inquire whence he comes or whither he goes.

A curious case illustrative of this is related in Dr. King's anecdotes of his own times, an entertaining book printed some sixty years ago.

In the beginning of the previous century (about 1706), a man who possessed a good income, and was to all appearances happily married, told his wife, one morning, that he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some business. Later in the day she received a note from him stating that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent about three weeks. Seventeen years passed before he was either seen or heard from by any one who knew him; and during the whole of that time he was living in disguise only a few rods distant from his home. His wife was obliged to obtain an act of Parliament giving her authority to settle the estate; and the proceedings consequent thereon were watched by him with much interest. His two children dying not long after his mysterious disappearance, his wife moved to another and less expensive house than the one in which she had been left. He then made the acquaintance of her next-door neighbor, and while dining there, as he managed to do once or twice a week, he could look into the room where his wife sat and received company. He was supposed to be a bachelor; and as he showed some interest in the deserted lady he was seriously advised by his new acquaintances to marry her.

One evening, seventeen years after he went to transact a little business at the Tower, his wife was sitting at supper with some friends, when she received a note, in which the writer, who did not give his name, requested the favor of an interview with her, and for that purpose asked her to meet him the following evening on a certain walk in the neighboring park. She laughingly showed it to the company, with the remark that old as she was it appeared she had got a gallant. One of the persons present, who had known her husband well, declared, on looking at the writing, that the note was from him. On recovering from the swoon into which this statement threw her, it was arranged that the ladies and gentlemen present should attend her to

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the place of meeting. At the time named in the note the wife went to the rendezvous in company with her friends. In a few minutes the husband came up quietly, embraced his wife, saluted his friends, and went home, where, as the story goes, the husband and wife lived together in great harmony from that time until death parted them. The man never confessed, even to his most intimate friends, the cause of his singular conduct. There was no discoverable cause. He led a perfectly correct life while in hiding, and was obliged to stint himself in his daily expenses, as he had only a small sum of money when he disappeared, and he received nothing from the estate while absent. Probably it was the freak of an unsound mind, — an unsoundness which might never have betrayed itself so as to attract attention in any other action of his life.

A similar condition of mind caused a young girl, a few weeks since, to disappear mysteriously from her home in Vermont. She was supposed to have been murdered, and the police far and near instituted a search for the body. It was not long before she was discovered, in boys' clothes, at work on a canal boat. When taken in charge, she disowned her parents, and stoutly maintained that she was a boy, and that she had never known any different life from the one she was then leading. Subsequently, when her mind had been partially restored, she was unable to recollect where she went or what she did after leaving home.

How many of the mysterious disappearances of which we read, and which are attributed to foul play, or to a weak or criminal desire to escape the obligations to one's family or to society, are prompted by the cunning of insanity cannot be known. The number of mysterious disappearances coming under the notice of the police in the course of a single year is almost startling. In Boston alone, last year, there were five hundred and fifty-five cases of missing persons reported to the police, of which about one third were females. Many of these missing persons were of course soon discovered. But a considerable number still remain deaf to the entreaties of "*agonized*" *relatives or friends*, and respond neither to the generous offer of being "entirely forgiven," nor to the alluring assurance that they "will hear of something to their advantage." Every issue of the London Times and the New York Herald contains more or less of these pathetic appeals to the absent, — many of the absences being as mysterious and purposeless as that of the London gentleman.

An old police officer recently acquainted the writer with a remarkable case which came under his notice some years ago, the sequel of which has never before been made public. One day, he said, a man pretty well on in years came into the police head-quarters, and asked to have the officers take down a description of his wife and children, who had disappeared from their home. The man told his story in such a simple, unaffected way that he made a deep impression upon those who heard it. He lived in a small town in Connecticut, and had been married five or six years to a woman considerably younger than himself, and by whom he had had two children. On returning from his daily business, a few nights before, he found his home deserted: wife and children had evidently gone out, dressed in their best clothes, leaving no word of explanation. It struck him as being very strange; but, although disturbed, he was not seriously alarmed, as he concluded they must have gone to a friend's house. He got his own tea, and then smoked his pipe, expecting momentarily to hear them at the door. It was late in the evening before his anxiety drove him out to look for them among the neighbors. The next day he learned that they had been seen in the railway station at the next village, and that they had taken the cars going East. That was all he knew about it. He and his wife, he said, had got on pretty well together. He was perhaps too old to be much society for her, but she never complained. Since she had gone off, he remembered that she had been rather melancholy and moping for some time past. He thought that she had "sort of dwelt

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on things, bein' so much alone;" that she had become "crazy-like," and had started off with the idea of going to see some people in New Hampshire whom she had known before she was married. But the New Hampshire folks had not seen her or heard of her; and some of the neighbors said "more like she 'd gone off with a younger man." "But you see," said the deserted husband, "that ain't likely, as she would n't have taken the children if she was that wicked."

The police gave a good deal of attention to the case, as it was a peculiar one, and they had a feeling of sympathy for the man who had suffered such a terrible loss. The wife and children were traced to a town a short distance from Portland, Maine. There a woman and two little children, answering to the description given by the police, were seen by the local station-master to leave a through train and walk off in the direction of the village. It was just at dusk, and snowing heavily at the time. The road led along the banks of a river. Passing out of the station-master's sight into the storm they were seen no more. The inquirers of the police never got beyond that. Those who had been at work upon the case settled down to the belief that the woman had left home during a fit of temporary insanity; that the storm she encountered on leaving the cars increased the confusion of her mind; and that she had either thrown her children and herself into the river, or had wandered out of the road and fallen in with them.

One evening, after this conclusion had been reached, an officer who had worked on the case was asked by a young woman who was visiting at his house to tell her an interesting police case. He told her the story of the deserted husband. The young woman afterwards married, and went to live in a Western city. Some years passed, when, on meeting the officer again, she reminded him of the story he had told her, and asked if anything had been heard of the wife and children. He said the case remained as profound a mystery as ever.

"Now," she said, "I will go on with the story where you ended. The woman got off the train at B—— for the purpose of misleading those who might search for her. She had through tickets to Portland; and after going some distance towards the village, as testified by the station-master, she retraced her steps. Eluding observation at the railway station, she got on a way train that came along presently, and proceeded to Portland. There she was met by a man, who took her to the Grand Trunk Railway; and the next train bore them to a city in the far West, where they found a home which had been carefully prepared for them. She appeared as the wife of the man who accompanied her and who had recently established the home to which, as he had told the neighbors, he was going to bring his wife and two children from the East. The children were too young to know what it all meant, and were soon taught to believe that they had always known their new father. In Western communities they are not so curious about one's antecedents as they are in New England, and the new family was accepted as a valuable acquisition to the neighborhood. How did I learn all that? Well, soon after I settled in —— I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the lady who lived next door, — a quiet, attractive woman, who seemed to be uncommonly happy in her married life. One day, when her husband was absent, she was taken very ill. I was sent for; and while under the fear of death she told me her story. When she was a school-girl she became engaged to the man she now lived with. He went away to seek his fortune, and not long after she heard he had married. Then, in her despair, she married a man old enough to be her father. After she had been married some three years she heard that her early love had been true to her. She wrote imploring him to forgive her. A correspondence had followed, and by and by she was wrought up to the point of leaving her husband. All the details of the elopement had been arranged by letter, and when she joined her lover in Portland she saw him for the first time after a separation of ten years."

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A great many cases of mysterious disappearance are never reported to the police, or made public in any way except through accident. The friends or relatives are afraid of having their private affairs paraded before the public if they give any information; and they either wait in tearful silence for the absent one to return or make some sign, or they grope cautiously in the dark, as it were, by sending out peculiarly worded advertisements through the public press. In some cases the person who disappears from among those who know him has no relatives or friends who feel any responsibility for him, or any desire to know whether he has fallen into the dock or gone to the "diggings."

Hundreds of girls go every year from the British provinces, and from Maine and New Hampshire, to the large manufacturing towns, to work in the mills; or to the cities, to serve as domestics or to "tend store." In most cases they have neither friends nor relatives in the places where they go to work; no one to warn them of the character of their associates, or to hold them in check if they are inclined to go astray. The first consideration of the girl who leads an immoral life is to keep the knowledge of that life from her parents, and from any one who would be likely to inform those among whom she grew up. To keep her shame from those who knew her in better days is, in many instances, the all-controlling purpose, for which she is ready to face death, or, what must be to some quite as terrible, a life of dishonor among strangers in a strange city. Girls disappear suddenly and mysteriously from the sight of those to whom their relatives and birthplace are known; and if they hold any communication with their parents — as they often do, for the purpose of sending money where the parents are poor — they resort to many curious fictions to account for their seeming prosperity.

The "Lynn Mystery," as the newspapers called it, led to such revelations in regard to the number of women who had within a short time mysteriously disappeared from their relatives and friends as shocked most persons. On the 27th of February last, two men, at work on a coal wharf on the Saugus River, in Lynn, saw what they supposed, according to their own description, to be a "chunk of wood" resting on a cake of ice which had stranded on the flats near by. One of them, on going to secure it for firewood, found it was an old trunk heavily corded. It was drawn ashore, cut open, and proved to contain the body of a young woman, whose face had been purposely disfigured to prevent recognition. There were several things discovered in the trunk which would seem to make the identification of the body comparatively easy. The police throughout the State were furnished with photographs and minute written descriptions. A vast amount of time and skill was expended in pursuing the investigations, not only by police officers, who were eager to win a reputation, but by the newspaper reporters, who, in these latter days, often do better police work than the regular members of the force. With all this flood of light thrown on the affair, it was not until late in the month of March following that the body was identified. In the mean time it came to the notice of the police that no fewer than fifty girls of about the same age had mysteriously disappeared within a short time, and an effort was made to identify them with the remains found in the trunk.

A Boston detective of long experience says that there are probably two thousand girls in Boston, to-day, whose place of living and whose mode of life are unknown to their parents or friends. And those by whom they are for the time being surrounded are not sufficiently familiar with them, or have not known them long enough, to feel called upon to look them up, or even to give information to the police, in case they should suddenly disappear.

The number of boys who disappear from their homes in the course of a year, and are reported to the police as lost, is quite astonishing. A very large proportion are runaways; and a large proportion of the runaways are doubtless prompted to set up in business for them-

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selves by the cheap novels, whose heroes almost invariably throw off the parental control at a very early age, and run away to certain fame and fortune. In the ten years from 1861 to 1871, 66,809 lost children, mostly boys, came into the hands of the New York police, and were sent either to their homes or to public institutions. The police estimate that there are at least ten thousand children under fourteen years of age adrift in the streets of New York, four fifths of them being confirmed vagrants. What material is there for recruiting the barbarian horde which, as Macaulay suggested, we may be breeding in our large cities to destroy the modern civilization, as the Goths and Vandals destroyed that of Rome!

In Boston, where the population is supposed to be more homogeneous than in any other large city in the country, the vagrant element has been kept pretty well in hand by the system of licensing minors to ply their vocations in the public streets, on condition that they attend, during certain hours of the day, the schools which have been specially established for their benefit.

Some twenty years ago, when American sailing ships dotted every sea, a great many of the boys who ran away from their country homes in New England made their way to Boston, filled with the inspiring purpose of going to sea. The sailing vessel has been largely superseded in these latter days by the steamship; and the novelist does not find it possible to fire the imagination of youth by taking a deck hand or a stoker for his hero. The ingenuous country lad who boasts an American parentage is therefore seldom seen nowadays haunting the wharves for a chance to ship before the mast. In the old days there was, too, a spice of romance in every voyage which no longer exists. The means of communication between the different parts of the earth's surface are now so extended that the opportunities for playing the part of Robinson Crusoe have almost wholly passed away. But there is still room for adventure in parts of the world remote from modern civilization, as this little story (given now for the first time) will show: —

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a boy ran away from his home, in the vicinity of Boston, and went to sea. For many years nothing was known of him. Then the relatives heard vaguely that the captain of a Nantucket ship, returning from a voyage to the South Pacific, had seen him in one of the French colonies, and that he was a man of some consequence there. About a year ago, the state department at Washington received from the American consul at Sydney, New South Wales, a communication stating that an American had died recently in New Caledonia, leaving some property and one child, a little girl about seven years of age, who had been placed under the charge of the Sisters of Charity until the relatives, if there were any in this country, could be communicated with. The name of the man, the year that he left home, and the name of the child were given. The papers were sent to the mayor of Boston, with the request that he would ascertain whether any of the relatives were living. The police were set to work to look them up; but for a long time their efforts were unsuccessful. As the name given was one common in Nantucket, the oldest inhabitant of that place was consulted. He recollected that the son of a Nantucket family, living near Boston in the year mentioned, had run away to sea; but he bore a different name from the one given in the consul's letter. The name given to the child, however, was the maiden name of the runaway's mother; and it was found, on examination, that the name of the deceased was the baptismal name of the boy who ran away. It appeared that, in his new home, he had dropped his surname. Both parents had died some years before, and the whereabouts of the brothers and sisters were unknown. But with the true name to work upon, it was not difficult to trace them; and nearly a year after their brother's death the inquirers learned something of his wanderings; of the home he had established among the French convicts in the far

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Pacific, and of the dark-eyed little girl committed to their love, — a child who spoke in an unintelligible tongue and had strange ways. Think of introducing this child, at the age of eight or ten, into a quiet New England family, and teaching it to look at life from the stand-point of the Assembly's catechism, — its father a revolter against the restraints of New England life; its mother, or its mother's parents, a revolter, probably, against the laws of France! Here is a subject for a novelist, offering greater contrasts in the study of character than Black's Daughter of Heth.

There would be fewer mysterious disappearances and fewer mysterious murders in the American cities if greater unity of action prevailed between the police departments in those cities. What is needed in this country is the application of the comparative method of study to the organization of a new police system. If the heads of the principal departments in the several States could meet together occasionally, for the purpose of comparing their present methods of performing police duty and of devising a more efficient system of communication between different sections of the country, they would be able to show much better results for their work. In carrying on their operations the criminals now count upon a certain want of harmony between the police authorities of different localities. It has even been charged that the police of one city would offer facilities for the escape of a great criminal rather than have the credit of his capture awarded to the police of another city.

The establishment of a "national police association" was recently recommended by the Boston police commission; but the recommendation appears to have met with so little favor that it was abandoned. All the heads of departments that expressed an opinion upon the suggestion admitted that such an association would greatly improve the police service throughout the country; but from political or other considerations many of them were unwilling to become members.

A few years ago the English police established what is known as the Habitual Criminal's Record, — a book containing the name of every criminal who has been more than once convicted of a serious crime against the community. In the space of six years and a half the names of nearly one hundred and eighty thousand persons have been registered on its pages. It is printed at her majesty's prison of Brixton by convicts, — "in direct contravention," as a clever writer has said, "of the Levitical precept against seething kids in their mother's milk." It is estimated by the English police, "upon data insuring substantial accuracy," that there are at large in that country about forty thousand individuals who are either known thieves or under suspicion. About three thousand persons are liberated every year from the convict prisons, and are lost in the crowd until returned again to prison. The names given by persons under arrest are generally of little value for purposes of identification; and the English record is by no means confined to that and to such a general description of the person as an American tourist carries on his official passport. The "distinctive marks and peculiarities" of every individual are given. It is a curious fact that every fourth criminal is found to be tattooed with some device. There is an almost endless variety of artistic devices wrought upon the arms and breasts of these habitual criminals, — ships under full sail, anchors, whales, mermaids, masonic emblems, implements of war, and sentimental mottoes. The name of Mary, and a heart pierced by Cupid's arrows, figure quite largely. The criminal who does business in a large way is, as a rule, a sentimentalist of the simplest and most unaffected sort. In a great many cases he owes his undoing to his solicitude for the safety or welfare of a sweetheart or a *pal*.

With the aid of photography and this record, it is claimed that "the criminal population of England is gradually being reduced into the condition of a good head of game on the estate of a keen

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sportsman." But that it has not yet been reduced to that condition was recently shown by the confession of Charles Peace, who committed murders and burglaries enough to fill a book, and who, while so doing, went in and out for years under the very eyes of the police. While the English have a system which, if far from perfect at present, is in the way of being perfected, we have no police system from which any good results can be anticipated. The first step towards putting the police work upon a proper basis is undoubtedly the formation of a national association such as has been suggested.

Unless the police lines are drawn closer around the inhabitants of our large cities, the number of those who mysteriously disappear from one cause or another will become still more alarming than it is at present.

THE PROSPECT OF A MORAL INTERREGNUM.

In a paper on the results of universal suffrage which appeared a short time ago in the Atlantic Monthly, among the adverse influences for which allowance ought to be made was mentioned the disturbance of morality, political and general, at the present juncture by the breaking up of religious belief. The writer has since been struck, on more than one occasion, by the unsuspecting complacency with which thinkers of the materialist or the Agnostic school seem to regard the immediate future; as though religion had been merely an obstruction in the way of science, and its removal were sure to be followed by a happy acceleration of scientific progress without danger to morality, or to anything else in human life. Some of them speak as if the peculiar moral code of Christianity would remain unaffected, or would even practically gain influence, by the total destruction of the Christian faith. They seem almost to think that under the reign of evolution, natural selection, and the struggle for existence the Sermon on the Mount will still be accepted as perfectly true; that the Christian beatitudes will retain their place; and that meekness, humility, poverty of spirit, forgiveness, unworldliness, will continue to be regarded as virtues. Much less do they suspect that the brotherhood of man may fall when its present foundation fails, or that the weak things of this world may miss the protection which the life and death of Christ and the consecration of his character have hitherto afforded them against the strong. The truth is that many who have renounced Christianity have not yet ceased to be Christians, or begun to regard human nature and society from any but an essentially Christian point of view. In the next generation Evolutionists and the belief in the struggle for existence will be clear of the penumbra of gospel morality, and the world will then have their Sermon on the Mount.

It is commonly assumed by positivists (if that is the appropriate name for the anti-theological school) that the religions of the world have been merely so many primitive and unscientific attempts to explain the origin of things and the phenomena of nature by reference to the arbitrary action of a divinity or a group of divinities. Were it so, we might see the last of them go to its grave without misgiving, or rather with a jubilant sense of final emancipation. But the fact surely is quite otherwise. The religions have been much more than infantine cosmogonies or explanations of physical phenomena: each of them in its turn has been the basis of moral life, and especially of the moral life of the community; each of them after its fashion has been the support of righteousness and the ter-

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ror of unrighteousness. Overlaid and disguised by fable, ceremony, and priestcraft the moral element has been, but it has always been present in everything that could be called a religious system. Particularly is this true of the great religions, and above all of Christianity, which is clearly an effort to improve morality and to give it a consecrated type and a divine foundation, not to explain phenomena of any kind. Apart, indeed, from miracles, which belong to a totally different category, the gospel says very little about the physical world; it rebukes an excessive belief in special interpositions of Providence by the apologue of the Tower of Siloam, and in the single petition "Give us this day our daily bread" it hardly implies anything more than sustaining care.

So with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. This may have been always mixed up more or less with animistic fancy, but animistic fancy is not the essence of it; the essence of it is, to righteousness assured reward, to unrighteousness inevitable retribution.

It may be that morality is now about to disengage itself finally from religion, and to find a new basis in science; but in the past it has rested on religious belief, and the collapse of religious belief has accordingly been always followed by a sort of moral interregnum.

It will not be questioned that the moral civilization of Hellas, for instance, in her earlier and brighter day, was supported by her religion. This is seen in every page of Herodotus, Æschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, the best mirrors of the heroic age. It appears in the religious character of Hellenic art, of the drama, of the games, as well as in the influence of the Eleusinian mysteries. It appears above all in the authority of the Delphic oracle. During that age, manifestly, power not seldom was led to forego its advantage, strength to respect the rights of weakness, by fear of the gods. In the relations between the separate states and their conduct towards each other the influence of religion wielded by the Delphic oracle was evidently powerful for good. Hellenic life, public and private, in those days was full of religion, which presented itself in different forms according to individual character and intellect: in the philosopher approaching moral theism, while among the people at large it was fed with ceremony and fable.

Every one knows the passage in Œdipus Tyrannus hymning in language of breadth and grandeur unsurpassed the religious source of the moral law: "Be it ever mine to keep a devout purity concerning all things, whether words or deeds, whereof the laws are established on high, born of the heavenly ether, having no sire but Olympus, the offspring of none of mortal mold, nor ever to be buried in oblivion. Great in these is the divine power, and it waxeth not old."

In Herodotus, Glaucus, renowned for his righteousness, receives a large deposit of money from a stranger. When, the depositor being dead, his sons apply for the money, the virtue of Glaucus fails; he repudiates his trust. Afterwards he consults the Delphic oracle on the propriety of forswearing himself to keep his prize. "O Glaucus," answers the oracle, "for the present it is expedient for thee to gain thy cause by false swearing and to embezzle the money. Swear, then; all alike must die, he that sweareth falsely and he that doth not. But the Oath hath an offspring that is nameless, without hands or feet; yet swiftly it pursues a man, till it overtakes and destroys his whole house and race. But he that sweareth and deceiveth not is in his posterity more blessed." Glaucus implores the god to pardon him and to spare his race. But the oracle replies that to tempt the god is as bad as to do the act; and though Glaucus restores the money, the divine wrath extirpates his race, that penalty being the primitive and tribal equivalent for the future punishment threatened by more spiritual creeds.

That the sanction of morality in the conception of the historian and his contemporaries was not merely prudential, or of the kind cognizable by social science, but religious, appears most plainly from the words of the oracle, placing the

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corrupt thought on a level with the evil deed.

Hellenic religion, however, was entangled with a gross mythology, immoral legends, a worship of sacrifices, a thaumaturgic priesthood, an infantine cosmogony, a polytheistic division of the physical universe into the domains of a number of separate deities. It fell before awakened intellect and the first efforts of scientific speculation. Its fall and the rise of a physical philosophy on its ruins were ultimately conducive to progress. But Hellenic morality, especially public and international morality, felt the withdrawal of its basis. In Thucydides the presence of scientific skepticism in its early stage is strongly marked; at its side appears political Machiavelism, if we may use that name by anticipation; and the same page testifies to the general dissolution of moral ties and the lapse of Hellas into a state in which might made right, and public life became a mere struggle for existence, wherein the fittest, that is the strongest or the most cunning, survived. The Athenian envoys, in their controversy with the Melians, which is evidently intended by Thucydides to dramatize the prevailing morality, frankly enunciate the doctrine that the more powerful must give the law, putting aside as the sheerest simplicity the idea that any one can expect to be sheltered by moral right; and their unhappy antagonists betray by their counter-plea a tragical consciousness that there is no power to which the weaker can appeal. In the well-known passage of the third book, moralizing on the civil war of Corcyra, the historian seems to struggle with the difficulties of rudimentary language in his endeavor to describe the general outburst of moral anarchy, — the unbridled perfidy, the treachery, factious violence, disregard of oaths and treaties, savage vindictiveness, inversion of moral ideas, exultation in evil, and, to use his own expression, the utter confusion of Hellenic life which reigned around him. In his explanation of the phenomena, the skeptical writer does not go beyond the immediate causes, faction and ambition; but his words on the disregard of oaths and the failure of religious restraints (*eusebeia*) indicate the connection between the collapse of religious belief and the ruin of morality.

Let Grote say what he will in vindication of the Sophists and against the common conception of them, it seems unreasonable to doubt that Hellenic depravity produced its Machiavels. Thucydides himself, by his praise of such a character as Antiphon, shows that he shared the moral obliquity which he paints. To combat the sophistic teachings and to stem the current of demoralization a pair of reformers arose, a sort of double star in the intellectual firmament, — Socrates and Plato, the moral life and its expositor. The Platonic philosophy is an attempt to establish morality on a new basis, immutable and indefeasible, beyond the flux of circumstance and above the specious shows of expediency; and this new basis, like that which it replaces, is manifestly religious. The ideas, or eternal and unchangeable essences, of Plato are an impersonal God, dimly conceived; they are what a writer of the present day tries to express by "the Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness." But the time had not come for any except the highest minds to dispense with traditional anthropomorphism, or accept a God manifested only in conscience and in the upward aspirations and strivings of the soul. Therefore, to conservatives Socrates seemed a revolutionary skeptic. By the conservative Aristophanes he was assailed as a subverter of religion and of morality at the same time, just as a liberal theologian, trying to give us fresh assurance of our faith, would be assailed by tory orthodoxy at the present day. An attempt was afterwards made by the positivist Aristotle to place morality, not on a religious, but on a scientific and secular basis. His treatise is a work of genius, but in its main object it is a failure. Its cardinal doctrine that virtue is a mean, if true in a certain sense, is almost valueless; it supplies no motive power, and there is no reason for believing that it produced any effect upon Hellenic life.

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That Roman virtue, public and private, was sustained by reverence for the gods is a fact which needs no proof. It is specially attested in a famous passage of Polybius, a foreign observer, shrewd, cool-headed, and, as the passage itself shows, no devotee. He compares together the principal polities of the world, and awards the palm to the Roman polity on account of its religious character. "The thing in which the Roman commonwealth seems to me especially to have the advantage over all others is religious sentiment. That which is elsewhere decried as superstition seems to me, in the case of Rome, to be the salvation of the state. I mean the fear of the gods. To so high and almost extravagant a pitch is this carried by them, both in public and private life, that nothing can exceed it. For my part, I regard this as a concession to the requirements of the multitude. In a commonwealth consisting wholly of wise men, such a policy would scarcely be needful. But as the multitude is always giddy, full of lawless desires, unreasoning anger, and all sorts of headstrong passions, the only course is to restrain it by fear of the invisible and by impressive figments of this kind. Wherefore, in my judgment, it was not without good reason that the statesmen of old instilled into the minds of the vulgar these notions about the gods and the belief in a future retribution. I should rather say that the statesmen of the present day are unwise and heedless in rejecting them. To take a single instance: among the Greeks, those who are intrusted with public money, even a single talent, in spite of their having ten sureties, as many seals, and double the number of witnesses, cannot be faithful to their trust; whereas among the Romans, though public men, as magistrates or ambassadors, often have in their hands large sums of public money, the obligation of their oath suffices by itself to keep them in the path of right. In other nations you seldom find official purity; among the Romans you as seldom find official corruption."

Roman religion, like that of Hellas, succumbed, and to forces similar in the main, though the philosophic and scientific skepticism was not native, but an importation from Hellas. Practical good sense probably played a more important part in the overthrow of superstition at Rome than in Hellas, and strategy would soon find it necessary to set the auguries at defiance. Contact with a great variety of religions, the toleration of which was prescribed by policy, must have bred a cynical indifference in the administrators and soldiers of the empire, as contact with the religion of the East undermined the Christian orthodoxy of the Templars. The result, at all events, was general skepticism, or indifference, and the decay of the reverence for the gods, in which Polybius saw the main-stay of Roman virtue. At the same time a tremendous strain was laid on public morality by the circumstances of the empire. There ensued a cataclysm of selfish ambition, profligate corruption, and murderous faction, which left to society only the choice between chaos and a military despotism. In the case of Hellas, also, the fall of liberty follows closely on the decay of religion. We must be careful, of course, in assigning the causes of the deterioration of public character, in Hellas as well as in republican Rome, to allow a due share to the pressure of external circumstances, such as the fatal rivalries of the republics and the growth of the Macedonian power. But upon the decline of Catholicism a similar lapse of Europe from the imperfect liberty of the feudal era into general despotism ensues; and after the second great collapse of religion in France comes the empire of the Bonapartes, an avowed reproduction of that of the Cæsars. Be the significance of the fact what it may, a fact it seems to be that hitherto only men with a religious belief, and a sanction for morality which they believe to be divine have been able to live under a government of law; and if any one doubts that there has been a certain thread of connection between the eclipse of faith and the need of a government of force to keep men from mutual destruction and

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rapine, let him turn once more to the Leviathan of Hobbes. A political religion, to be sure, Hobbes has, but it is political indeed.

The last effort to reform the Roman republic and save what, with all its maladies and evils, was at least a government of law was made by religious men; for Cato and Cicero were believers, not in the auguries, but in a supreme power of right, while Cæsar and his party were followers of Epicurus. When morality rallied, it was on a religious basis, at Rome not less than in Hellas, as any one who is acquainted with Roman Stoicism must know. Not only are the writings of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus theistic; they are in some respects thoroughly pietist. It is not surprising that this philosophy and the law, improved in humanity, which stoic jurists molded, should have been claimed as the offspring of Christianity. Christian ideas, especially the Christian idea of human brotherhood, were no doubt in the air.

Proof will not be required of the fundamentally religious character of life and society in the Middle Ages. Witnesses enough present themselves in the works of that religious art which has almost carried captive to the faith whereto it once ministered the reason of a later and more enlightened time. The creed of the Middle Ages, it is true, was one derived from a preceding civilization. It was the creed of the later Roman Empire, which, however, it had failed to transform, mainly through the repellent influence of slavery; Christian brotherhood, and purity at the same time, remaining unattainable so long as one portion of mankind was given up to the tyranny and the lust of the other portion. Still it was evidently from the gospel transmitted through the Christian clergy that the new nations drew the ideas of a universal Father, of a brotherhood of mankind, of humanity itself; that they learned to believe in a society embracing all races, a common effort and a common hope, international relations modified by those beliefs, the indefeasible sanctity of human life, mercy, humility, charity, the spiritual equality of the sexes, purity, the value of virtues other than military, the spiritual worth and dignity of the weak things of this world. There are those who call mediæval Christendom and Christendom altogether a vast relapse of humanity, or at best a suspension of progress, simply because physical science during those centuries did not advance, though it advanced not less than it had done under the pagan empire. A man of comprehensive mind, however devoted to science and hostile to priestcraft, will not refuse to recognize the happy transition of society from slavery through serfage to free labor; the notions of mutual right and duty of which even the feudal system was the school; the combination of responsibility with power in Christian monarchy; the development of liberty, both political and personal, by means of Parliaments and free cities; the services rendered by monasticism in its better day, as the asylum of culture and gentleness; the dignity which the monk conferred on labor; the ideal of self-devotion presented by chivalry, which in the battle-fields of Palestine rescued Western civilization, as it had before been rescued at Marathon and Salamis, from the barbarism and pollution of Eastern invasion. But the great achievement, and the one to which, for the purpose of the present inquiry, we would specially call attention, is the homage which force, in a military age, was constrained to pay to something higher than itself, and which forms the first condition and the most distinct mark of civilization. The fierce and proud Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, after a life of war, sends on his death-bed for a bishop; when the bishop enters with the body of the Lord, he ties a rope round his own neck in token of his being a felon before God, casts himself down on the floor, and refuses to be raised till he has been received back as a penitent into the allegiance which in the midst of his violence his heart had never renounced. His corpse is borne to the tomb through a great storm; but the tapers are not extinguished, and the people infer that the terrible earl has been received among

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the sons of light. Here we have a moral restraint: for the earl evidently does not think that he can buy salvation, or secure it by mere priestly thaumaturgy and talismans. It is a restraint which may not have been without its influence even over that wild life, and which in the case of natures less fierce can hardly have failed to produce considerable effects. Religion inspired the international equity of St. Louis, who voluntarily gave up territories which he thought not rightfully his, to the ill-concealed disgust of the Chauvinist historians of his country at the present day. In the thirteenth century as in the seventeenth, political progress in England was closely connected with religious enthusiasm. De Montfort was devout and the associate of ecclesiastical reformers, while the character of the magnanimous foster father of liberty, the great Edward I., was also distinctly formed by his religion.

Catholicism fell through the superstitions and impostures which had gathered round it, and which intellect, awakened by the Renaissance, spurned away; through papal tyranny and clerical corruption; through the general ossification, so to speak, of a system which had once in all its organs ministered to spiritual life. With it fell the morality which it had sustained, and once more we find ourselves in a moral interregnum. In Italy it is the era of the Borgias, the Tyrants, and Machiavelli; in France, of the civil wars, with all their crimes and treacheries; in England, of the Wars of the Roses. Catherine de' Medicis and the Guises belong to it as well as the profligate and murderous leaders of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs. So does Henry VIII., with his uxoricides and his judicial murders, and so does Elizabeth, with her vicious court and her own wickedness. It does not end among the upper class in England till religion is revived in the form of Puritanism, and brings with it a renewed morality. Machiavel is everywhere the great political teacher of this period. Bacon himself shows the taint in his political writings as well as in his public life: "To deal in person is best, where a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eyes upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally when a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound."

In Italy a last stand was made for morality and liberty together by the religious enthusiast, Savonarola. A scene in the life of that man helps us to understand the difference between the genuine religion, the morality with a divine support, which was passing away, and the formal religion, of which abundance still remained. The formal religion was ready enough to shrive the dying Lorenzo; but his conscience told him that this was not the voice of morality, and that he could obtain assurance of absolution only from Savonarola.

In each eclipse of religious faith there has prevailed, at once as a nemesis and as a spiritual make-shift, a charlatan superstition. In the case of Hellas it was soothsaying; in that of Rome astrology and the thaumaturgic mysteries of Isis; in the Catholic decadence astrology again; at the present day it is spiritualism, while even astrology has, or recently had, its votaries in England.

Once more European morality was renewed by a revival of religious faith. It is needless to say that there was a Catholic as well as a Protestant Reformation, though the disparity between the two in point of moral efficacy was great. In England, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, religious belief in a large section of society had again declined, and morality with it, when both were restored by the evangelical movement, which was unquestionably a moral reformation as well as a religious revival.

It will be said that all this time social science did not exist, the hour for its appearance in the course of intellectual development not having come, and that if it had existed it might have superseded these efforts to find for morality a new basis in religion. We desire to bear this constantly in mind. But the present question is, In the case of a collapse of religious belief, what, according to the

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indications of history, is likely to happen, unless social science is ready at once to step in and fill the void?

A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is apparently now at hand. At the time of the Reformation the question was, after all, only about the form of Christianity; and even the skeptics of the last century, while they rejected Christ, remained firm theists; not only so, but they mechanically retained the main principles of Christian morality, as we see very plainly in Rousseau's Vicaire Savoyard and Voltaire's letters on the Quakers. Very different is the crisis at which we have now arrived. No one who has watched the progress of discussion and the indications of opinion in literature and in social intercourse can doubt that, in the minds of those whose views are likely to become — and in an age when all thought is rapidly popularized soon to become — the views of society at large, belief in Christianity as a revealed and supernatural religion has given way. Science and criticism combined have destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the Mosaic cosmogony, in the inspiration of the Bible and the genuineness of many books of it, in large portions of the history of the Old Testament, and in the history of the New Testament so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles. The mortal blow has been given by criticism in disproving or rendering uncertain the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. Reasonings as to the antecedent probability or improbability of miracles are wholly inconclusive; to Hume's argument that experience excludes miracles the ready answer is that miracles, if they occurred, would be a part of experience. It is simply a question of evidence. To prove a miracle, everybody but a mystic would say that we require the testimony of eye-witnesses, and those numerous and good. But unless the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament can be certainly established, we have no eye-witnesses of the Christian miracles at all; and in the absence of such testimony the adverse arguments derived from the uniformity of nature and from mythological analogy, which traces the belief in miracles to the universal propensities of uncritical ages, rush in with overwhelming force. In fact, in almost any book written by a learned man who feels himself at liberty to say what he really thinks, you will now find the miracles abandoned, though it may be with evident reluctance and with faltering lips. Mesmero-miraculism, such as is introduced into some popular lives of Christ, is palpably enough invented for the purpose of breaking the fall.

Not supernatural religion alone, but the existence of a Deity itself, has for many minds, and those the minds of good, able, and highly instructed men, ceased to be an object of distinct belief, if it has not become an object of distinct disbelief. The emancipated and emboldened lips of science have met the theist's argument of Design with the apparent evidences of the absence of design, waste and miscarriage in the heavens and the earth, seemingly purposeless havoc and extinction of races; while philosophy has breathed doubt upon the logical validity of the reasonings which satisfied the apologists of former days. The argument of Beneficence is encountered by the perplexing array of the cruelties — often apparently gratuitous cruelties — of nature. Above all, creation is supposed to have been supplanted by evolution, which, in spite of partial objections, lingering doubts, and the imperfections sure to be found in any newborn theory, is to all appearances destined soon to be the creed of the world. With the belief in a Deity perishes that in the immortality of the soul, which, apart from animistic superstitions and special fancies about the other world, is a belief in the connection of the human soul with the Eternal. Nothing apparently is left but the secular consequences of conduct, human law, which the strong may make or unmake, and reputation, which success, even criminal success, may to a great extent command. That which prevails as Agnosticism among philosophers and the highly educated prevails as sec-

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ularism among mechanics, and in that form is likely soon to breed mutinous questionings about the present social order among those who get the poorer share, and who can no longer be appeased by promises of compensation in another world. All English literature, even that which is socially and politically most conservative, teems with evidences of a change of sentiment, the rapid strides of which astonish those who revisit England at short intervals. There is a recoil, of course, from the brink, which looks like a reaction, and there is a political rallying round the established church, which in what have been called tory-atheist journals is seen in grotesque union with cynical repudiation of that church's creed. There is perhaps an increase of church-building and church-going, but the crust of outward piety is hollow, and growing hollower every day. Those who know the inward parts of American society will be able to say better than the writer whether the same process is going on there. It is true — and the fact is of the profoundest significance and of the highest importance — that in the minds of some men who combine great depth of character with powerful and scientific intellect the religious sentiment, stripped of all special forms and formularies, appears as a sentiment to have grown stronger than ever. Here, perhaps, is something which whispers that the succession of attempts to connect the soul and life of man with the soul and life of the universe, which we call religions, and which have upborne the great types of character, the great civilizations, the great efforts of humanity, are not destined to end in futility and final failure. But at present, if a man of this class admits you to the recesses of his thoughts, you find there nothing definite, nothing communicable, nothing which will serve the purposes of humanity at large; some make-shift drawn from personal study or experience, some mixture, perhaps, of Christian ethics with ancient philosophy, a plank of the theological wreck which will barely hold two.

What then, we ask, is likely to be the effect of this revolution on morality? Some effect it can hardly fail to have. Evolution is force, the struggle for existence is force, natural selection is force. It is not possible, at all events, that their enthronement in place of the Christian theory should leave untouched a type of character which is a renunciation of force, — which is weakness, humility, poverty of spirit, self-abnegation. But what will become of the brotherhood of men and of the very idea of humanity? Historically these beliefs are evidently Christian. Will they survive the doctrines with which in the Christian creed they are inseparably connected of the universal Fatherhood of God and of the fraternal relation of all men to Christ? On what other basis do they rest? God, says the New Testament, "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Blot out the name of the Creator, and on what does this assertion of the unity and virtual equality of mankind rest? What principle forbids the stronger races and those that have superior fire-arms to prey upon the weaker? What guards the sanctity of human life, if there is nothing more divine in man than in any other animal? Mr. Roebuck says, "The first business of a colonist is to clear the country of wild beasts, and the most noxious of all the wild beasts is the wild man." What is to be said in answer to this, and why is it not to be extended in principle to all the human lives which may stand in the way of the elect of nature, the strong and cunning masters of their kind? Nothing, we must recollect, can in any but a figurative sense be henceforth *sacred;* everything must present its natural title to existence, which, according to the theory of evolution, must apparently be some sort of force. It may be the collective force of a community, not that of an individual; but if the individual gets the better of the community, as a successful tyrant does, it would seem that there is no more to be said.

Science is not neglectful of the need. She is presenting us with elaborate delineations of the origin, growth, and dissolution of human communities, from the point of view and in the terms of evo-

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lution, that is, of force. But these delineations, supposing them to square with the facts of history, — which we venture to think some of the most elaborate of them are far from doing, — scarcely touch our moral being; much less do they furnish a new motive power, either impelling or restraining, for the actions of the individual man. Being theories of which the principle is force, they in fact exclude morality in the common acceptation and practical sense of the term. Being necessarian, they, according to the existing perceptions of the human mind, exclude responsibility and effort, that is, the elements of moral life. Hereafter the difficulty of reconciling necessarianism with responsibility and effort may be overcome; it has not been overcome yet. Christianity had taught that we were all members one of another; political economy, that the progress of society was marked by a division of trades. We are now told that society is actually and literally an organism, and that the trades are organs. As to the latter part of the proposition it may be remarked that, though trades are specialized in the progress of society, men are not, but on the contrary become more general in their ideas, knowledge, relations, and functions, especially in free states. But if society is an organism, it must be an organism in such a sense as to admit antagonisms of volition without limit, and mutual injury, designed as well as undesigned. For all this — we are speaking of an immediate need — the mere theory affords no cure, unless it can be shown that the injury is always perfectly reciprocal, and that an English minister (to take the example of the hour) who launches havoc upon an Afghan village suffers as much as the slaughtered peasant, which will hardly be the case, unless they are both to stand before some tribunal other than that of force. It is difficult at present even to conceive how any mechanical or physiological theory of humanity as a whole can evolve, for the individual man, a moral motive power.

Are there no practical symptoms of a change? In France from the atheism as well as the anarchy of the Revolution rose Napoleon. He was an Agnostic, thoroughbred; all the more evidently so because he coolly restored religion for the purposes of his policy. He constantly avowed and formulated the Agnostic and evolutionary creed, the ascendency of force, — force moral as well as military: "Let two or three towns be sacked to produce a *moral* effect." By a clear enough process he was evolved and lifted to power; nature selected him out of a thousand ambitious adventurers. In the struggle for existence he survived, — survived the Duc d'Enghien, Pichegru, and every one who crossed his path to empire. To create his power and his institutions millions perished; as millions have perished to create a bed of limestone. What have Agnosticism and evolution to oppose to the warrant of his success? The French Agnostics had nothing. They produced no Socrates or Savonarola. They bowed before Napoleon, acted under him, and worshiped him; only when his force had encountered a greater force they turned against him, because he was unsuccessful, as Talleyrand plainly enough avowed, — not because he was immoral.

The worship of success, signally exemplified in the adoration of a character such as that of Napoleon, seems to be the morality of evolution supplanting that of Christianity. When the second Napoleon, after mounting his uncle's throne by the same unscrupulous use of force, rode in triumph into London, a leading English journal derided the morality which protested against paying homage to a success achieved by treachery, perjury, and massacre as a morality of Sunday-schools. It was precisely so, and now the Sunday-schools seem likely to lose their authority and disappear. It may be said that success has always been worshiped. Success has always commanded servile deference, but it has not always been worshiped. Nothing will be found in mediæval chroniclers, for example, resembling the spirit which pervades Thiers's history of the Empire. The vision of the monk may be, and often is, narrowed by his asceticism, or

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distorted by his fanaticism. He can see no good in a king who is an enemy of the church, and hardly any evil in one who is her friend; but a morality which he believes to be divine is under his feet like adamant; he stands erect in spirit before what he regards as wickedness, however successful it may be, and at most looks upon it with awe as a scourge in the hand of God.

In England you hear it said on all sides that the old rules are relaxed and the old lines broken through; that commercial adventurers who have made fortunes by questionable means, unscrupulous political intriguers, and even brilliant courtesans occupy in virtue of their success a position which they never occupied before. This appears to be the fact, and when full allowance has been made for the mere influence of circumstances, such as the rapid growth of wealth, it will probably be found that there is a real change of principle and sentiment. It is not likely that there would at once be a sensible alteration in the moral code of private life; much less that any sudden change would be visible in the character or conduct of men trained in high principles, engaged perhaps in science, philosophy, or other exalting pursuits, and, it may be, put upon their mettle to prove that virtue has no need of support from superstition.

The incipient change of principle, however, is more perceptible in another quarter, where, in fact, the strain upon the old morality being greatest, we should expect the relaxation first to appear. We mean the sentiment and conduct of England as an imperial country towards weaker communities and subject races. Those who have paid attention to the history of English opinion will probably agree with us in saying that heretofore, bad as the practice might sometimes be, the Christian principle of human brotherhood was acknowledged, and it was allowed that all men, and all races of men, however weak or inferior, were equally entitled to justice and mercy. Nobody in the time of Wilberforce would have dared to avow that the rule in dealing with a Hindoo or an African was not to be equity, humanity, or respect for human life, but British interest and the requirements of British policy. Warren Hastings was acquitted by the lords, who, as an aristocracy, have always sympathized with the representatives of arbitrary government; but he was impeached, and Pitt, the tory leader, voted for his impeachment. His trial was at once an enlightenment of the national mind as to what was going on in the distant dependency, and an awakening of the national conscience which proved the commencement of reform; and his defense was conducted on grounds which, however unsatisfactory, were perfectly moral and consistent with the principle of humanity. Slavery and the slave-trade themselves were defended, not upon the ground that the higher race was at liberty to do what it pleased with the lower, but on the plea that the lot of the negro was improved by transporting him to a Christian and civilized country; and the hypocrisy in this, as in other cases, was a homage paid to the principle. But the slave-trade and afterwards slavery were abolished, — both at a great commercial sacrifice, to which, in the case of the second, was added the payment of a heavy indemnity. Had the same sentiment continued to prevail, it is not inconceivable that conquest itself and imperial aggrandizement might in time have been relinquished, as radically inconsistent with the rule of humanity and benevolence which was imperfectly asserted in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

That the same sentiment has not continued to prevail, all Englishmen who at the time of the American civil war were concerned in the struggle against an alliance with the slave power must well know. It was perfectly clear that, apart from every other opinion or feeling which was enlisted on the Southern side, there was in a considerable section at least of that party, if not a positive sympathy with slavery, certainly a very palpable abatement of the moral feeling against it. The denunciations of "negrophilism" which then resounded on all sides did not denote merely antipa-

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thy to Northern aggrandizement, or even to maudlin philanthropy, but dislike of emancipation; and had slavery been still in existence in the British colonies, a proposal to abolish it at that moment would have stood a very poor chance of success. Moral phenomena of the same kind marked the controversy arising out of the Jamaica massacre; for the enthusiastic supporters of Governor Eyre perfectly recognized in him an organ of the sanguinary vengeance of the dominant race, even if they did not believe that he had committed a foul judicial murder. On that occasion the moral equality of races and the universal sanctity of human life, which is the Christian doctrine and had up to that time been the doctrine of England, was formally denied by a man of great eminence, who said in plain terms that it was one thing to slaughter negroes, and another to slaughter Englishmen. It was replied that between slaughtering negroes and slaughtering people of any other race, reputed inferior, in the interest of a higher race, or even slaughtering the inferior members of the English race itself in the interest of those who might deem themselves the higher members, no distinct line could be drawn; and that a governing class, alarmed by threatenings of social revolution, might some day claim for itself in England the same license which the whites, in their cruel panic, had claimed for themselves in Jamaica. If there is any one who finds it difficult to regard such a possibility as real, a reperusal of the very able treatise entitled Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity will assist his apprehension. That work embodies, in language of manly vigor, a frank repudiation of the Christian, and once English, doctrine of human brotherhood and brotherly love, with which, on the hypothesis of mere evolution and natural selection, it would not be easy to find fault.

The same eminent writer, the other day, in a letter on the subject of the Afghan war, took up with equal courage the position that in dealing with the weaker and less civilized communities the rule was to be, not "international law," that is, in effect, the recognized principles of equity, but the "policy" of England. Policy means interest and passion, which are thus apparently set loose from every restraint but the fear of superior force. It is now averred by the prime minister of England that the real object of the war was a "scientific frontier," and that Afghanistan was invaded, the villages burned, and the people killed in execution of that "policy."

In the letters of British officers from South Africa, the phrase "our colored brethren" is used to add zest to slaughter. In an English illustrated journal of the highest class there is a picture, in compartments, of incidents in the Zulu war. In one compartment a tall Zulu in chains is being ignominiously led captive by a diminutive British drummer-boy. This perhaps is mere brag. Not so the representation in another compartment of "Jack's captive," a Zulu prisoner with a halter, the end of which is held by a jolly tar, round his neck, crouching in an agony of fear beneath a gallows on which he is evidently going to be hanged, while a bystander, apparently an officer, with a pipe in his mouth and a jaunty air, stares at the doomed wretch with a look of mockery. Still less doubt can there be about the animus of a third sketch, entitled Something to Hold By, in which two more jolly tars are holding down by the feet and ears a Zulu whom they have caught hiding in the reeds, while an officer in the attitude of a man searching for game is coming up with a drawn sword. In a corresponding picture of the Afghan war, we see in one compartment a prisoner being flogged; in another, one being hanged; in a third, three prisoners, with the hands of all lashed to a pole behind them, are being shot in the back, and in their death agony, struggling different ways, they present a grotesque medley of attitudes which forms the fun of the sketch. It may pretty safely be said that these pictures, in which the inferior races are treated simply and literally as game for the British hunter, would not have been produced for the amusement of Englishmen and Englishwomen fifty or even thirty

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years ago, and that their appearance now denotes a change in the mind of the nation.

There have been protests and resistance, no doubt, but almost exclusively from religious quarters: from the free churches, which alone are organs of religious morality, the state church taking its morality from the state; from a portion of the ritualists, who are now so much at variance with the establishment as to be nearly a free church; and from that section of the Comtists which is avowedly and almost enthusiastically religious, though it prefers the name of Humanity to that of God.

We might refer also, in illustration of the general tendency, to the exultation (hideous it seemed to those who could not share it!) in the frightful butcheries during and after the suppression of the Indian mutiny. It is not of mere unmercifulness or panic fury that we speak, but of the new principle upon which the massacres were vindicated, and which could be clearly enough distinguished from the ordinary violence of passion.

It is not necessary to take a special view, or any view at all, of the Eastern Question, in order to perceive the moral significance of the often-quoted passage in the dispatch of Sir Henry Eliot, the British ambassador at Constantinople, respecting the Bulgarian massacres: "We may indeed and we must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down; but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was ten thousand or twenty thousand persons who perished in the suppression. We have been upholding what we knew to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests." Pitt would have repudiated the sentiments, and probably ceased to employ the ambassador. But Sir Henry Eliot had a great body of British opinion with him. The journal which is the great organ at once of Agnosticism and aggrandizement confidently threatened with national scorn and indignation any government which, merely because the Turks had been guilty, as it confessed they had, of "loathsome cruelty," should shift the ground of English policy, which had for its ruling principle "the irrepressible struggle for empire." The practical deduction coheres perfectly with the principle thus avowed; and what is the irrepressible struggle for empire but evolution and natural selection applied to international relations?

Perhaps some subtler indications of evolutionist influence may be discerned. There seems to prevail in the treatment of history and politics not only an increased impartiality and comprehensiveness, the happy offspring of science, but what may almost be called a furore of cynical moderation. Enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, if they are to continue to exist, must be provided with new aliments; they have hitherto certainly been fed by the belief that he who should lose his life in a good cause would in some form or other gain it. Yet without enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, how could humanity have been nerved for its grandest efforts, or saved from its greatest perils?

China is without any real religion; she is thoroughly positive; and she is simply conservative of the present, especially of the existing political and social order, without thought of progress: the worship of ancestors seems to consecrate that idea. It is to something of this kind that the line on which materialists are moving seems to us really to tend. A hive of human bees is, we believe, the avowed ideal of some social philosophers. In the routine life of Chinese industry, submitting to almost mechanical laws, without reflection or aspiration, we have a hive of human bees.

The world is in no danger of another Peloponnesian war, or of a repetition of the convulsions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but it is in consider-

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able danger of a desperate conflict between different classes of society for the good things of that which people are coming to believe is the only world. Is it likely that the passions of such a conflict will be controlled by any motive derived from scientific definitions of evolution; by any consideration connected with the rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, or the multiplication of effects? Force is force, and its own warrant: so the strong will say, and upon this principle they will act in the struggle for existence and for the enjoyments of existence; they will be restrained only by something to which force must bow, and which no alembic, apparently, can extract from force itself.

Renan and others of his school scent danger from the operation of their criticism on the minds of the common people, in whose ideas they know that morality is bound up with religion. They propose, accordingly, that the clergy shall keep up religion for the masses, leaving the select few to think as they please. A pleasant element in a moral civilization would be a clergy so conscious of the fraud which it was practicing on the ignorant as to grant letters of exemption from belief to the learned! It is too late for *populus vult decipi*. The people will have no lies. Mechanics are alive to the state of the case, or to all that is most material in it, not less than M. Renan himself. Needless disturbance of vital belief is to be deprecated on grounds higher than the selfish fears of wealth and literary fastidiousness; but good never came of trying to blindfold any one.

A less Jesuitical plea for caution might be founded on the present state of the inquiry and the novelty of the situation, if we could here presume to enter on so vast a theme. Agnosticism, if it means suspense of judgment and refusal to accept the unknown as known, is the natural frame of mind for any one who has followed the debate with an unprejudiced understanding, and who is resolved to be absolutely loyal to truth. To such a man existence must appear at this moment an unfathomable and overwhelming mystery. But let Agnosticism be true to itself, and not, while ostensibly declining to decide at all, assume and insinuate a negative decision. For a negative decision the hour has surely not yet arrived, especially as the world has hardly yet had time to draw breath after the bewildering rush of physical discovery. That the history of religion has closed, and that no more efforts will ever be made by the human mind to penetrate beyond the veil of sense and approach the Spirit of the Universe, is an opinion which rests mainly on the belief that religions are mere crude interpretations of natural phenomena; and that this is not their essence we have already ventured to submit. Suppose supernaturalism to be discarded; this does not put out of the question natural manifestations of Deity in the spiritual conceptions, efforts, and experiences of men. Christianity itself, though it may cease to be accepted as a miraculous revelation, remains the central fact of history; and as such it, in connection with other religions, seems to call for an examination which it has not yet received. It is true that religious thought is employed on objects not like those of science, perceived by the bodily sense. But let evolution itself, which presents all things as in course of development, say whether exhaustive apprehension and final authority can be claimed for the nerves of sight, touch, hearing, taste, and smell. Let evolution itself say, too, whether it is certain that organized matter is the ultimate goal of progress, and that nothing answering to the name of spirit can have been evolved. To the Eozoön the limits of the knowable were narrow. We are pleading merely for circumspection, and for a careful examination of the phenomena of religious history, which are phenomena like the rest. Religious sentiment is still strong in the minds of many scientific men, who find nothing in the pure monotheistic hypothesis that contradicts the results of science. At any rate, it is vain to bid men exclude these subjects from their minds, and think only of making the best of this world. The question in what hands we

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are — in those of goodness, of something other than goodness, or of blind force — is not one concerning the nature of things, of which we might be content to remain in ignorance; it is one concerning the estate of man, and it swallows up all others in its practical importance; the truth about it, if known, would affect all our conceptions, all our estimates of the value of objects, every action of our lives. It cannot be in its own nature insoluble; and on the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness there seems to be reason to hope for a solution, and to believe that the delay and the necessity of effort are part of a moral plan. Mankind are not bees; they have learned to look before and after, and will never be cured of the habit. The present will not satisfy or engross them. Let the place of their brief sojourn be made as commodious as possible by science, and, what is more, enriched as much as possible by affection. "Aye, sir," said Johnson, after being shown over a luxurious mansion, "these are the things that make death bitter." Upon the materialist hypothesis of life, the pessimist has the best of the argument; and the effect of his unsparing scrutiny will soon appear.

So with regard to the immortality of the soul, if we are to retain that popular but somewhat misleading phrase. Has it been conclusively shown that moral personality, or, to put aside the special questions which even the term personality might raise, spirit, depends for its being on the continuance of the material matrix in which it has been formed? If not, the question for the present remains open, and attention must not be refused to such a phenomenon as the existence in us of a sense of moral responsibility extending beyond this life and the opinions of our fellow-men, which, we must repeat, is a very different thing from any animistic fancies about disembodied spirits and ghosts.

Again, the question which is perhaps at the bottom of all, tainted as it has been by logomachy, the question of human free agency, seems to claim the benefit of the same consideration. It may be very difficult to reconcile our sense of free agency and of the responsibility attaching to it with the apparent arguments in favor of necessarianism, automatism, or whatever the opposite theory is to be called. But the difficulty is equally great of conceiving moral responsibility not to exist, or to exist without free agency. To ignore one element of our perplexity is merely to cut the logical knot with a sword. Have we an exhaustive knowledge of the possibilities of being, and can we say that free agency is excluded? If not, and if it must be allowed to be possible that in the ascending scale of being human free agency might at last emerge, we have to consider how its appearance could be manifested in any other way than those in which it is apparently manifested now, — our sense of a qualified freedom of choice before action, our consciousness of responsibility founded on the same belief after action, and our uniform treatment of our fellows as free and responsible agents. Science appeals to the reasonings of Jonathan Edwards as conclusive in favor of the necessarian theory. If Jonathan Edwards found the truth, it is very remarkable, since he never sought it for a moment. He was not a free inquirer,[1] but a sectarian divine, trying to frame a philosophic apology for the dogma of his sect. He is reduced to the absurd conclusion that moral evil emanates directly from perfect goodness.

But these questions are beyond our present scope. The object of this short paper is only to call attention to the fact that, if we may judge by the experience of history, a crisis in the moral sphere, which will probably bring with it a political and social crisis, appears to have arrived.

Goldwin Smith.

[1] His critic, Mr. Hazard, *is* a free inquirer in the full sense of the term, and one of a very vigorous mind.

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THE WALDENSES OF TO-DAY.

THE history of the Piedmontese Protestants may be briefly sketched. These people — the Waldenses, or the Vaudois — occupy what are known as the Vaudois valleys, in the Cottian Alps, about thirty miles southwest of Turin, between Mont Cenis and Monte Viso. The central valleys are Pellice, Luzerna, and Angrogna. The Vaudois (the Valdesi, — dwellers in the valleys) are known by existing sermons of their pastors, dated 1120; and Peter Waldo, the reformer, of Lyons, doubtless took his name from them — not, as has been assumed, giving his name to them: he was Peter the Vaudois. The Vaudois are not to be confounded with the inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud of Switzerland. Their earliest record is of the year 1100, but they believe their ancestors through every age, from the apostolic time to the present, to have been protesters against the corruptions of the church, and the depositaries of the simple gospel faith.

About the middle of the twelfth century there appeared two important Vaudois documents: a translation of the New Testament and La Nobla Leyczon. These are in the Romance language, which is the *patois* still spoken in the valleys. The Noble Lesson — a poem of five hundred lines — is a summary of Scripture history and doctrines, and teaches toleration and religious freedom.

In 1517, the year of Luther's denunciation, the Archbishop of Turin drew up an enumeration of the immemorial belief and protest of the Vaudois church. These are its points: —

The Vaudois received the Scriptures as their only rule of faith. They rejected the doctrines introduced by the Popes and priests. They declared that tithes and first-fruits are not due to the clergy. They disapproved of the consecration of churches. They denied that men needed the intercession of saints. They rejected purgatory and masses for the dead. They denied that priests have the power to forgive sins. They opposed the confessional. They protested against the worship of the virgin and saints. They rejected the use of holy water, condemned indulgences, and ascribed the doctrine of purgatory to the covetousness of priests. They abhorred the use of the sign of the cross and the worship of images. They denied that wicked men could be representatives of Christ. They disowned the authority of the Church of Rome, and they believed that prayer in private houses is as acceptable as prayer in churches.

The declaration of these principles brought upon them the anathemas of Rome, and papal bulls were issued commanding Catholic princes to wage war against them. In 1485 a bull of Innocent VIII., enjoining the extermination of the Vaudois, absolved those who should take up the cross against them "from all ecclesiastical pains and penalties, general and particular, . . . releasing them from any oath they might have taken, legitimatizing their title to any property they might have illegally acquired, and promising remission of all their sins to such as should kill any heretic." It outlawed the Vaudois, annulled their contracts, and empowered all persons to take possession of their property. In the persecutions which followed, and which recurred at intervals for centuries, human infamy reached its climax. I quote parts of a single paragraph from The Israel of the Alps, by Dr. Muston: —

"There is no town in Piedmont under a Vaudois pastor where some of our brethren have not been put to death. Jordan Terbano was burned alive at Susa; Hippolite Rossiero at Turin; Michael Goneto, an octogenarian, at Sarcena; Villermin Ambrosio, hanged on the Col di Meano; Hugo Chiambs, of Fenestrelle, had his entrails torn from his living body at Turin; Peter Gey-

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marali, of Bobbio, in like manner had his entrails taken out in Luzerna, and a fierce cat thrust in their place to torture him further; Maria Romano was buried alive at Rocca-patia; Magdalen Fauno underwent the same fate at San Giovanni; Susan Michelini was bound hand and foot, and left to perish of cold and hunger on the snow at Sarcena; Bartolomeo Fache, gashed with sabres, had the wounds filled up with quicklime, and perished thus in agony at Fenile; Daniel Michelini had his tongue torn out at Bobbio for having praised God; James Baridari perished covered with sulphureous matches, which had been forced into his flesh under the nails, between the fingers, in the nostrils, in the lips, and over all his body, and then lighted; Daniel Revelli had his mouth filled with gunpowder, which being lighted blew his head to pieces; . . . Sarah Rostignol was slit open from the legs to the bosom, and left so to perish on the road between Eyral and Luzerna; Anne Charbonnier was impaled, and carried thus on a pike from San Giovanni to La Torre."

In 1630–31 the plague invaded the valleys, and swept off more than twelve thousand persons, about one half of the whole population. In La Torre more than fifty families became completely extinct. Of the seventeen pastors, only two venerable and infirm old men escaped death. It then became necessary to import French-speaking ministers from Dauphiny and from Geneva. The government thereupon, as a further means of repression, prohibited the performance of the Vaudois service in any language but French, and this tongue was learned by the whole people, and is retained by them to this day.

More than once was the population reduced by war and oppression from its normal standard of about twenty-five thousand to four thousand or five thousand. Yet they always remained steadfast in their faith, and held to their ancient traditions, rising stronger after each invasion, and always regaining their ruined prosperity.

Some of the episodes of their wars are marvelous to read. Their most noted hero, Gianavello, with a band of less than twenty followers, sometimes with only half a dozen, defeated whole armies of invaders; and the Flying Company at Pra del Tor overthrew the Count de la Trinità, who marched against them with three columns, numbering more than seven thousand men. The almost uniform success of these little bands of rude mountaineers operating against large armies of disciplined troops has naturally produced among the Vaudois the belief that it was not their prowess in action which prevailed, but the design of God to preserve the germ of true religion in their keeping.

They gained frequent respite for the recovery of their prosperity and the restoration of their population by the contests in which the dukes of Savoy were so often engaged with other princes. It was at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to which the Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeo II., was reluctantly forced to accede, that the remnant of the population was compelled to accept exile into Switzerland. Of fourteen thousand persons, three thousand only survived. They were liberally helped by the Protestants of England and Holland. Recovering their health, they were afflicted with the homesickness peculiar to mountaineers, but were detained by force, and were widely dispersed through the Protestant states of Germany. William of Orange, the head of the Protestant League against France, was visited at the Hague by Henri Arnaud, the pastor and leader of the Vaudois. He counseled that they should return and attempt to regain their valleys by force, supplying them at the time with considerable funds. The refugees assembled, between eight and nine hundred in number, leaving their wives and children to the care of the Swiss, crossing Lake Leman in the night of August 16, 1689. Led by their pastor-captain, they crossed the Alps, and descended into Italy, near Susa. After sixteen days' march, having beaten several strong detachments of the enemy, they established themselves at Bobbio, where they remained unmolested during the

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winter, but by May they were reduced to four hundred men. They were again assailed, but they resisted and struggled against every force invading the valley, until the Duke of Savoy, abandoning his alliance with France, and joining the Protestant League, restored them to their homes and liberties, recalled their wives and children, and ended the last of thirty-two wars for liberty and conscience. One hundred and sixty years later, Carlo Alberto, giving a constitution to his people, insured the continuance of religious liberty.

It was with no ordinary traveler's interest that we went to visit the scenes of all those centuries of heroic life and more heroic death, and the renowned centre from which Protestantism in Italy is pushing its steady advance. We drove from the railway station at Pinerolo, an hour's journey, to Torre Pellice, which is the seat of the Vaudois college and the chief town of the valleys. Though in Italy still, we found among the Protestants the universal use of the French language, and among the educated classes a familiarity with English, due to the Scotch education of the pastors. It is no mild modern Protestantism which prevails here, softened by the spirit of indulgence we know so well at home, but a stern Scotch Puritanism, rigid, intolerant, uncompromising, and grim, — ground into the sturdy souls of the people by long generations of martyrdom and oppression. It is a faith so real and so commanding that it rings like a clarion in the zeal of the trained evangelists, who, scattered throughout the kingdom, echo the eternal reverberations of the blood-stained mountain sides where their fathers died for the cause they advocate.

It seems to me that the first impression of any considerate person, coming to the Vaudois valleys with a fresh recollection of what we are taught to consider the necessary conditions of civilized life, must be one of humiliation. We may find similarly hard conditions of living in many of our remote districts, but we find them accompanied by a dullness and stolidity which make it seem a matter of indifference whether they are ameliorated or not; or we find them resisted or struggled against with that determination to seek improvement which makes our people so ambitious and so restless. Here, in these hard, bleak valleys, a frugality of which we can hardly have conception is practiced with a calmness and serenity that betoken an aim of life far other than physical improvement. In the town of Torre this is less conspicuous than elsewhere, but even here cultivated, enthusiastic, happy men and women, eager in the great pursuit of their lives, display the genial graces of refined society, and exert a widespread influence, which is powerful even against that of Rome, amid an almost entire absence of the advantages which come of wealth, and which are so often regarded as indispensable. Catechised as to their belief, these people develop the most rigid formulas of orthodoxy, — that which we have known among the coldest, hardest, most unsympathizing New Englanders. But the blood of the South runs warm in their veins, and their religion, severe though it is, can only check — it cannot cover nor repress — the geniality of their Italian natures. It is the rigidity of the North made mellow with Latin warmth, and sweetened with the grace and amiability of Italy. I know no people of great wealth who seem to get so much out of their lives that is worth the getting as do these simple, pious, God-fearing Vaudois.

Desiring to visit the valley of Angrogna, the great retreat during the invasions of the land, and the scene of the most terrible battles, I was commended to the pastor of the village, who has the care of the scattered population of the large parish. It was a long, hard walk up the valley, and a hot one. A very plain little Protestant "temple" and a few poor houses constitute the village of Angrogna, which is dominated by a larger Catholic church, whose priest does his worst to counteract the cherished heresy here in its ancient stronghold. A child directed me to the pastor's door, — a great solid wooden door in a fortress-like stone-wall. Entering, I was pleas-

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antly greeted by the cheerful mother of the house, who ushered me into a scantily furnished parlor, clean and sunny. Presently the pastor appeared, who received me with the greatest cordiality, and lent himself at once to my desire for guidance and information. I have rarely been more impressed in any interview. He told me with the greatest frankness of the difficulties with which he has to contend in eking out a support for his large family in a parish where all are poor, and where many can give nothing to the support of the church beyond cordial good wishes and the scantiest contributions of food. A little money is given him by the General Synod, but it is very little, and this man's incessant pastoral duties make it impossible for him to ameliorate his condition by any form of profitable work. It is to gratify no curiosity that I repeat what he told me of his circumstances, but rather to illustrate by a striking and extreme example the life in these valleys generally. I was regaled in the most hospitable manner with the best that the house afforded, — a thin, simple wine, bread, a hard sort of cheese, and boiled chestnuts, of which I was urged to take my fill, as I would find no other opportunity to eat during the day's journey. What was given me is the best of their diet, and, except for potatoes and salad, it covers the limit of its variety for all the secular days of the week. On Sundays they usually, but not always, have meat. There was no suggestion that the diet was not sufficient and satisfactory, and the family seemed to be in robust and hearty health. The physical labor of the pastor himself must be very severe. His parish reaches for miles back on the mountains, and far up into steep and rugged valleys. He has three separate churches and schools under his charge, and his sick and poor are scattered far and wide on every hand. Foot-paths and bridle-paths offer the only means of communication, and he is liable, day and night, winter and summer, in good weather and in bad, to be summoned forth for a long, hard tramp to the house of a sick or dying parishioner. All this he described as merely incidental to a life of necessary and useful service, in which he is content and happy. A friend had recently presented him with a young donkey, which is already able to give him a short lift on his journeys, and which, as it matures, and as he grows old, will carry him to Pra del Tor and back. He was happy over this acquisition, but anxious as to his ability to nourish the beast. Regarded in a certain light, there is nothing remarkable about this tale of a robust man's life and circumstances, but viewed with reference to the stock to which he belongs, and to the history of the wonderful struggle of his race, it seems to me not far removed from heroism. The world is full of well-paid positions, seeking for the education, intelligence, executive ability, and fortitude which mark the character of this cheerful and zealous pastor of Angrogna; but the old call of the Spirit rings in his ears, and stirs his blood as it stirred that of the martyrs of old, and he stays and finds his happiness and his delight in answering its behests.

I talked with him about the condition of the people, and about the ceaseless efforts of the Catholic church to destroy the Protestant supremacy in the valleys. Poverty, or rather the simplicity of living, is extreme. The climate is much more severe than at Torre, the soil in the main is poor and thin, the cattle are stunted, and the facilities for irrigation and the habit of its use seem to constitute the chief agricultural advantage of the country. The chestnut grows well, and is a main reliance as food. Without it there would often be much suffering.

The Roman Catholic church has by no means given up its effort at supremacy. The best sites are secured for its churches and convents; its abundant and skillfully managed almsgiving is a powerful resource in so poor a country, and its control over the industrial populations, which quarrying and manufactures have brought to the neighborhood, is shrewdly used for the corruption of the young men and women of the Protestant communities. At Pra del Tor —

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the Holy Land of the Vaudois — the priests have established a foundling hospital, which threatens the stability of the rising generation of native children by the insidious influence of contact and companionship. This more hidden and surreptitious persecution is met as resolutely and firmly and cunningly as were the physical assaults of old, and thus far its influence has not been great.

As it was Saturday, the pastor could not go with me, as I had hoped; but he recited the heroic deeds of which Pra del Tor had been the theatre, and invested it with a historic sublimity which mere reading could not give. He lent me the keys of the temples I was to see, and directed me on my way.

It was a two hours' walk, mainly upward, over a rough bridle-path, with here and there a house, and here and there a little mill driven by the abundant waters of the tumbling stream. Toward the end of the journey the path passes between steep, rocky banks, climbs the edge of a precipitous hill-side, and opens into the valley of Pra del Tor, — that valley which more than once held all that was left of the Piedmontese Vaudois, who, driven from their farms and their villages, gathered here for mutual support and defense. Even here, while awaiting the destruction which seemed impending, they established their schools and kept up the education of their evangelists.

On a high rock, overlooking the cluster of houses, stands a well-built modern temple, the gift of a friend in England to commemorate the defenders of the valley against Trinità's overwhelming force. All else is meagre, bare, and stern. It is hard to see how even this small population can subsist in such a land, and it is almost incredible that a people who generation after generation have been subjected to such trying conditions of life should resist, as they steadily do, the seductions of an organization able and ready to ameliorate their condition, or to remove them to a more fertile district. It is these considerations which everywhere impress the visitor with the sturdiness of character which an old faith, cemented by long ages of martyrdom, has been able to produce.

My climb made it seem quite necessary that I should have food before returning. All that I could get was milk. This was served to me on the stone stair leading to a house door, and in a rude earthenware pan. As I drank it, with a coarse iron spoon, a starved kitten came with a longing mew, and lapped greedily the little puddle which I poured into a hollow of the stone. I never saw such a hungry cat, and evidently the people never saw such a hungry man, for they commented freely on the eagerness of my feeding. Poor though they were, and unaccustomed as they seemed to be to such a lavish use of milk, they would accept no compensation for their hospitality, and I could only make a trifling present to their child. Here, and on my return, the people whom I met were most cordial and friendly, and they answered every question as to the difficulty of making a living upon such a soil with an evident unconsciousness that it implied the least hardship. Those who were returning from their fields generally bore heavy burdens of firewood or grain; and one donkey that I met taking grist to mill carried at least eight hundred pounds of grain, picking his way cautiously over the rocky path. Parts of the valley were heavily wooded and of great beauty, but everything about the scattered villages and farms seemed dismal and forbidding.

On Sunday we drove eight miles up the Pellice Valley to attend church at Bobi, where, in 1689, after the Glorieuse Rentrée, Arnaud and his followers took the oath of fidelity, and celebrated divine service in their own temple for the first time since their banishment.

"The enthusiasm of the moment was irrepressible; they chanted the seventy-fourth Psalm to the clash of arms, and Henri Arnaud, mounting the pulpit, with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, preached from the one hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm, and once more declared in the face of heaven that he would never resume his pastoral office

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in patience and peace until he should witness the restoration of his brethren to their ancient and rightful settlements."

The temple was a bare room, with unpainted pulpit and benches, where the women sat in one place and the men in another. The women wore a costume of which a white cap with wide double fluted ruffles was a conspicuous part, the young girls — those who had not been confirmed — wearing black caps instead. The men were men whom I had known in my childhood in the orthodox churches of Western Connecticut, smooth-shaven, — for Sunday, — wrinkled, uncompromising countrymen. The older men generally wore blue jean dress-coats with metal buttons and high collars. When the psalms were given out, they took loud-clasping iron cases from their pockets, and put on their steel-bowed spectacles. Puritanism is stronger than race, or climate, or time. It was like sitting again among the hard-handed farmers who used to throng the old Congregational church in New Canaan.

The illusion was hardly dispelled — so strong was the resemblance in face and dress and manner — when the young precentor mounted to the reading-desk and read a chapter of the New Testament. It was strengthened when he gave out the psalm, pitched the key, and led the congregation in the droning monotone of its chanted praise. The sermon was preached in the purest French by a most Italian-looking pastor from Messina. It was an earnest appeal to humility, and a warning not to permit their pride in their ancestry, and in the venerable antiquity of their faith, to blind them to the obligations to which the essence of that faith compelled them. After the service there followed the silent and hardly sociable loitering about the door which characterizes the congregations of our own country churches, but far less curiosity was evinced and more politeness was shown toward the differently attired strangers who had come to join in their service.

During our stay we were shown the admirable orphanage at Torre, where Mr. Sankey's hymns were sung in French and Italian, and where the most careful training is given in the little arts and industries of common life. We saw, too, the Vaudois college, where are trained the pastors who are to have charge of the flocks scattered throughout Italy, and the evangelists who are to plant in the dark corners of the land the most promising germ of Italian regeneration. It is a simple school, ill furnished with the modern appliances of education, but rich in the zeal and enthusiasm with which its leaders keep steadily in view the great aim of its foundation.

The college, and the cause of Protestantism generally, owe most efficient aid to the liberality and earnestness of Major Beckwith, an English officer, who devoted his fortune and many of the last years of his life to their advancement. Much has been done by the liberality of other British friends, and there can surely be no channel to-day into which those who have the interest of reformed religion at heart can so effectively turn their contributions. The Vaudois schools are established in all parts of Italy, even in Calabria and Sicily and in Rome itself, and they offer the chief existing hope of the education of the people in what is necessary to an improved civilization.

Victor Emmanuel, — *il Re Galantuomo*, — in spite of his Catholicism, was a steadfast and persistent friend of the Vaudois, believing that they offered the best promise for the improvement of his people. Humbert has given fresh assurances that his father's policy in this regard shall be maintained, not in the interest of religion, but in the interest of liberty and of enlightenment.

George E. Waring, Jr.

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LATE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

At some time or other the writing of books of European travel will doubtless cease. Not that there are any signs of it now; on the contrary, a large proportion of those who cross the Atlantic find it incumbent on them to tell us all about shuffle-board on the steamers, the Liverpool docks, the English railway carriages, etc., as if it were all a new story. But unless the whole account has to be gone over anew with every generation, like the life of Kaspar Hauser, the description of the great Tun at Heidelberg, of the building of the Eddystone Lighthouse, and those other bits of information of which Chambers's Journal has pretty much the monopoly, it seems as if readers would at some time refuse to read the familiar story of European travel. Why they should read it now it is not easy to see; yet there must be readers, or the monotonous books of travel would not be steadily pouring from the press.

Mr. Luther L. Holden has his public ready made for him. He has undertaken to preserve for posterity the story of the Tourjée party, as he calls them, during a sort of excursion trip through Europe that was led by the immortal Cook, the well-known conductor of tourists, and by Dr. Tourjée, who is of some local note as a conductor of music.[1] The gentleman who obliged the author by writing the introduction for him is polite enough to say that "the perusal of this book will be interesting to all readers," — a statement which can in no way be called exact; but that "it will be peculiarly and interestingly suggestive to members of the Tourjée party" is very possible. In the first place, their names are all printed at the end of the book, and there are frequent references to the social charms of Mr. This or Miss That, — a sort of compliment that is calculated to please those who are fortunate enough to receive it.

Possibly a cold public may be indifferent to the humor of the programmes announcing the evening entertainments on shipboard. Here is part of one: —

> Farewell!
> Climaxial Finality
> Exodicious.
> Ambulatations.
> Erudition.
> Resolvatators.

And the rest is of the same nature. As for the body of the book, it is composed of a brief diary of the sight-seeing of the excursionists, together with copious extracts from different guide-books. It is only seldom that this somewhat dreary monotone is broken by the account of the antics of the people themselves, as when, in Zürich, "We observed on our arrival at the Hôtel Belle-Vue a portrait of General Grant in the reception-room, and this circumstance called forth many pleasant expressions. The next morning the ladies of our division prepared a handsome wreath for the brow of the general; and after the portrait had been thus adorned, the party united in giving expression to their patriotism in 'Columbia 's the gem of the ocean,' and in three rousing cheers for the American warrior and ex-president. Further cheers were given for the republic of Switzerland and for the Hôtel Belle-Vue."

In a word, this book is as incomplete a medley of statistics as one often sees. It may possibly serve as a good advertisement for further excursions, by which people shall be taken abroad under the pretense of "musical and literary culture," but really for the emolument of those who take the trouble to plan and supervise the trip. With this the public has nothing to do; the excursionists doubtless got a great deal of pleasure

[1] *A Summer Jaunt through the Old World.* A Record of an Excursion made to and through Europe by the Tourjée Educational Party of 1878. By Luther L. Holden. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

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from their journey, and will enjoy reading about it in print. The general reader, however, has his rights, and if he regards them he will take the warning against this hasty editing of a certain number of diaries. Guide-books and much better books of travel are to be found in every town library.

One cannot help wondering what the French and Belgian foreigners who had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Gibbons[1] abroad thought of her and her omnipresent note-book. In her diary she set down everything that she thought of value; but it would seem as if strict revision, or even slight revision, would have struck out much of trifling importance. With a frankness that outdoes that of the French on their own ground, she reports faithfully her conversation with men and women on all kinds of subjects that are frequently avoided in mixed company in this country, and what she has to say does not warrant her excessive candor.

Moreover, the author's simplicity concerning many customs she observed in France is something in which the world at large can feel but little interest. Why should any one go to the trouble and expense of writing down the bills of fare of the simple dinners mentioned in this book? That asparagus should be eaten cold with oil and vinegar is so astounding to the author that she mentions it twice. The deficient water arrangements of most French houses are continually spoken of, with many superfluous particulars. Perhaps, however, an example will bring the book before the reader better than pages of description. Here are a few lines taken from Mrs. Gibbons's vivid account of her first visit to the Louvre: —

"Above-stairs in the picture-gallery, among the artists at work, are a number of women. There is one young woman who is drawing from Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana in Galilee. She is corseted, and I wonder whether any great work can ever be expected from women who confine the waist. A great artist, too, must be an anatomist, and should understand these things. The reader will please recall the picture of Rosa Bonheur, with her arm over the neck of a bull. Paris, however, it seems to me, is not remarkable for a knowledge of anatomy and physiology in the people at large. Perhaps they have not had popular writers on these subjects, like George and Andrew Combe."

After all, if the book is not taken too seriously, its simplicity will be found entertaining; and it may serve to encourage those who believe that all Americans, and American writers especially, are disgracing themselves by the slavish following of European customs. Here is an American who is pained that she is not "invited to ask any questions" of the pupils of a French school, and mentions as strange "salad dressed with oil and vinegar, without sugar." It will be seen that there are some Americans who are not lovers of the vices of imperialism. These two books would seem to make Martin Chuzzlewit credible.

Mr. Harrison's Spain in Profile[2] is a confusing book, about which it is not easy to make any definite statement. It is certainly free from statistics, and no attempt is made to describe the country. The author has tried to convey to us the impressions made upon him by what he saw in that country without giving us a very definite notion of what it was that he saw. It does not help the reader to be told that "the glory of Andalusia — perhaps the most elegant thing of its kind in the world — is the cathedral of Seville." No definite notion is brought to the mind by the command, "Imagine the radiance streaming from the ninety-three painted windows, five of which are wheels as full of glory as the windows in the Eve of St. Agnes!" Nor is much help given by the statement, "Here are the Scriptures dyed blood-red, purple, and amaranth; it is an incarnation in flesh-tints; it is a Pilgrim's Progress and a martyrology in colors."

[1] *French and Belgians.* By PHEBE EARLE GIBBONS, Author of Pennsylvania Dutch and other Essays. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

[2] *Spain in Profile.* A Summer among the Olives and Aloes. By JAMES ALBERT HARRISON, Author of Greek Vignettes, etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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Few travelers will agree with Mr. Harrison that "Toledo is simply hideous."

Yet it is not so much these statements that will puzzle the reader as it is Mr. Harrison's somewhat turbid eloquence. Here is an example, taken from the account of the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra: "The Court of Lions is the acme of the Alhambra. As the returning Agamemnon was to Klytæmnestra like summer in the winter time, so is this court the most cherished possession of the Arab palace. Without tanks, or gardens, or statues, or the ideal wealth gathered from painting or sculpture, its simple self produces the most enchanting effect. No race of barbarians could have fashioned so perfect a place." It should be said in justice that from this point the description goes on in more temperate language. If the writer could only free himself of the love of "fine writing," and would inexorably cut out all his eloquence, there is no reason why he should not in time write a very good book of travels; but his present overwrought efforts to be picturesque only disturb the effect he is anxious to produce. Reading his book is like looking into a kaleidoscope. The author's introduction of his conversation with the present minister from the United States at Madrid we cannot help looking upon as indiscreet. The criticism of a gentleman's pronunciation can hardly be said to be a proper part of a book of travels. It is evident that Mr. Harrison meant no harm; but a little reflection must convince him that he runs the risk of bearing a dangerous likeness to the professional interviewer, who, after giving a report of his talk with his victim, describes that person's dress, the furniture of his house, and his manners.

Captain John Codman's book [1] about remote, and, one may say, in spite of all that has been written about them, almost unknown, regions of the far West, is in many ways interesting and valuable. The author has undertaken to give the reader information as well as a faithful account of his journeyings by land and water, and he dwells with especial emphasis on the enormous agricultural advantages of the country he visited. The silver and gold mines he passes by with a contempt which experience will probably teach a good many of our fellow citizens before they get through speculating in "bonanzas." On the other hand, the cultivation of the surface of the ground has seldom found a more enthusiastic supporter than Captain Codman. He is probably wise enough, however, not to expect that his advice will have better luck than good advice in general; for as the human race is at present constituted, there are more men who would dig down five hundred feet for a piece of gold than would do a week's farm-work for six months' food.

The book is crammed with the author's views on all kinds of subjects. He has, as is well known, a right-minded detestation of the destruction of American commerce in the interest of certain American builders of iron ships; he exposes briefly, but conclusively, the fallacies — to use a mild word — of those who oppose the Chinese; and he speaks of Mormonism with knowledge and judgment. In short, there is little that he has seen that he has not formed a very definite opinion about, an opinion based on a good deal of experience.

Certainly, no account of the richest mines can be more fascinating reading for a man who knows anything about our arid New England soil than this account of the farms of California, where there is no need, or at least no acknowledged need, of manuring the soil; where the only foe to the crops is an occasional drought, which in many places may be averted by irrigation; and where good years produce harvests such as in the East one does not read about except in the most extravagant advertisements. All of this farming region Captain Codman describes, not at exhaustive length, but intelligibly with picturesque touches, and his practical advice is well worthy

[1] *The Round Trip, by Way of Panama, through California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado.* With Notes on Railroads, Commerce, Agriculture, Mining, Scenery, and People. By John Codman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

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of consideration. The book contains, besides, many amusing stories and good accounts of the travelers' adventures.

Like Mr. Harrison, Mr. Stevenson abjures statistics, and in his little volume[1] he gives us the impression he received while making a little tour on foot and donkey-back rather than anything that may serve as material for a guide-book. His equipment was slight, — far different from that of the ordinary tourist, — and his plan was to make a sort of sentimental journey which should be put to use in making an entertaining book. The author's experiences were at times amusing. His whole trip was one of but one hundred and twenty miles, and was made in the company of a donkey, wraps for sleeping on the ground, and the author's own thoughts. When not taken for a peddler, Mr. Stevenson was looked upon as a miscreant, and more than once he was treated with derision by the peasants, who naturally enough found it hard to understand the reasonableness of the traveler's actions. This amateur nomadism surprised them; they had not read Thoreau.

The most interesting thing in the book is the writer's account of his visit to the Trappist monastery; there he found a hearty welcome and very warm interest in the welfare of his soul. The chapter describing this visit is pleasantly written. In fact, the whole book is pleasantly written, — possibly with a certain amount of consciousness on the part of the writer that he is amusing, and possibly, too, with a little striving after suitable thoughts which shall present a proper mixture of sentimentality and unquenchable cheerfulness; yet these suspicions may more truly mark the baseness of the reader than the fault of the writer. But even at the best, the book is very slight, though with a slightness that many will find agreeable. Humor is always a pleasant thing, and Mr. Stevenson has plenty of it. Then, too, he remembers the work of a humorist of the last century, by name Sterne, and if he follows that much-admired author it shows his wisdom.

It is curious to observe how important a part a donkey plays in the literature of the sentimentalist. Sterne made one and himself immortal by his agile pen; Coleridge hailed one brother; and now Mr. Stevenson comes on with his tribute of affection. It would perhaps be unfair to say that this latest author is a little wearisome and that his humor appears somewhat strained when he writes of his donkey; still it is to be remembered that there is a good deal of presumption in a man's undertaking to write about nothing, or next to nothing, when his real object is to show his own intellectual dexterity. Mr. Stevenson, in our opinion, has not quite succeeded in his endeavor to be as entertaining as he would like. Those who know the author are more likely to enjoy the book than is the public, for the task he has set himself of being gracefully egotistic — a quality which an intimate friend can not only pardon but enjoy — is one that has not been performed by the hand of a master. Still, in spite of these strictures, the book is interesting, and confirms in good part the feeling Mr. Stevenson's less ambitious work has inspired, — that he is a writer of merit.

Mr. William H. Rideing has written a brief but very readable account of his experiences with the Wheeler Exploring Expedition,[2] and he succeeds in leaving us with a very strong regret that his book is not longer than it is. In a few pages he describes a good deal of scenery, and he makes us sympathize with, and laugh over, various forms of misadventure. He does not have time, or probably the desire, to waste much ink in sentimental comments about animals, and he does not promote the neglected mule into a hero of literature, but some of his stories about that useful animal

[1] *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.* By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

[2] *A-Saddle in the Wild West.* A Glimpse of Travel among the Mountains, Lava-Beds, Sand Deserts, Adobe Towns, Indian Reservations, and Ancient Pueblos of Southern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. By WILLIAM H. RIDEING, attached to the Geographical Surveys and Explorations West of the One Hundredth Meridian, in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, during the Field Seasons of 1875 and 1876. New York: D. Appleton & Co 1879

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are certainly amusing. Closely related to this part of the book is his description of some wild denizens of the Southwest whom he had for companions during a stage drive of fifty-three hours.

Miss Betham-Edwards's book [1] takes the reader to a very different part of the world, and it would be hard to find a greater contrast than that between the savage land with its more savage inhabitants that Mr. Rideing describes and the civilization of Eastern France. Her excursion took her off from the beaten track of tourists into a country that would seem in every way charming, and it will be singular if her description of what she saw does not tempt many to follow in her footsteps. France is little known to travelers, and every book on the provinces is pretty sure to add a considerable amount to the general store of knowledge. Miss Betham-Edwards has done her share in a very attractive way. Her book is decidedly entertaining.

Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers [2] is a most original and piquant little book of travel. Four young Englishmen, with a theoretic fifth, who never appears in the flesh, but with whom they divide the expenses of their tour, navigate some of the chief rivers of France in an outrigger, built for the purpose, and meet with an abundance of those trivially gleeful adventures which never come to anybody save healthy and happy young men. Where they are charitably assured by the natives that certain destruction awaits them, they go. Where navigation is positively not to be thought of, they land and shoulder their boat. When they are capsized, they gracefully swim ashore. When their slender craft is laid up for repairs, they make excursions into the country, attend fairs and fêtes, and shed the light of their immense good humor upon all manner of shadowy historic spots. The learning revealed in the guide-book department of this brisk narrative is not deep, but it is sufficient. The wit recorded is not of the highest order, but it has the merit of being extremely laughable, which wit of the highest order frequently fails to be. Our versatile oarsmen sketch, they sing, they drop into poetical translation. One of them studies Ollendorff in some very odd minutes, and applies the knowledges which he snatches thus with an abandon really delicious. When they are drying their garments at a hotel in Rouen, after their principal upset, Bow, the devotee of Ollendorff, tells the tale of the shipwreck to a stately old general of artillery, and thus concludes: "Et nous étions quarante-cinq minuits dans l'eau!"

"Comment, monsieur," asked the amazed general, "quarante-cinq minuits?"

"Oui, oui" (pointing to Stroke), "demandez-lui, vous-même! Un très-beaucoup temps, n'est-ce pas?"

"Quarante-cinq minuits," murmured the old officer at intervals throughout the evening. "Diable! il a raison, c'est bien longtemps."

The compiler of these merry memoirs has been remarkably successful in adopting a descriptive style, in which fragmentary jottings, vivid as if made, as they very likely were, upon the spot, take the place of formal sentences, and produce an effect wonderfully like that of the landscape "notes" of a clever artist. For example: "We lunched in a very pretty spot. An island of poplars and silver sand, with coloring of dark rock. The spire of a church and part of a little hamlet stole out opposite from a wood. The first *blanchisseuses* we had seen for some time at work upon the beach," etc. But his chief literary excellence appears, after all, in his conversations, which are wonderfully simple, sprightly, and veracious, and suggest an unused and uncommon aptitude for dramatic writing.

A new edition of Mr. Curtis's pleasant book [3] contains a chapter not heretofore given, on a dramatic dance of Jap-

[1] *Holidays in Eastern France.* By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of Kitty, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[2] *Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers.* By J. L. Molloy. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

[3] *Dottings Round the Circle.* By Benj. Robbins Curtis. Sixth Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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anese girls; a translation from Iasi; an essay on the curious Chinese superstition Fung-Shui, and some minor matters. The essay on Fung-Shui is compiled from lectures delivered at Hong-Kong by Professor Eitel, and is a very interesting study of an obscure branch of demonology. Fung-Shui is explained as the influence of the *genius loci* for good or evil, and again as the vague effort of the Chinese mind to construct a science of nature, or a theory of the universe. The translation from Iasi is the rendering of a poetical inscription on an odd sort of wooden keg, much used in Japan to carry the wine and provision of travelers: it is imbued with the simple, delicate, and somewhat plaintive fancy of that strange race. "O keg, thou art carried by travelers from place to place at all seasons. Thy presence fills my mind with pleasant images. In the early spring, through the waving branches of the willow-trees, I hear the warbling nightingale. In summer the cool breeze gently wafts away the fog, and the sight of bamboos refreshes my eyes. In the autumn I see the bright moon shining in her full orb, and smoke wreathing upwards from a peasant's humble cot. In the winter I see families gathered cosily at the fireside, while the blinding snow beats upon the roof." This is the sentiment of a race which loves nature and has homes.

We are again struck, in looking over Mr. Curtis's volume, with the usefulness and agreeableness of setting down in plain, unambitious terms the ordinary traveler's experiences, and of refraining from the customary attempts to droll or to philosophize these experiences.

ASSORTED AMERICANISMS.

THERE are folk, scientific folk, whose joy of labor is to collect, to arrange, to name, and to index. They seem to think that when they have gathered together many things or many facts, and then have put by themselves those having a certain likeness, — for instance, all the beetles that have backs or horns alike, all the leaves that have edges alike, or all the words that have a beginning, an end, or a middle alike, and have given the beetles, or the leaves, or the words a name (generally a Latin one, meaning merely in Latin what any one with half an eye would see at a glance, — that the beetles have backs and horns of such a color or such a shape, or that the leaves have such or such edges, or the words such or such beginnings, middles, or endings), — when they have done this, I say, these folk seem to think that they have been very scientific and have greatly enlarged the boundaries of knowledge. The truth is, however, that they have learned nothing at all but that there are some things, more or fewer, which have a certain likeness, more or less; and they have done nothing but to put these things into a pigeon-hole — their Latin name — for convenient reference. Their labor has a certain value in that it makes real study easier. It corresponds to the getting together a library, and classifying and cataloguing it. But this a man may do as well as it can be done; he may know where every book stands; indeed, he may be able to tell you in what press and on what shelf in every other great library all the important books stand, as Mezzofanti could, and he may be as barren of ideas born of those books as Mezzofanti was himself. And nothing is added to knowledge, nor is any stimulus given to thought, by calling beetles "coleoptera," a figure of speech an "aposiopesis," or a word "an agential." So much of so-called science consists in merely giving a learned name to

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common knowledge, sometimes to ignorance!

In fact, science has become an intellectual fetish, and *scientific* a cant word of high pretension. A very recent use of it in England, "a scientific frontier" is somewhat puzzling. "Happily the warnings of the last campaigns have not been neglected, and the advantages of our scientific frontier will, we trust, become apparent." (The Examiner, London, September 13, 1879.) — "and retire, either within our own proper boundaries, the boundaries fixed by nature to India; or, if official pride will have it so, within the line now called the scientific frontier." (The London Spectator, September 13, 1879.) Now what a natural frontier is, or a military frontier, we all know; but what else a scientific frontier is, it would, I think, puzzle the inventor of the phrase to make clear to commonsense. It seems to be mere cant, either born of the scientific craze of the day, or craftily adapted to the humor of its complacent victims.

Americanisms in speech might of course be collected, and classified and named "scientifically." They have been so classified, — as Indian, Foreign (that is, Dutch, French, Spanish, German, Negro, and Chinese), Western, Religious, Political, Trading, Seafaring, Railway, etc. The result, however, of this classification seems to me to have been misleading to the ingenious writer who made it. One effect of such treatment of a subject by a "specialist" is to lead him to an ambitious endeavor to enlarge his various departments, and to make all fish that comes to his net. For, turning to the classification just referred to, we find that the number of true words of "Indian" origin is so small that they would make a poor show in a "work" upon the subject; and therefore we have the names of all the birds and beasts and fishes and trees and shrubs peculiar to the country dragged in as "Americanisms" of "Indian" origin; and a like omnivorous indiscrimination appears in the filling up the ranks of the other classes.

A classification of so-called Americanisms might be adopted which would be something like the following: —

(1.) Words and phrases of "American" origin.

(2.) Perverted English words.

(3.) Obsolete English words commonly used in "America."

(4.) English words "American" by inflection or modification.

(5.) Sayings of "American" origin.

(6.) Vulgarisms, cant, and slang.

(7.) Words brought by colonists from the continent of Europe.

(8.) Names of "American" things.

(9.) Individualisms.

(10.) Doubtful and miscellaneous.

All words and phrases that could by the largest and most liberal use of the term be called Americanisms may, I believe, be properly ranked in one of these classes. Now it happens that the list under the letter L in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary affords good examples of each class, besides those which cannot be called Americanisms at all; and I shall consider them in this manner.

(1.) WORDS OF AMERICAN ORIGIN.

Of these there could not be a more thoroughly characteristic example than *loafer*. Of course the noun implies the verb *to loaf* and the abstract noun *loaferishness*, with the adjective *loafer-like*. The root word, which in this case is the noun, has been adopted in England not merely as American slang, but as a useful contribution to the language. To loaf is something other than to lounge. A loafer is a low, vagabondish lounger. A gentleman may lounge as he may *flâner;* but a gentleman may not loaf. An elaborate setting forth of the contrary by a Philadelphia newspaper, which is quoted at length by Mr. Bartlett, needs no refutation. The origin of the word is very uncertain. It has been suggested that it is the German *laufer* = a runner, and also that it comes from the Spanish *gallofero* = a wandering beggar. But *loafer* is a word of New York origin, and it came into vogue there long before there were any Germans in the town, other than such transient or sporadic denizens as may be found in any large com-

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mercial place. The word was not uncommon in the New York newspapers of more than forty years ago. The time of its birth is against its suggested German origin; and the place is equally against its otherwise not very probable Spanish derivation. I believe that it is simply a corruption of *low feller*, which, becoming naturally and easily in speech *low-f'er*, was, when it came to be written by those who knew its sound and its meaning, but not its etymology, spelled *loafer*. It is worthy of remark that although words beginning with the letter L occupy thirty-five of Mr. Bartlett's octavo pages, this word is the only one of "American" origin among them.

(2.) PERVERTED ENGLISH WORDS.

The worst "Americanisms" are those which are perversions of good English words. They are also the most numerous of those words and phrases which may with any propriety be called "Americanisms." Of such there could not be in any way a better example than *lumber* = sawed timber. The proper meaning of *lumber* is, cumbrous and refuse articles which are hindrances unless they are put away; whence all large dwelling-houses have a lumber-room. In its legitimate sense the word is a very useful one, and expresses what is meant by no other; for lumber is different from rubbish; and, on the other hand, *timber*, meaning wood for building houses or ships, is so good a word that no other is needed in its place. But *lumber*, meaning timber, is so rooted in our commercial speech that there is no hope of its displacement. The perversion of the meaning of this word is probably due to the huge disorder of a timber-cutting place and of a timber-yard. Some one called the heaps of logs and beams and planks lumber, and the expression "took" and was continued among slovenly speakers, until it has pervaded half a continent. The perversion of one word is sure to injure that one, and is apt to injure and even to destroy another. The perversion of *lumber* has not only injured that word, but has almost driven *timber* out of use.

Loan used as a verb is an Americanism. A loan is that which is lent. There is no reason for substituting this noun for the good English verb *lend*. The doing so is an Americanism in language, although Todd found the word so used by two little-known English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These examples, however, are merely of misuse, which of course may occur in one country as well as in another; but the turning of the misuse into common usage is "American."

Lay, in the sense of the conditions of bargain, is, I believe, an Americanism. But I should not be much surprised at the production of evidence to the contrary; for this sense of the word is quite in keeping with its etymological signification. It is akin to the sense which the word has in the phrase, "on this lay;" for I cannot agree with Mr. Bartlett in regarding it as being probably a contraction of *outlay*. The idea conveyed by it is more abstract than that of a sum of money expended. Of course, wherever it originated, it cannot be regarded as good English; but the perversion is quite as likely to have occurred among incorrect speakers in one country as in the other, and the sense attached to it seems to me to smack of lower-class English trade.

Likely, if it is used to mean respectable, worthy of esteem, sensible, as our dictionary says it is, must be set down among the Americanisms by perversion. But I do not remember ever having heard or read it as used in that sense. I have been accustomed to hearing it from my youth up in New England and New York, from all sorts and conditions of men; and I do not remember having ever heard it used with any other meaning than handsome, well made, pleasing to the eye. A likely woman, a likely man, meaning a fine, healthy, proper woman or man, but not necessarily pretty or handsome in the face. This is the true English sense.

(3.) OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

Lam. I do not know exactly how to classify this word. It certainly is not

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of "American" origin, and as certainly it is not in use in this country except as a low colloquialism. On the other hand, it is a word of long and respectable usage in English literature. For example: —

"Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten,
One whose dull body will require a *lengthing*
As surfeits to the diet, spring and fall."[1]
(Beaumont and Fletcher, A King and No King, Act V., Sc. 3.)

"*Gage.* Whilst each man can toss off his own bouse.
Mump. And kiss his own or another's wench on his own straw.
Scrip. Without danger of being *lam'd*."
(Coffey, The Beggar's Wedding, Act I., Sc. 3.)

— "to others again he unjoynted the spondyles or knuckles of the neck, disfigur'd their chaps, gashed their faces, made their cheeks hang flapping on their chins, and so swinged and *belammed* them that they fell down before him like hay before a mower." (Urquhart's trans. of Rabelais, ed. 1694, vol. i. chap. xxvii.)

We thus see that this word, instead of being merely "provincial in Yorkshire," as our dictionary informs us that it is, has long had a recognized place, although not a high one, in English literature. It is very rarely heard here, even as a low colloquialism. It is not properly an Americanism at all; but if it had any place in our classification, it would be as an obsolete English word preserved in use here.

(4.) ENGLISH WORDS AMERICAN BY INFLECTION OR MODIFICATION.

Lengthy. By the common suffix *y*, meaning filled with, or having the nature of, *length* has been made into *lengthy*, which is a perfectly normal and legitimate English word, belonging to a large class, of which *health-y*, *wealth-y*, *bulk-y*, and *earth-y* are examples. Still the adjective is of American origin. Mr. Lowell, in the introduction to the second series of the Biglow Papers, says that "we have given back to England the excellent adjective *lengthy*;" but with all Mr. Lowell's aquaintance with English literature, he could not (or I am much in error) produce one instance of the use of *lengthy* in a book printed in England before the eighteenth century. As to the word itself, I doubt its excellence. Its only claim to reception is that, in the words of Lord Harrowby, it imports what is tedious as well as long; and that sense is much better expressed by the word *longsome*, which is of the kindred of *wearisome* and *wholesome* and *fulsome* and *gladsome* and *lonesome*. And *longsome* has not only this expressiveness and this analogy in its favor, but it has the support of the best usage in English literature, as may be seen by consulting Richardson, who gives these instances of its use: —

"They have had so little mercy of him as to put him to the penance of their *longsome* volume." (Bishop Hall, Defence of the Humble Remonstrance.)

"Here from the labours of the *longsome* way
Respiring, they indulge a short delay."
(Lewis's Statius's Thebaid.)

And here are examples of it in royal use, and also of another unfamiliar word, *foulsome*, made in the same way: —

"Which bringing home and guiding back
The daies and nights againe,
Be wrathfull now with me, reguides
My *longsum* woe and paine."
(King James I., The Furies, l. 5.)

"The guts of sheepe; whome in the place
Of *longsome* bleating still,
They after bend their death make on
A sweet lute speake at will."
(The same, l. 168.)

"To fill her *foulsome* guts, to eat
Her guts she doth not spare."
(The same, l. 534.)

(5.) SAYINGS OF "AMERICAN" ORIGIN.

Among these are "the last of pea time," a most happy and picturesque phrase, as every one knows who has seen the draggled vines and sallow pods that hang forlorn upon the half-bare, ragged brush; "level best" and "the little end of the horn," which need no explanation; "to lie around loose," in which the Americanism is chiefly in the use of *around* for *about*; "to lift his hair," that is, scalp, although this is rather local and low to be received under this class; and "lock, stock, and barrel," meaning the whole, which it is

[1] It will be seen that in this one passage of three lines and a half we have two alleged Americanisms; the second being *fall*.

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strange that our much-shooting and much-fighting English cousins left for us to invent.

(6.) VULGARISMS, CANT, AND SLANG.

Such are "let her rip," "let her went," "lickety split," "lickety cut," "liquor up," "long sass," "go it with a looseness," "lie around loose," "like Sam Hill," and "loco-foco." But such trivial and meaningless and ephemeral phrases as these are might much better be omitted from a Dictionary of Americanisms. They are, most of them, of the lowest vulgarity; but their vulgarity is a secondary consideration. Vulgarity and grossness are not unfrequently conjoined with humor and raciness and satire, so closely united that the elements are inseparable. Slang and vulgar phrases and (but very rarely) cant are sometimes double-shotted with coarse fun and fine significance; and when they are so they are taken into general service, and do duty for which they were not molded. Phrases of this sort may well be recorded in a glossary of the daily speech of a people; indeed, such a collection would be very incomplete without them. But the childish emptiness of such phrases as "lickety split" and the mere vulgarity of "liquor up" (which needs no explanation, has no hidden or humorous sense, and is as plain as "to fire up," "to wood up," "to stone up," being like them made upon a model recognized as idiomatic in English) should exclude them from all dictionaries except such as are intended exclusively as records of the vulgar triviality of the day.

(7.) WORDS FROM THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

English as spoken in "America" contains, or rather is mixed with, words and phrases from the languages of Continental Europe. But the same may be said of English as spoken in England. It is almost needless to mention such words and phrases as *soirée, matinée, renaissance, à la mode, al fresco, sierra*, etc., which are common to speakers and writers in both countries. (It is very significant that with all our German immigration there is not a single German phrase current among us.) These have either been caught by English people in casual inter-course with those to whom they are vernacular, or they have been brought into common use by the deliberate adoption of them by English writers. In reckoning our examples under this head, we must therefore be careful to take in only such words of French, or Spanish, or Italian origin as are used in the common speech and writing of the United States exclusively.

Such a word, for example, is *lariat*, meaning the rope of raw-hide with which cattle are caught and tethered, which, although a mere prairie word and almost technical, may perhaps be correctly regarded as an Americanism in speech. But such is not *lasso*, which is also given in the Bartlett dictionary; for *lasso* is as common in British literature, where hunting or herding wild cattle is the subject, as it is in "American" literature of a like sort. Indeed, it is far from certain that *lasso* was not used first by British writers. I believe that it was.

Of foreign words which are properly Americanisms, *levee* is well known in its two senses: first, as the name of the dikes by which the Mississippi is artificially banked; next, that extraordinary one in which it used to mean an evening party at the White House! This is almost as bad as Sam Weller's invitation to a "*swarry consistin' of a biled leg of mutton* with the usual trimmins." The use of the word in this sense is, I believe, rapidly passing away, if it has not already disappeared. It is worthy of attention only as an illustration of the way in which language is perverted, which is almost always by a misapprehension of the real meaning of words by those who catch them from their superiors in education and breeding. An accident of the reality is taken for the reality. Thus *lever*, meaning to rise, and a great man's or a great lady's morning reception at the time of rising being called a *lever*, the word was mistaken to mean the assembly itself, or, in the old phrase, the

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"party;" and hence the ludicrous misapplication of it to an evening party.

Lève, pronounced *lave*, and meaning rise, get up, is another word of this class, and is of kindred to the foregoing. It is the imperative of *lever*, and has been carried from the mouth of the Mississippi northwestward to the prairies, where only it is heard. It is hardly an Americanism, for it is no part of current "American" speech, and would not be understood except among prairie rangers.

Llano (adj.), meaning level, and hence a plain, a prairie, cannot, however, be properly classed under this heading. For it is in use only among the Spaniards and half-breeds, and their companions on the borders of New Mexico and the extreme Southwest, where Spanish is as well understood, and almost as much spoken, as it is in Mexico itself. The language of such people belongs to no particular nation or race. To the mass of the American people *llano* is as foreign and as meaningless as any other Spanish word. To *loma*, the Spanish for a ridge of hills, the same objection applies.

(8.) NAMES OF "AMERICAN" THINGS.

These have no proper place among Americanisms, as I have sufficiently insisted heretofore. They are not Americanisms, simply because any writer or speaker, of whatever race or language, who wishes to mention the things must use the names. It may be well, however, to see how long a list of such things is set forth in our Dictionary of Americanisms under a single initial letter. It is: Labrador tea, an herb of which tea is made in the Northwest; lacrosse, a Canadian game; ladies' tresses, an herb; Lafayette fish, said to be a delicious sea-fish well known in New York, but of which I never heard, and about which I can learn nothing; lamb-kill, and lamb's-quarter, both herbs; lake lawyer, another fish; leather-wood, a shrub; lever-wood, a plant; loblolly bay and loblolly pine trees; log cabin; log canoe; long moss, a parasite vegetable; salt-lick. Now if these names were applied to things which in England were known by other names; if, for example, in "America" cricket were called lacrosse, if woodbine were called ladies' tresses, and trout were called Lafayette fish, and so forth, these latter words would be Americanisms; but as it is, they are not isms of any sort. They are merely names which must be used by all people in speaking of the objects to which they belong.

(9.) INDIVIDUALISMS.

It not very rarely happens that a word is made by a writer for his own use, and that by accident, irrespective of the worth of the word or its propriety, it is never used by any other writer than himself, and perhaps that it is used by him only once. If the maker of such a word were what is called an "American," the eager hunter after Americanisms would be sure, if he lighted upon the word, to set it down in his list; for Don Giovanni not more eagerly would add one more to his catalogue of a thousand and three Spanish beauties. But such a word is not an Americanism, although it is made in "America." For it is plain that a word cannot be a part of the language of a country unless it passes into use among its speakers or its writers. Such words are mere "individualisms" (I do not like the term), and belong to no country and to no people. Among such words are *to line*, meaning to fish with a line, and *to seine*, meaning to fish with a seine, which it seems have been used by the author of a book on the fishes of Massachusetts. Mr. Bartlett has lighted upon them, and has set them down in his dictionary. He might with equal reason describe a personal trait peculiar to the writer in question, and send that forth to the world labeled as an "American" trait. I do not mean to imply that *to line* and *to seine* are not good verbs; for to use any simple noun in a verbal sense is very English. My remarks are entirely irrespective of the merits or the demerits of the words. But I cannot so indifferently pass over *to logicize*, meaning to use logic, that is, to reason, — another "individualism," which Mr. Bart-

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lett records as having been used by Professor Tappan in the preface to his Elements of Logic. It is with reluctance that I say there seems to me no reason or justification for this word; because I own with pleasure my indebtedness to Professor Tappan's personal instructions in my college days. All the more I wish that he had remained content, as he was then content, with *to reason*. And even he writes, "the faculty which reasons, or logicizes." It is to be hoped that *logicize* will never become a naturalized word-citizen of the United States of North America. *Syllogize* is old enough, indeed, in good usage; but the two words differ in kind no less than in sound. Logic is an art; a syllogism is a thing, an implement of that art. *Syllogism* requires the indefinite article, when it is not definitive; *logic* does not admit it: for example, a bad syllogism, but not a bad logic; although we say, a philosophy. The question as to *logicize*, however, may be merely one of taste.

(10.) DOUBTFUL AND MISCELLANEOUS AMERICANISMS.

First in this class I should place the common word *lot*, meaning a plot of ground, or what is called in deeds and mortgages a parcel of land. That *lot* in this sense is of "American" origin I can neither admit nor deny. But I certainly do feel myself in a position to say that the assertion in our dictionary that this use of the word is "peculiar to this country" is incorrect. The supposed original meaning of the word, a place or a piece of ground assigned by lot, is certainly in favor of the alleged "American" origin of the use of the word in the sense in question. But it is not decisive, for there is in Chapman's translation of Homer, which was made before there were any Americanisms, or any "Americans," a passage in which Jupiter speaks of Hades as "the black lot" which came into possession of Pluto.[1] Moreover, it is eminently worthy of consideration that the word in this sense was freely used by men who were English by birth and breeding in the very earliest years of English colonial life in this country, and that it was so used in the mother country as well as in the colony. For example:—

"For although they have taken new plots of ground, and built houses upon them, yet doe they retaine their old houses still, and repaire to them every Sabbath day; neyther doe they esteem their old *lots* worse than when they first took them: what if they doe not plant on them every yeare?" (Wood's New England's Prospects, pp. 12, 13, ed. 1634.)[2]

As far back as A. D. 1632, in the records of Cambridge, Massachusetts, — then called Newtown, — there is mention of the "home *lot*" of John White, afterwards known as Elder John White, a gentleman without whose presence there these papers on Americanisms would not have been written. The same stern Church of England Puritan having removed to Connecticut because of religious dissensions which he himself fomented, and having acquired land both in Hartford and in Hadley, we find in the town records of the latter place, under date A. D. 1659, that he had among other property "one *house lott* containing eight acres more or less as it lyes." And there was a Matthew Grant who came to New England in the same ship with this John White, and who went also with him to Connecticut, one of whose descendants is somewhat known to the world at the present day, who says of himself:—

"And if any question my uprightness and legal acting about our town affairs that I have been employed in, measuring of land and getting out of *lots* of men, which have been done by me from our first beginning here come next Sept. is 40 yere," etc., etc. (Testimony of Matthew Grant, April 21, 1675, concerning lands in dispute, etc., Archives of Hartford.)

It would seem that Matthew, like his

[1] I wrote out this passage long ago, and I have seen my memorandum within a month in my bulging "Bartlett." To my surprise, I cannot find it; but I hold myself responsible for its production.

[2] William Wood went to New England in 1629, returned home in 1633, and published New England's Prospects at London the next year.

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descendant Ulysses, was much confided in by his countrymen, but also that, like him, he did not escape calumny.

In the translation of Plutarch's Lives called Dryden's, published in 1703, in the Life of Lycurgus, translated by Mr. Knightly Chetwood, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is the following passage in regard to the division of the country of Laconia: —

"Some authors say that he made but six thousand *lots* for the citizens of Sparta, and that King Polydore added three thousand more." (Vol. i. p. 143.)

Here *lot* plainly does not mean either that which falls by lot, or an allotment, but a piece or parcel of something which is divided; and that in this case to a Fellow of King's College at that period it meant a patch of ground is shown by the following passage on the same page: —

"A *lot* was so much as to yield one year with another about seventy bushels of grain [not "corn," Mr. Bartlett] for the master of the family, and twelve for his wife, with a suitable proportion of oil and wine."

In later days the use of the word in this sense, so far from being peculiar to this country, has been common in England both in books and in the best periodical literature, as will appear by the following passages: —

"Let death be welcome: seemly 't is in combat for one's country
To die, if need be; but his wife and children safe behind him,
And *house and lot* inviolate abide, whene'er the Achaians
Back to their native land beloved depart upon their galleys."
(Newman's Translation of the Iliad, Book XV., l. 496.)

"It was not the princes of the tribes, the men with vast herds, or it may be *lots* in the cities of refuge, who betook themselves to the cave, but the discontented, distressed people who did not inhabit, much less own, the Belgravia of the day." (London Spectator, March 24, 1866.)

— "presenting the sort of aspect a new colonial settlement may be supposed to exhibit when the *building lots* are beginning to be taken up, with long intervals between them." (Robert Bell, The New Play House, Once a Week, December 3, 1859.)

These passages refer to building lots; indeed, the "house and lot" of Newman's Iliad reads like an extract from the advertisement of a "real-estate agent." But the lots in the following passages are such lots as Yankee farmers plow and Yankee boys "cut across:"

"In the Northern and Eastern Ridings the hay harvest was commenced last week. . . . Several *lots* mown last week are now in stack, the hot sun and drying wind making the grass into hay in twenty-four hours." (London Times, date lost.)

"'Byrne should vote, or give up his *lot*.'

"'Then,' said Byrne, 'I will give up my *lot;* but if I vote, I 'll vote for Pryor.'" (Maxwell Drewit, chap. vii.)

Numberless examples even more to the purpose might be easily found in the current English literature of the day. To the foregoing I shall add only the following, which have a bearing upon the real meaning of the word as originally used: —

"In January, 1829, the heir at law of E. Buttersbee and the assignees of W. G. Morris sold off the property *in lots*." (J. C. M. Bellew, Shakespeare's House, Lond. 1863, page 23.)

— "the trustees of Lucy Smith, under her will, sold the *lot* A to Mr. David Rice, surgeon." (The same, page 25.)

"Mr. Leyton then settled the whole of the remainder of *lots* B and C to himself for life." (The same, page 25.)

These passages, in connection with that from the translation of Plutarch and that from the archives of Hartford, do not favor the assumption that lots of land in New England were so called because they fell to the lot of this or that person. It would seem rather that the land was divided into lots or parcels, and that these were distributed, not by chance, but by the agency and according to the judgment of such men as the forefather of General Grant, who had had that business upon his hands "this 40 yere." In this sense *lot* is certainly

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not an Americanism, either by origin, or, as we have seen, by peculiar usage, although it is more common here than it is in England.

Locate is an unlovely companion of *lot* in the doubtfulness of its nationality. It seems to have made its appearance in the last quarter of the last century, and whether first in England or in "America," it would be unsafe to say; and that question, indeed, is of very little consequence. The difference of a few years one way or the other, on such a point, is of no importance. Since that time it has been used in both countries more or less, but more in America, where it is much in favor with those who speak the worst English. It is an Americanism by a certain use, if not by origin. I shall neither deny nor admit that it may have some peculiar and useful function of narrow limits; but as it and its cognate words, *location*, *locality*, and *localize*, are generally used, they are pretentious superfluities. Worst of all is *locality*, which might be tolerated in an abstract sense (like *sublimity*, *profanity*), but which when used as a big substitute for *place*, *seat*, *site*, *country*, *neighborhood*, *region*, or *situation* is ridiculous. Think of an English-speaking man who wished to express any one of those ideas taking an adjective like *local*, and tacking the suffix *ty* upon it, to make a noun with which he may say his say! The worthy place of the word is in such mouths as that into which it is put in the following characteristic contribution to the funny column of a Western newspaper, and such speakers always use it: —

"His chin whiskers had n't been trimmed for years, and his pants had a careworn look at the knees; but he was a wide-awake old chap, and when he heard two or three other passengers on the car talking about the late frosts and asserting that they had never seen anything like such weather for the middle of May, he began: —

"'Gentlemen, on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell to the depth of fourteen inches in this *locality*.'

"They looked at him very much as if they doubted it, when he rose up, pulled a paper from his pocket, and read: —

"'State of Michigan, county of Wayne, ss. Personally appeared before me Peter Clark, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell in this *locality* to the depth of fourteen inches, so help him God. John Doe, Notary Public.'

"He folded and replaced the document, and looking around him with pity and contempt depicted on his face he remarked, —

"'I 'd either let the weather alone, or I 'd swear to it.'

"They let it alone."

It will be seen that this use of *locality* is entirely different from that in the following passage: "Something of the kind would, sooner or later, have arisen, it may be, elsewhere; but its *locality* came to be determined partly by the accidental existence of certain eager and courageous men," etc. (The London Spectator, September 13, 1879.) Here *locality* does not stand for *place* or *situation*, *locus in quo*. Its meaning is more abstract. In passages like the following, from the London Times, — "Mr. Stephenson has bequeathed by his will a sum amounting to 25,000*l.* to various public institutions *located* chiefly in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the vicinity of which he was born," — *located* takes the place which would be better filled by *situated*. Observe that the writer who uses *located* also says that Mr. Stephenson was born in the vicinity of Newcastle, instead of in its neighborhood. His work was at least of a piece. *Locate* without an object, as "I don't think I shell *locate* previous to the depot's bein' built," "I expect he *located* in Oshkosh or vicinity last fall," is a word to shudder at, and is, I believe, thoroughly "American." The men who used *lot* did very well without *locate*: for example, "for he being once seated and quietly settled, his increase comes in double." (Wood, New England's Prospects, ed. 1634, p. 218.) In any sense *locate* is a word which a man who knows and loves good English will be likely to eschew.

Lope, meaning a long, easy gallop, is

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also among the doubtful Americanisms. It is a colloquialism the use of which is so confined to the West that eastward of the Niagara it would not be understood by one person in a thousand; and it therefore has hardly a rightful place among Americanisms, even if it is of "American" origin. That it is a contraction of *gallop*, as Mr. Bartlett assumes, I cannot believe. That the last syllable of that word, *lup*, should be taken and extended into *lope* is not the normal course of language. Much more probably it might be a corruption of the Low Dutch *loopen*, to run. But that word would hardly prevail at the West, and be unheard in New York and its neighborhood. And when we consider that *lop* is the old English word for a flea, and that *lope* and *lopen* are both old forms of the preterite of *leap*, we may well at least be cautious about assigning to the Western *lope* any other than an English origin. Like *human*, it may well have disappeared from England and the old English colonies here to reappear in the far West.

But as the negro in counting the stock in a swine yard found one little pig that would n't stay still long enough to be counted, so I find many words under the letter L which I cannot classify, and which I shall remark upon merely in their order. Almost without exception, they are words which are in no proper sense of the term Americanisms.

Lager-beer, for example: what reason is there for regarding this word as American in any way? True, the beer has been introduced here by the Germans, and the name accompanies the thing. But so *meerschaum* and *sauerkraut* have been introduced: are they, or rather the names of them, Americanisms? There is now an effort to introduce lager-beer into England; if it succeeds, will the name cease to be an Americanism, or will it be a Teutonism? It is neither; it is simply a name, — the name of a very good thing, which, by the way, is now made here, and chiefly in Toledo and in Milwaukee, better than it is made in Germany, as the Germans themselves admit.

And how is *lagoon* an Americanism? It means not only the sounds and long, shallow channels between the islands or sand rifts and the main on our southern sea-coast, but any great, shallow water or marsh. It is used by all English writers who have occasion to mention the thing, and is spelled *lagune* as often as *lagoon*. Its connection with *lacus* and *lake* is manifest.

Lame duck and *dead duck*, meaning a ruined stock-jobber, Mr. Bartlett himself tells us are "as old as the London Stock Exchange." With what semblance of reason, then, do they appear in his dictionary! No fact can be more certain than that they never have been "regarded as peculiar to the United States." I remark upon these cases of obvious introduction of words which have no "American" character, because it is my purpose to show that injury has been done by the presentation of this enormous glossary as a vocabulary of "American" speech.

Landscapist, attributed to the New York Tribune, is as common, almost, in English art criticism of the day as *landscape* itself; and *land shark*, a sailor's name for the men on shore who prey upon him, is almost as old as the British Jack tar. We shall next have Shylock's land rats and water rats set forth as Americanisms.

Lathy, which needs no definition, is an example not only of a thoroughly English word in common use in England, but of a word which, whether it happened to be first used in Australia, or in England, or in New England, could be nothing else than English. There being the noun *lath*, the adjective *lathy* follows it as a matter of course, to be used by any English-speaking man without a thought whether it had ever been used before.

Laws, laws-a-me, law sakes, and *law suz* are corruptions or euphemisms. In all such phrases *law* stands for *Lord;* and the change in the word is as common in England as it is here among a corresponding class of speakers, as every reader of English plays and novels knows. *Laws-a-me* is "Lord have mercy upon me." As well might *good-by*, which is

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"God be with ye," be reckoned among Americanisms. Mr. Bartlett gives "law *suds*" instead of "law *suz*" as the contracted euphemism of "Lord save us." I have never heard the former, and have often heard the latter; and indeed there is no good phonological reason for the introduction of the *d*, — rather the contrary.

Lay for *lie*, as "I shall lay down," "He laid there a good while," is a vulgar error which, as Mr. Bartlett rightly says, is equally common in England and in the United States. Why, then, does it appear in this dictionary! It is merely bad English. I have sufficiently remarked upon this solecism in Words and their Uses, and have there pointed out the distinction between the two verbs which are so often confused. It is a point which is well worth the attention of speakers who are not quite sure of their English.

To lay on thick, meaning to flatter. It was, I presume, because this phrase was usually regarded in Shakespeare's time as peculiar to the United States that Celia says, "That was laid on with a trowel." Mr. Bartlett may rest assured that "to lay it on" and "to lay it on thick" are more commonly used in England than they are here to express any sort of demonstrative excess in speech, flattery or other.

Lean-to is an example of a good English compound word, of which the more we have the better. No one needs to be told that it means a small addition made to a house by setting up beams and planks which lean to it. It is of English origin, and is recognized even by architects. Yet here it is set forth as an Americanism! Every boy who has read Robinson Crusoe knows better.

"The outer circuit was cover'd as a *lean-to* all round this inner apartment, and long rafters lay from two and thirty angles to the top of the posts," etc. (Robinson Crusoe, page 411, ed. 1866.)

But as if it were not enough that this common English word should be labeled as an Americanism, and although Pickering's remark is cited, that it is generally pronounced *linter* in New England (as indeed it would inevitably be pronounced by slovenly speakers anywhere), we have *linter* itself actually given afterwards as a separate word. Anything to swell the catalogue of Americanisms!

Let slide. This picturesque phrase having been given in the early editions of the dictionary, Mr. Lowell pointed out examples of its use among the Elizabethan writers, and it also appears in Gower's Confessio Amantis. It should seem that thereupon in the next edition of the dictionary the phrase would have been omitted. But no, it is retained, and Mr. Lowell's citations are quoted by way of illustration. "Let her slide" is not very elegant English; but it is no more an Americanism than *fall* is for autumn.

Lift. A kind of rude gate, or short, movable barrier, which must be lifted instead of being swung, is called a lift in England, and also in New England. There are unimportant varieties in its construction in both countries. Neither the thing nor the name of it is peculiarly "American." Indeed, such a use of the verb as a noun is characteristically English, and was inevitable in the case of things that were made either to be lifted or to lift. Thus what is generally called in America, with imposing elegance, an elevator is in England called a lift. Now *elevator* in this sense *is* an Americanism, and a poor one. The wag is to be thanked who malaproped the name into alleviator.

Like for *as*, as in the phrase "like I do," our dictionary tells us is not peculiar to America. Why, then, is it here? In fact, like *lay* for *lie*, it is merely bad English. Mr. Bartlett in his last edition adds that it is never heard in New England. I sympathize with Mr. Bartlett in his desire to believe in the excellence of New England English. But he may be sure that this mistake is often made eastward of the Housatonic, as it is between the Tweed and Land's-End, by ignorant and slovenly speakers.

Limb for leg, the dictionary tells us, "is one of the mock-modest expressions of which our people are over fond." Most heartily am I with Mr. Bartlett in

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his scorn of all such squeamishness; but as to its being peculiar to our people, I cannot agree with him. People who are afraid to call a spade a spade, cause in the cant of spurious delicacy it would "bring a blush upon the cheek of innocence," are found everywhere. And as to *limb* for leg, the man who did not hesitate to write the coarse but not injurious scenes which make Tom Jones a tough book to read aloud in mixed company, yet hesitated to say that his heroine had beautiful legs, although he wished us to know that she had them: —

"Her shape was not only exact, but delicate, and the nice proportion of her *arms* promised the truest symmetry in her *limbs*." (Tom Jones, Book IV., chap. ii.)

And here Fielding was entirely wrong in his inference, as any student of art or anatomy could have told him. Dr. Knox, late professor of artistic anatomy in London University furnishes the following examples of the same use of *limb*: —

"Their [the Kaffirs'] *limbs* are of great strength, but not their *arms*; and their elongated narrow foot can at once be distinguished from all others." (Races of Men, page 272.)

— "in stature and weight inferior to the Saxon; *limbs* muscular and vigorous; torso and arms seldom attaining any very large development." (The same, page 319.)

Living-room appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary, with the comment that in New England it is called the *keeping-room*. The latter phrase I have already remarked upon and shown to be of long-established use in England. The same is true of *living-room*. How indeed could it be otherwise among people who live in rooms and who speak English! — of which here is an example in evidence: —

"On the contrary, it [marriage] is a contract in which so much pride is taken [among the lowest classes in London] that the certificate attesting its due performance is not uncommonly displayed on the wall of the *living-room*, as a choice print or picture might be." (James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," The Seven Curses of London, page 20.)

To love for *to like*, as "Do you love pumpkin pie?" This is indeed an amazing word to find registered among Americanisms; in such a position it would have astonished Cowper; for,

> "Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
> Had two stone bottles found,
> To hold the liquor that she *loved*,
> And keep it safe and sound."

It is a sin so to degrade the word *love*, making it do the inferior work of *like*; but no English-speaking people are without those who are guilty of it. 'T is as common as lying.

What remains under the letter L may well be passed over without remark; for to take notice of such thoroughly English phrases, such downright John Bullisms, for example, as *leastways*, *leave out in the cold*, *lie out of whole cloth*, and *lots*, as "*lots of people*," or of such phrases as *land-grant*, *land-scrip*, *land-office*, *land-warrant*, which are mere signs that an English-speaking people have a business in the sale and distribution of public lands, would be a needless waste of time and labor.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company announced an excursion to Harper's Ferry for the third Thursday in August, "round trip tickets one dollar, five hours in Harper's Ferry," and made provision for three hundred tourists. Three *thousand* idiots sallied forth that day.

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By good luck more than by good management we reached Harper's Ferry alive, uncrushed. We were bent on tranquil pleasure; therefore we resisted the enticements of tournament and boat race, and, turning a deaf ear (oh, so willingly!) on the brass band which suggested dancing somewhere, set our faces toward the Shenandoah, where we had been told there was a ferry. Such primitive customs these Virginians have! The boat which our Charon brought us resembled nothing so much as an ill-made bridge over a six-foot stream, cut from its resting-place. However, we landed in safety, and decided to go down the uninviting road, which ran beside the river, until we saw a cross-road; then we would follow that until we came to a farm-house, where we could buy some milk. The road was dusty and deserted; it was almost destitute of shade, too, as the trees were all cut down during the late war, and the young growth is not yet of much service. This lack of old or well-grown trees is, thanks to both armies, very noticeable on the banks of the Potomac as well as the Shenandoah. No cross-road opened a pleasing vista before us, but presently a turn in the road brought us to a small, solitary house without grounds. A woman was sitting on the porch, with her hands in her lap, idle, dreaming. Approaching her, we said, hesitatingly, —

"Good-morning, madam! Can we buy a little milk of you?"

"Milk? Well, now, I'm right down sorry, but I ain't got no milk. Fact is, we ain't got ary cow."

"Can you direct us to any one near here who has cows?"

"Oh, yes! There 's some folks about quarter of a mile down yonder that 's got a cow; reckon they 'll let you have some."

One of us was an invalid, and another quarter mile just now was not to be thought of.

"Is there a spring near" —

"Yes, indeedy!" exclaimed she, eagerly; "there 's a cold spring of splendid water on my land, close by. Jest wait a minute till I get a buckit, and I 'll go and show you the way," she kindly volunteered.

Southern minutes are long. When she returned, bucket in hand, we saw that she had changed her dress, and had donned a clean calico in our honor.

The spring was in a cool, sheltered spot, overhung with tall, slender trees, and surrounded by large stones (which made comfortable seats), and one broad, flat rock, about five feet by seven, which nature evidently intended for a table; on this latter we spread the contents of our baskets, — sandwiches, biscuits, cookies, raisin bread, cake, pears, and peaches, — and prepared for a merry meal.

At our solicitation, but with much demur, the owner of the spring joined us in our feast, praising everything she ate; and as we sat there, talking, eating, laughing, what topic of conversation so naturally suggested by the surroundings as the war!

"Yes, indeedy," said our entertainer, in response to some question, "they was fightin' all round here; skirmishin' right where you 're settin' now. The rebels come and burned everything — but there, now! Mebbe you 're Southerners?"

"Not we," was the unanimous response; "we are Yankees, — Massachusetts Yankees at that."

"I 'm powerful glad! I thought you did n't talk like Southerners. As I was a-sayin', the rebels burned all they could, and if it had n't been for the Yankee soldiers camped round here we 'd all 'a' been killed. They know'd my father was Union, you see, and they had a spite against us."

"Are you a native of this part of the country?"

"Yes, indeedy! I was born about twenty mile from here, but pap moved here when I was a little girl; he owned a right good bit of land round here before the war. Oh, the war has made a heap of difference here! We used to have gay times here once. Many and many 's the dance we 've had on that there big stone your baskets is settin' on; I 've danced many a set there."

We looked at the flat rock, we looked

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at her, and we said nothing; but we concluded that she must have worn tighter shoes when she was young, — or may be half the dancers stood aside, while the other half performed their evolutions.

Presently we rose to pursue our pilgrimage. Our hostess, whose name, age, and family history (she was unmarried) we had long since learned by her voluntary confessions, begged us to come into her house, and she would show us how her doors and walls were riddled with bullets which the gray had fired at the blue, encamped on the hills and along the road-side. She showed us, too, a hole in the head-board of her old-fashioned bedstead, and told us that her invalid mother was lying in the bed when the firing began, and that she had to take her under the bed for safety; the men were firing right through the window.

Our spinster was by no means elderly; she was but a girl when the war broke out, and she and her only brother lived alone in this solitary house, set close to the road-side. There was no vegetable garden, but a few weak bushes beside the porch — marigolds, asters, sunflowers — struggled into bloom, untended and uncared for. In front of the house, across the road, the land sloped down to the river, and was a tangle of young undergrowth. Behind it, so near that you could almost touch it with your hand as you leaned out the back windows, rose the steepest hill I ever saw; it was almost perpendicular, and it cast a heavy shadow over the house, even at high noon in August.

Can I describe the sense of utter desolation, of hopeless solitude, that this house gave us? No other dwellings in sight except those of Harper's Ferry, across the Shenandoah; behind, the grim hill; before, the untraveled river. Inside, three rooms comprised the whole house: two were scantily-furnished bedrooms, and the third was parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, and winter kitchen beside (in summer I presume the cooking was in a small, rickety shed near the front porch), and opened directly upon the porch. On the floor of this apartment was a neat, cheap, gaudy carpet; at the three windows were green paper curtains; around the whitewashed wall five hard wooden chairs, one a rocker, were primly arranged; between the two back windows was a table, draped with a red and black cover, on which lay a Bible and hymn-book; on the narrow wooden mantel-piece, painted black, was an oil lamp. This was all.

In this room, without even a pleasant outlook, that lone woman spends her life. No clock, no picture or engraving to relieve the staring wall, no vase or ornament on the mantel, no sign of sewing, knitting, or womanly work; even the closet (into which we had a peep when she placed therein some cake and fruit we gave her) was almost bare of dishes. What did she do through all the long winter evenings, — during the many stormy days even in summer? Read? No, she owned that she could not read, "only to pick out a bit in the Bible, which I know right well," when we asked for her post-office address, in order to send her a stray newspaper or magazine now and then.

Our friend was no gossip; she said she had "most no neighbors at all," and seemed to esteem a busy Irish family nearer the ferry as too far below her social level to be considered as acquaintances. That our chance visit was a godsend to her we could not doubt. When we went away she shook hands most warmly with us all, begged us to come again soon and see her, and thanked us over and over for the "delicious lunch."

No accident occurred to mar our pleasure that day, yet we never think of our luncheon by the Shenandoah without sadness for the pitiful, empty, lifeless life that poor spinster endures! There still exists in Virginia, but more especially among the less educated, something of that old, before-the-war feeling that manual labor is only for the colored race, and that too much acquaintance with books unfits a woman for — what? Equal companionship with her husband and brothers, perhaps, or contentment in such an existence as our hostess knows.

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— Mr. Richard Grant White's sketch of the English farmer is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. For instance, Mr. White says, "But however prosperous, he [the English farmer] never dreams of such a thing as setting up for a gentleman; nor does he seek to acquire the tastes or the habits of one, although he may be better able to afford them than many of those who have them by birth and breeding. The truth is, they would not suit him; to be obliged to live like a gentleman would be to him a daily affliction," etc. This is quite true of the old-fashioned, lineally descended farmer, but it is not correct of another daily-increasing class of farmer, many specimens of which may be found in the counties of Leicester, Northampton, Rutland, and Lincoln. In these splendid agricultural districts are met the representatives of the new type of English farmer, gentlemen by birth and breeding, of university education, of hereditary wealth, who have been made farmers in this wise: In an old, highly-polished civilization it is always fashionable to affect a love for rusticity. So the over-civilized Ralph or Eadward, with a streak of romanticism ornamenting his common sense, determines to be a farmer; for are not Shene, Moor Park, the Sabine Farm, classic memories? The facilities are providential. A well-to-do, gentleman-like farmer takes from two to six young gentlemen as boarders, at from one hundred to three hundred guineas per annum. So the over-civilized Eadward goes down to the country, followed often by his hunter, hack, and groom. For three or four years the seasons kindly alternate, giving him an opportunity of studying the changes of the weather, a branch of knowledge eminently useful to farmers. He watches the plowman plow, the reaper reap, the thresher thresh. He gradually learns to distinguish between oats and barley, wheat and rye; his vague ideas of sturk and heifer become clarified; he becomes perfectly convinced that potatoes grow in darkness, and apples in light. Of course, now and then he has to unbend a little from these severe studies. In the hunting season he hunts; in the shooting season he shoots; in the dancing season he dances; in the flirting season he flirts; and, finally, in the marrying season he marries. The steward of Lord Ownland lets him a farm on condition that his *princeps agriculturæ* overlooks the farm for a year or two, until things get in working order. A bailiff supplies experience; the over-civilized Eadward supplies money, and often a very valuable science. The system of give and take comes into play. Eadward, the over-civilized, acquires experience slowly but surely, and gives out money and science quickly and generously. It is marvelous the thing is not a failure, but it is not. It is a success. And no farms in the world are farmed more scientifically, more economically, more remuneratively, than those of Ralph and Eadward, who finally shelve a little of their over-civilization. Perhaps the most significant, I had almost said sinister, result of this system is the formation of large farms out of a number of small ones. The main point now is this: these men remain, as they started, gentlemen in tastes and habits; their wives and daughters are ladies. In their homes you meet with every sign of high breeding, every exquisite refinement of culture and luxury which makes the country life of England so full of simple grace and richest beauty.

— There has been considerable speculation as to whether or not Mr. Mallock, the clever author of The New Republic, is a Roman Catholic; and if not, as to what his religious belief may be. At the close of an article in The Nineteenth Century he declares himself a "literal skeptic," but one who is "desirous, in considering the religious condition of the time, to estimate fairly and fully the character and prospects of the one existing religion that seems still capable either of appealing to or of appeasing it." Though it is more than probable that he will not remain long a skeptic, it is not now, at least, in the interest of any theological doctrine that Mr. Mallock adds himself to the number of those writers who criticise the utterances of

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the scientific men of the day. Among these writers are indeed many foolish brethren, but also some most acute and profound thinkers; and by these latter it has been clearly shown, as it seems to me, that even the most distinguished scientists are really, as Mr. Mallock says, "men whose province of knowledge is an extremely small and limited one; who outside that province are enlightened but by the merest smattering of an education; and whose thinking on general matters is that rather of a bewildered woman than a keen and collected man." It is legitimate to retort charges of this sort which they themselves freely make against their opponents. "Let a man," says Tyndall, "once get a real scientific grasp of the ways of nature, and he will see and feel what drivelers even men of strenuous intellect may become through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras." To which Mr. Mallock justly answers, "Let a man once get even a moderate grasp of the nature of human knowledge, the motives of human action, and the analysis of human emotion, and he will see what drivelers even men of strenuous intellect may become, when they confront the problems of life, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with the phenomenal conditions of it." The present scientific school, having made astonishing conquests in the physical world, have also (Mr. Mallock says) "taken possession, by a kind of *coup d'état*, of the spiritual world" as well. They have been aided by a false prestige, and "the first step in the right direction must be to destroy such prestige." Mr. Mallock in this article has put his finger upon those weak points in the reasoning of Tyndall (whom he takes as a type of many scientific teachers) which others have before now detected. He shows the inconsistency of Tyndall's assertions, and makes evident that the latter, in common with others of his school, is really in a state of "unstable mental equilibrium;" that when these men say they are no dogmatists, and that they stand dumb before the question of the universe in reverent and appreciative wonder, "it only means that they will answer the question neither in one way nor another." He goes on to ask why it is that on the part of these positive thinkers there is an "emphatic protestation that there may exist an (immaterial) something, utterly unheeded by their system and destructive of its completeness." The answer, he says, is plain: "Though their system does not need it, the moral value of life does. As to that value they have certain foregone conclusions, which they cannot resolve to abandon, but which their system can make no room for. Two alternatives are offered them, — to admit that life has not the meaning they thought it had, or that their system has not the completeness they thought it had; and of these two alternatives they will accept neither. . . . The message they shout to us is that they have no message at all; and that because they are without one the whole world is in the same condition." Looked at in certain ways, Mr. Mallock observes, or rather looked *from* in certain ways, Tyndall's position seems to stagger him. The problem of existence reels and grows dim before him, and for the time being his mind is in a state of such confusion that he is incapable really of clearly meaning anything. It seems to me that Mr. Mallock has given the true cause of much of the strange inconsistency in the language of the men of science of to-day. As a writer says in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, speaking of Hamilton and Mansel, "They falter at the step to positive denial, and fall back on doubt (they call it faith), abandoning logic to talk mistily about 'a wonderful revelation which inspires belief in the existence of something beyond the sphere of comprehensible reality.'" Mr. Spencer, this writer continues, objects to Mr. Mansel's process of jumping from the bush of logic, where he has scratched his eyes out, into the bush of faith, where he thinks to scratch them in again; yet Mr. Spencer himself would be glad to "reconcile" science and religion, if religion will accept his basis of reconciliation, which is "this deepest, widest, and most

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certain of all facts, — that the Power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." In this sentence we have the assertion of absolute knowledge and absolute ignorance in the same breath. But we must accustom ourselves to this sort of thing from Mr. Spencer, as well as from writers less acute and logical than he. Without questioning Mr. Spencer's motives, it is plain that his concession to religion is a mockery, and his reconciliation a betrayal with a kiss. But the offer draws the issue distinctly, and speaks in plain words: Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, — the phantom God of Hamilton, Mansel, and Spencer, whom you know that you cannot know, or the living God of the Bible, the heavenly Father, who is not far from every one of you. For Mr. Mallock the choice is already made, so far as denial of this "phantom God" goes; and given certain premises in his mind, logic will probably carry him, as it did Newman, into the Roman Catholic church, from which want of logic kept Dr. Pusey. It would be well for Mr. Mallock and many other people if they could find on the mind's highest plane, in the pure thinking of the speculative reason, a better guide to truth than the merely logical understanding.

— It is said that we are not an artistic people; that we have none of that instinctive desire, that need, for beauty in the common surroundings of daily life which shows itself in all classes of an art-loving race. We have a certain amount of cultivated taste for art, and as this increases and spreads it will doubtless reach down from the higher classes of society to the strata beneath. Of course, the genuine love for beauty, which gives its possessor a passionate delight in presence of a beautiful object, is a natural gift, but almost all persons have it in some degree; and though culture cannot produce this feeling, it has an indefinite power to awaken and develop it. It would seem that this cultivation of the artistic feeling and judgment needs to be deep and broad, if we are to trust so much more to it than to native sensibility. A superficial knowledge of the technique of art and an acquaintance with the names and characteristics of most well-known artists will not take the place of a knowledge of the essential nature of art and a veneration for its high aims. It strikes me, as an interested observer, that just now there is among us a good deal of more or less thorough understanding of the technical qualities of artistic work, especially in painting, and not much comprehension of or care for what may be called its spiritual qualities. How little that is profound has been written by professed artists or judges of art as to what art truly is! Yet until this preliminary notion of the nature and object of art is arrived at, how can we be fit to judge of art in the concrete and particular! Mr. Ruskin undoubtedly has a true feeling of the dignity of art, yet he has never been able to give any worthy definition of it. Most of those who have attempted to define the object of art tell us that it is to give pleasure, which is in a certain sense true, but quite inadequate; and then they go on to instruct us as to what kind of pleasure it ought to give. The insufficiency or untruth of these definitions is made plain whenever they are used to test any special work of art; and when one art critic says it ought to and does give pleasure, and another insists that it does not and ought not, there are no means of deciding between them, but each one keeps his own private opinion, and is satisfied that it is right. Most people, perhaps, and artists first of all, would smile at the suggestion that philosophy might have something to say on the subject worth listening to; yet those persons who believe that philosophy is not a useless thing, and know that it undertakes to deal with all matters, not in their detail, but in their idea, find nothing ridiculous in the claim of the philosopher. There seems to be more general interest in painting than in the other arts, and more persons who profess to know something about it; with regard to poetry and music one does not hear so many and such confident judgments pronounced. Presuming to know little of painting myself, I would like to ask if there is not a

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tendency nowadays to overestimate the technical. Surely, skill in drawing, coloring, and composition, though indispensable to any great work of art, does not alone constitute it great; and yet, if I am not mistaken, there are painters, highly thought of by the public, who waste their skill on trivial subjects, and who have all the means in hand for producing a great work, and fail to produce it because they are content to show their ability to do so if they wished. Their souls remain satisfied with lavishing pure and beautiful color on the folds of some inanimate woman's dress, or the papering of the wall behind her. Of course, we do not require of art always to be sublime, any more than we desire nature to be always grand, and give us only Alpine heights, desert wastes, storms, and fury. Schumann's Kinderscenen and his B-flat symphony are equally works of art; and in both alike it is the thought or sentiment, as well as the external forms each takes, that makes them valuable. That there should be no selection of subject, that in painting, poetry, and fiction anything and everything should be considered worthy of representation, seems to me to mistake and degrade the meaning of art. The same subject, moreover, may be artistically treated or not. George Eliot takes two ordinary, selfish girls, like Rosamond and Gwendolen, and gives us new conceptions as to what such characters are capable of, sounds their natures to their utmost depth, and reveals to us what we, meeting them in the world, should never have seen for ourselves. Trollope puts us down among a set of like commonplace, everyday people, and tells us about them — what? Nothing except how they looked and walked and talked. We are not made to feel anything of that sympathy which springs from profound understanding of even the commonest human beings; we know of them pretty much what we should know if we were to meet them to-morrow at dinner, and are bored by them quite as we should be in the reality. I suppose Trollope belongs to the realists, and we are told that realism in art is a fine thing; but by whatever name such art as his calls itself, it seems to me art of a low order. I have a notion that in the presence of the highest art the question whether it be ideal or real does not present itself as important; and at any rate, I think the true contrary of idealism is not realism, but materialism.

— It is not a little amusing to observe how fashion has its sway even in the domain of literature, ordering and popularizing the use of certain words and phrases for a time, to be superseded in turn by others, whenever, in its supreme capriciousness, it shall so determine.

The writer calls to mind a number of these hackneyed expressions, which, although now somewhat superannuated and out of style, were at one time immensely popular, being adopted by writers of every grade and pursuit. While it may be conceded that they have a degree more of point and fitness than the rude, unwashed, *slang* phrases of the day, they are nevertheless marked by the same ludicrous frequency and recklessness of use so comically characteristic of the career of their vulgar brethren.

It is not long since one could hardly take up either paper, magazine, or book, and glance over a leader, or an article which was at all of an argumentative character, without having his eye arrested by the words *in the premises*. After a time "in the premises" grew too common; it was worn by everybody. Like the famous *ulster*, though it might boast a princely origin, it descended at last to plebeian appreciation and adoption, and its successor must be sought for forthwith.

Now the use of the expression is confined mainly to occasions where its peculiar pertinency compels it, and it is avoided as rather *passé* by all except those obstinate old fogies who have the habit of clinging to forms and fashions long after the general public has discarded them.

Next, it was decreed that the word *average* should be installed as the word of the period. And it was laughable to notice how a word, originally of moderate pretensions, which as a modest mem-

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ber of our esteemed vocabulary had heretofore acquitted itself in a natural and becoming manner, was all at once forced into factitious prominence, and compelled to serve as an abject adjective before nouns of every character, and many of them of even questionable respectability. Soon such combinations as "the average man," "the average woman," "the average husband," "the average wife," "the average girl," "the average hoodlum," "the average politician," "the average congressman," "the average voter," and a host of other averages became distressingly frequent to the reading public. Indeed, it seemed as if our professional writers had come to a sudden realization of the *general* usefulness of *average*, and the unexpected ways in which they often applied it were rather startling to the staid old commercial marines, who had all along supposed it chiefly valuable for adjusting the accidents of commerce.

Now the *average* writer is not *averaging* as profusely and indiscriminately as he was. It is a condiment which by its frequent and excessive use has lost somewhat of its original flavor and pungency.

At one time the word *outcome* was threatened with a season of this humiliating popularity; but, happily, it seems now to have been permitted to subside to its normal position, and to resume its natural functions again.

Just at this time the familiar formula *all the same* is quite the prevailing mode. Not only does the despised and obtrusive Celestial find it handy and efficient in his labored intercourse with the proud and repellent "Melican man," but even British and American writers of every degree have found in this simple combination a thing of beauty and utility, appropriate for almost every emergency of expression, — a very help in time of need. And the extravagant patronage they bestow upon it must be peculiarly gratifying to its inventor and patentee.

The latest novel of a certain renowned English author is a remarkable illustration of how composition can be made easy by a judicious and liberal use of these stereotyped phrases. He makes *all the same* play the prominent part of "end man" in many a felicitous paragraph. Indeed, there is scarcely a page of the book that is not embellished with repetitions of the phrase. But while he has thus used it with great freedom, he must at the same time have used it with great good judgment; else, why would not the professional critics have discovered that an awkward redundancy had marred his usual elegance and purity of style?

— I emphatically agree with the contributor in the February Atlantic who thinks that Thomas Hardy does not receive from contemporary criticism the attention which is his due. In his last published novel, The Return of the Native, are not the distinctive merits which belong more or less to all his work, as pointed out by the February contributor, very richly found; while the story, through the types of character presented in its chief personages, takes a wider, more philosophic range and suggestiveness than anything he has written before? There is great fascination in the mere setting of this tale. Not only are Egdon heath and its cottagers, Fairway, the Cantles, Susan Nunsuch, and the rest, described with all that unique feeling for nature and quite Shakespearean art in portraying clodhoppers which this author possesses, but the higher characters in the story are all touched with some hue of their wild surroundings.

What a typical spirit of to-day is poor Clym Yeobright! "He had reached the stage in a young man's life when the grimness of the general human situation first becomes clear, and the realization of this causes ambition to halt a while. . . . Yeobright loved his kind. He had a conviction that the want of most men was knowledge of a sort which brings wisdom rather than affluence. . . . In passing from the bucolic to the intellectual life, the intermediate stages are usually two at least, frequently many more; and one of these stages is almost sure to be worldly advance. . . . Yeo-

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bright's local peculiarity was that in aiming at high thinking he still cleaved to plain living, — nay, wild and meagre living in many respects, and brotherliness with clowns. . . . To argue upon the possibility of culture before luxury to the bucolic world may be to argue truly, but it is an attempt to disturb a sequence to which humanity has been too long accustomed readily to renounce. Yeobright preaching to the Egdon eremites that they might rise to a serene comprehensiveness without going through the process of enriching themselves was not unlike arguing to the ancient Chaldeans that in ascending from earth to the pure empyrean it was not necessary to pass first into the heaven of ether."

This young man who is going to throw up his business in Paris to come home and turn night school-master to the poor had been the famous bright boy of his region. "When his name was casually mentioned by neighboring yeomen, the listener said, 'Ah, Clym Yeobright: what is he doing now?' When the instinctive question about a person is, What is he doing? it is felt that he will not be found to be, like most of us, doing nothing in particular."

Poor Clym does come home to make a tragical figure enough. When has the modern reformer been shown in a novel in so perfectly fresh and unhackneyed a light as Hardy has managed to throw around this young man, who is neither mobbed nor imprisoned, nor suffers any other of the regulation calamities with which such a hero is wont to be brought on the stage. He only falls in love with Eustacia, and she with him; and what a tragedy therefrom! Surely there is rare skill in creating a being so self-loving and fickle and without the slightest appreciation of what is noblest in her husband as Eustacia is, who yet in her way is so touching a figure. All her early manœuvres to make the acquaintance of Clym; her "At present, tell me of Paris," uttered in the midst of one of their most romantic lovers' trysts; her trailing off with all her pride to a miserable village picnic, after her marriage, in search of excitement, — in spite of all these proceedings, how subtly but immeasurably is Eustacia removed from the usual shallow conception of the idle beauty, scheming to entrap lovers, and coveting worldly glare and glitter for mere vanity. This divinity of Egdon heath with all her boarding-school education had nowhere received any training that would enable her even to sympathize with a husband's purpose (perhaps the safest form of feminine purpose), though the husband had been a man of much more practical aspirations than Clym Yeobright. One cannot imagine Eustacia as sharing the life of any man whatever with a serious career; yet all her extended compass "both of feeling and of making others feel," how suggestive it is of a large nature thrown away; with what evident charity does the author himself regard her!

I believe Hardy has been somewhat accused of taking a low estimate of women, of having a cynically sharp eye for their foibles; but merciless as his insight sometimes seems, it is an insight which I should think women, even the most "advanced," would recognize as, upon the whole, sympathetic. I have never seen The Hand of Ethelberta, and do not know what iniquities he may have perpetrated against the sex in that book; but in his other books I find him more or less keenly appreciative of the feminine *situation* as well as temperament. The situation of the reformer, too, is indicated with the more force in this story because so indirectly. Any one of the inimitable dialogues of the heathmen is the strongest possible suggestion of the task Clym undertakes in proposing to intellectualize these delightful ignoramuses; or the scene of the Sunday morning hair-cutting before Fairway's shop, when Clym is thus commented on by the very class whom he has sacrificed all his own interests to benefit: "'Tis good-hearted of the young man, but, for my part, I think he had better mind his business."

It is true, of course, that Hardy's story is always three men, or more, in pursuit of a woman; but it matters little what his mere story is so long as he

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tells it with such vivid characterization, such terse and vigorous writing in the reflective passages, and with a plot which, however simple, is full of such dramatic situations as is The Return of the Native.

— It seems very singular that the Greeks, who drank so deeply at the fountains of life, and are themselves such glorious representatives of the beauty of life, should have left us that most pathetic saying that those whom the gods love die young, and the no less pathetic story of the mother who prayed to the gods for the most precious thing within their gift for her beloved sons, and was answered by finding them dead in the morning light. None of us fully understand this before the possibility of being thus beloved by the gods has passed away from us forever, — realize that it means it is well to be cut off in the first flush and rapture of existence, before the "chill of disenchantment," as Castellar somewhere puts it, has crept upon heart and brain. For if we live long enough, there is sure to come to us, sooner or later, a period when the cutting contrast between the real and ideal begins to make itself most painfully felt; when the hard, inexorable facts of life force themselves upon us, and we wake up, as it were, from the golden dream that childhood and early youth have woven round us. Among all the sad possibilities and melancholy necessities of life, nothing to me is more intensely tragic than this dreary time of disillusionment, that in one form or another is known to all men, though many doubtless pass through this "blind darkness" quietly and painlessly, and drift into another phase of being almost unconsciously; the more highly, delicately, and sensitively we are organized, the greater, of course, will be our suffering. How long the spell may remain unbroken it is impossible to measure by years, and varies, of course, entirely according to individual character. I have known men who were completely disillusionized at twenty-five, and women who at thirty had only just begun to comprehend the actual world. But I believe it is safe to say that disenchantment sets in when youth has really dropped from us, and we are born into manhood and womanhood; for this change within us seems indeed almost like a second birth, of the pangs of which we are painfully conscious. Or, if you will, it is a crisis in life, the issue of which no physician can predict. For it is very possible that in it may hopelessly perish what is best and highest in us, our idealism. Who can say how even Shelley and Keats and Schubert, and all those others of whom we like to think with a kind of sweet melancholy that they died too young, might have passed through that period when passion seems dead, and inspiration to have run dry forever; when utterance and creation become painfully difficult, if not impossible, and we for the first time wholly comprehend Solomon's despairing cry of "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" Looked at in this light, no one ever dies too young, and it seems scarcely fair to judge of genius at all before it has attained to a certain maturity. For what is called by that great but much-abused name is often but the brilliant flash, the sparkling emanation, as it were, of that first evanescent fervor and ecstasy of youth. Alfred de Musset, for instance, furnishes, it seems to me, a melancholy illustration of one who "survived himself;" or, in other words, whose genius appears to have been so closely and intimately knit and bound up with his youth that we may almost consider them as one. If then those whom the gods love die young, it is also true that they who know not the grief of disenchantment have never known any grief, or tasted of any bitterness, — have scarcely begun, indeed, to learn the lesson of life. But also they can possess nothing of the strength which comes after that sharp cup has been drained. For if we can pass through this chastening fire, not indeed unscathed, for that would be impossible, but with a germ of life left in our idealism, we may assume that it is safe in truth, and that no storms or struggles of after-life can ever affect or imperil it again.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S new prose volume bears the unassuming title of Mixed Essays,[1] and consists of nine papers on different themes of literary and social interest, of which the first was published nearly twenty years ago, by way of introduction to the author's elaborate work on Continental Schools. The titles of the remaining eight essays indicate a wide range of subjects, but it is quite true, as Mr. Arnold claims in his preface, that they are animated by a common aim, and produce upon the mind of one who quietly re-reads them in their present order a strong and deep unity of impression. Let us see what this accomplished writer himself says to have been his prevailing purpose, and how his different studies bear upon that purpose. His aim is no less than the civilization of the human race. Literature, so perseveringly pursued and affected, he declares to be but a part of civilization, not the whole. "What, then, is civilization, which some people seem to conceive of as if it meant railroads and the penny-post, and little more, but which is really so complex and vast a matter that a great spiritual power like literature is a part of it, and a part only? Civilization is the *humanization of man in society*. Man is civilized when the whole body of society comes to live with a life worthy to be called *human*, and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers." Now the basis, Mr. Arnold says, upon which all man's effort to civilize himself proceeds is the love of liberty; and the love of liberty is the instinct for *expansion;* and the instinct for expansion manifests itself in two principal ways, — in the resistance to being over-governed, *sat upon*, cramped and crushed, so to speak, from above, and in the demand for *equality* of opportunity and privilege, that is, in the resistance to being crowded and crushed *laterally*. And given this basis for man's effort to civilize himself, "the powers which, upon this basis, contribute to build up human civilization" are chiefly "the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of art and beauty, the power of social life and manners." Those who are familiar with Matthew Arnold's previous writings, especially with Literature and Dogma and the Culture and Anarchy essays, know already something of what one may call his ethnic distribution of the civilizing powers. One nation has exemplified one power, another another: the Hebrews and the Protestant English the power of conduct; the Greeks and the Italians of the Renascence (*sic*) the power of art; the Germans the power of accurate knowledge; the French, as did also and preëminently Athens in her prime, the power of social life and manners. No nation has thus far exhibited these powers, or any great number of them, in combination, — only rare individuals, bright, particular stars of humanity, have done that; yet this lofty combination is the end toward which all true patriots ought to labor, and the first and most indispensable preliminary to the acceptance of a great national ideal is the frank confession of actual national deficiencies. Again, as we have so often done before, let us follow Mr. Arnold attentively in the charges which he brings against his own compatriots, feeling sure that he will not weakly spare them the uttermost truth, yet trying to suppress as far as may be a certain ignoble satisfaction we all have in hearing Englishmen berated, and to reserve for earnest consideration the indirect bearing of those charges upon ourselves.

The essays on Democracy and the One Thing Needful (Porro Unum est Necessarium) concern themselves with educational matters, — with that part of civilization which belongs to the "power of intellect and knowledge." Mr. Arnold recognizes the fact that authority in England is fast and irrevocably passing from the hands of the aristocracy into that of the middle class, and he entreats for the establishment of schools by the state, which shall offer, at a moderate cost to the pupils, a better order of instruction for that class; something more nearly approaching to the admirable mental training afforded by the French *lycées* and communal schools, and the higher public schools of Germany; something deserving the name of culture. In the essay on Equality, it is rather the social aspects of civilization which we are invited to consider, and England is most unfavorably contrasted with France in the general intelligence and personal refinement, the humanity and ur-

[1] *Mixed Essays*. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

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banity, of the great mass of its people. Life in France, says Mr. Arnold, is so good and agreeable a thing, and for so many people; while life in England, though supremely good for the highly privileged few, is for all the rest so drear and cramped and uncomely a thing! Then he proceeds, with his usual aptitude and amplitude of quotation, to shed all manner of side lights upon this main proposition. He cites Mr. Hamerton's praise of the excellent manners of the French peasant: "They are full of intelligence; they have delicate perceptions; they have tact; they have a certain refinement which a brutalized peasant could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you quite easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way, with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humor. The interval between him and a Kentish laborer is enormous." He quotes Voltaire as affirming that "the great gift of the age of Louis XIV. to the world was the gift of society," and shows how, when its high ideal of social manners was once firmly established, and the material necessity for feudal inequality pressed upon it no longer, the French people introduced equality and made the Revolution. "It was not the spirit of philanthropy which mainly impelled the French to that Revolution, neither was it the spirit of envy, neither was it the love of abstract ideas, though all these did something towards it; it was the spirit of *society*." Then we have the testimony of M. de Laveleye, the political economist, who, as a Belgian and a Protestant, cannot be suspected of undue partiality to France, to the effect that "France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where material well-being is most widely spread; where wealth has, of late years, increased most; and where population is least outrunning the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working class themselves, seem necessary." But here in France and everywhere and above all things, repeats Mr. Arnold, with that bland yet resolute reiteration which is one of his own idiosyncrasies of manner, "it is by the humanity of their manners that men are made equal." "'A man thinks to show himself my equal,' says Goethe, 'by being *grob*, — that is to say, coarse and rude; he does not show himself my equal, he shows himself *grob*.'" Now, the manners of the great mass of his own countrymen Mr. Arnold sorrowfully proclaims are *grob* rather than humane. And once more he cites a correspondent of the Siècle, whose letters from England have been thought worth collection in a volume: "To understand the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey one must be familiar with English manners; one must know the mind-deadening influence of a narrow biblism; one must have experienced the sense of acute *ennui* which the aspect and the frequentation of this great division of English society produce in others, the want of elasticity and the chronic ennui which characterize this class itself, petrified in a narrow Protestantism and a perpetual reading of the Bible." Then, while admitting, with a touch of his more youthful humor, that a little more biblism would perhaps do the French no harm, the unsparing censor confirms in the most emphatic manner the truth of the Frenchman's picture. "It is the picture of a class which, driven by its sense of the power of conduct, in the beginning of the seventeenth century *entered the prison of puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years*. They did not know, good and earnest people as they were, that to the building up of human life there go all these other powers also, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners." They thus "created a type of life and manners of which they themselves, indeed, are slow to recognize the faults, but which is fatally condemned by its hideousness, its immense ennui, and against which the instinct of self-preservation in humanity rebels."

The remaining essays in Mr. Arnold's volume are not directly argumentative and didactic, but none the less powerfully do they enforce his convictions. In the essay on Falkland we have most reverently and sympathetically presented the picture of one Englishman who seems to have exemplified in his own person, and very touchingly, throughout a brief but glorious life of thirty-three years, almost all the civilizing powers, — knowledge, art, urbanity, and spotless virtue. In the delightful paper entitled A French Critic on Goethe we have reviewed, and to some extent corrected, M. Edmund Scherer's rather dry estimate of one who was preëminently and memorably a *humanist*, — illustrating the powers of beauty, learning, and social refinement somewhat to the exclusion of the sterner fourth, that

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of conduct. In the case of Milton, on the contrary, M. Scherer's elaborate study is made the basis of one which represents the great epic poet of England as one "born a humanist," and, as one may add, in the very purple of humanitarian privilege, yet mastered before his life was done by the acerb and rigid spirit of puritanism. Finally, the brief notice of George Sand at the close of the volume is a tribute, grave, tender, and delicate as may be, to the memory of a mighty woman, whose strange vagaries in conduct are simply and sadly admitted, but whom our author admires with an unusual touch of fondness for that high and generous ideal of human life to which, through evil report and good report, she clung with such heroic faith, and which he finds so like his own. "*La sentiment de la vie idéale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale, telle que nous sommes appelés à la connaître*" ("The sentiment of the ideal life which is none other than man's normal life as we shall some day know it"), — this, he says, was from first to last, George Sand's ruling thought; and it is as a personage inspired by this great thought that he himself reveres her, and holds her up to the veneration of his countrymen.

To give in a half dozen paragraphs, or even pages, the gist of as many of Mr. Arnold's complex and crowded essays is a difficult, if not an impossible matter. He says single things so much better than they can ever be said again that the temptation to run into fragmentary quotation is almost irresistible. Moreover, the form of his argument often renders it specially difficult of compression; for there is in him a strange mixture of terseness of phraseology with a certain diffuseness of logic. He is almost unduly inductive. He assembles such a multitude of instances, balances, corrects, offsets, with such infinite pains and patience, that one is sure to drop some of his finer threads of thought when one attempts a rapid gathering up, and one is not always sure of having kept hold of the main, essential ones. But Mr. Arnold is, after all, not half as dogmatic as he sometimes has the air of being, and his keen and subtle considerations are presented, as he himself says somewhere in the present volume, not so much in the hope of winning proselytes to a fixed code of opinion, as by way of assembling matter "for the thoughts of those who think," who desire to see things as they really are, — "the friends of humane life, the lovers of perfection." In this latter spirit let us glance for one moment at the bearing of some of his views on the tough problems of American society.

When, in his character of uncompromising critic, he sets forth the bigotry, the conceit, the ignorance, the low and unlovely ideal of life and manners, of the great English middle class, and then sums up the dangers which await England if she falls under the complete control of this narrow-minded and blunt-mannered *bourgeoisie* by saying that she will be *Americanized*, the climax is naturally an unpleasant one for an American to reach. But let us at least show that we have the nobility which can rise above personal pique, and recognize and respect truth under whatever disguise it comes to us. It is true, then, that our whole nation is one enormous middle class. We have no nobility, and we have no peasantry. We have no class as highly civilized as the privileged classes of the Old World, and we have no class as hopeless of civilization as its inferior classes, since here there is at least room and food enough for all the appalling millions who are born. We have some rather highly civilized individuals, a few in each of our great cities and their environs, — individuals who are in every way worthy to associate upon equal terms with the privileged in older lands, and who, let it be added, have never, as individuals, failed of a most gracious welcome among them. But the effect of such individuals upon the quality of the mass has never been appreciable, — the less in that the higher they rise above the mass, the more they are acted upon by a sort of centrifugal force, which tends to keep them separate units, and throw them off entirely from it.

Enthusiastic individuals among us, conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires and purposes, will be ready to resent on their own behalf the admission of the truth, and to point with an affronted air to their private efforts and achievements. But here also let us at least have the comfort, as Mr. Arnold says, "*de ne pas être dupe*" (of not being taken in). If these individuals really love their country, they will stop talking and thinking of themselves and their work, and continue for a long while yet to labor without recognition or reward. For as yet they have not diminished the sum of our "hideousness" by a fraction large enough to be expressed at all.

Per contra, we may venture to encourage ourselves by reflecting that we learn easily

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and civilize quickly. It may take seven centuries to make a gentleman in Europe, but the thing has been done in the United States, and done consummately well, in one. Hereby we perceive one advantage we shall have in the way of some time bringing our standard of social refinement up to a level with our standard of political equality, which, as our author truly says, has now unhappily, so far, outrun it. You shall travel in a common car over one of our country railways, and just when you are most oppressed and disheartened by the general boorishness and apparent vulgarity of your companions you shall perceive some grace of helpfulness, some trait of chivalry or fine feeling, in the most loutish individual present, for which you might long have waited in vain among a much higher grade of travelers beyond the sea. Dean Stanley, when he paid us a little visit last autumn, was amazed to see how well some of us already understand the science of physical comfort, the pitch to which we have carried some of the more material refinements of living. Finally, Mr. Matthew Arnold's own poems (the best and daintiest of them) have been reprinted in a fifteen-cent edition by the canniest publishing house in the country for railway circulation, and have had an uncommonly good sale. Such are a few of the notes, *pro* and *con*, which may be jotted down on the margins of Mr. Arnold's noble and suggestive essays, for our own private consideration, as material for the thoughts of *Americans* who think.

— Mr. Wilberforce Newton's book of essays[1] shows a very pleasant spirit of candor and of breadth. The range of subjects is wide enough to afford a large field to wander in, and the author is frank enough to be willing to let his readers see that he likes to wander about in it, and look at the things of heaven and earth, if not with profound insight, at least with a pleased and not unpleasing curiosity. He has something to say about the school-men, and about Savonarola and Lacordaire and Edward Irving; he considers the Present Day Elements in Christianity, and the Causes of Heresy; and ends his book by a dissertation, somewhat theological, upon the not yet exhausted subject of Original Sin.

While this discursiveness and ease in writing has a side which is not without charm, still it is to be said that it may be carried so far as to be destructive of all literary form. It might be hard to define exactly the form of an essay, but one has only to remember the work of the masters in this kind of writing to see that an essay may be made a flawless work of art. Apparently little restricted by form, it may wander, and wander charmingly, and yet all the time be flowing in subordination to the hidden law of its existence, like a brook. Least of all is it like the newspaper article, to which, in a quotation from Mr. Taine which serves as his preface, Mr. Newton seems willing to liken it. It is partly from this misconception that our author has made a book to which it is impossible to give unqualified praise. The style is neither clear nor graceful; words are often used in a way to baffle the imagination of the most ingenious reader. What, for instance, does this mean? "Into this cultured but corrupt city of Florence, given up to the idolatry of art, and with no true belief in the *outlying* doctrines of Christianity, the young Savonarola came." Or what would a teacher of rhetoric say to this sentence? "Thus closely do these two worlds often collide." And what is true of the style is also unhappily true of the substance of the essays. They are full of newspaper-like inaccuracies. Two of them, at least, are not to be counted as essays at all. They are sermons, pure and simple, lacking only the needless formality of a text, and might have been delivered from any pulpit. But of the others that may be called essays, it is to be said that they constantly disappoint the reader's hope, either by over-statement, or by inadequate statement, of the thing of which the writer is talking. Here is a typical instance of what we mean: —

"After William of Champeaux," our author says, "came Abelard, with his two-edged sword of breadth, which cut in the twofold way, '*Sic et non*,' — 'Yes and no;' and after Abelard comes Hugo, the mystic."

To say that the Sic et Non treatise of Abelard is properly to be considered in the order of time as coming between William of Champeaux and Hugh of St. Victor is to make a very doubtful statement indeed. There is no doubt that it existed; the Benedictines in later times had a copy which they suppressed as injurious to morals; but that it was published anywhere near the time that it was written we see no reason to believe. In the year 1836, M. Victor Cousin, as the late Sir James Stephen says, first gave the treatise to the world in the edi-

[1] *Essays of To-Day: Religious and Theological.* By William Wilberforce Newton. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.

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tion of the works of Abelard, which he brought out in that year.

There are smaller lapses, also, to which one does not like to be obliged to call attention. Nothing is said, for instance, of the work of education to which Lacordaire devoted himself after leaving the pulpit. He is, morever, represented as being a Dominican monk, and as wearing at one time the Benedictine, and at another the Carmelite habit.

All Frenchmen, Mr. Newton says, are of the Franks Frenchy; and the first instance he gives under this head is St. Philip Neri, who was born in Florence and lived in Rome. Mr. Keble is said to have been "in full sympathy with Pusey and the Oxford theologians;" as if Keble were not one of the founders of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, and active in it long before Dr. Pusey joined it!

These slips may be great or small; but whether great or small, they are great enough to lessen the pleasure which the reader may justly take in Mr. Newton's essays. Of the theological essays, strictly so called, it does not come within our province to speak; but in them also, we fancy, the trained theologian would miss the highest degree of grasp of the subject, and of knowledge and of accuracy of statement.

— A complete analysis of the processes of thought and of mechanism which are essential to the production of a work of art is possible only to an artist; but it is rare to find in the profession either the willingness to undertake, or the capacity to carry out, such a task, — still more, perhaps, to see it performed with sincerity. But under the impulse of that intellectuality, that habit of self-examination and conscientiousness, which are distinctive characteristics of modern artists, the attempt is now occasionally made, to the great profit of the practice of art. Among these attempts Thomas Couture's Méthode et Entretiens d'Atelier has been long familiar to his pupils and friends, and has exercised no small influence upon contemporary art, especially in France, but more from the spirit displayed in it than from any scientific or exact exposition therein contained. Therefore a translation of this interesting work into English,[1] although in fact it is here and there too loyal to the idiomatic French text to be really good English, may be welcomed by all who are concerned directly as practitioners, or indirectly as critics and patrons, in the rational development of art. The scope of the book may be best understood, perhaps, from the master's own words: —

"This book is the result of personal observation. Rebellious against all science, it has been impossible for me to learn by academic means. Were these teachings bad? I cannot say; I never understood them. The sight of nature, the eager desire to produce that which captivated me, guided me better than words, which seemed useless; and besides, I confess to my shame I did not wish to listen. This independence has cost me dear. I have often mistaken the way, sometimes entirely lost myself; but there have come to me from these failures great results, great light. I come out from them more robust; torn to pieces, it is true, but no less valiant. These intellectual gymnastics have formed within me a good artistic temperament."

This book, however, is eminently the work of a painter, — a man rather of sentiment and emotions than of intellectual discipline. It is not arranged in any scientific form, and gives but little exact technical instruction; but it exhibits the inspiring spirit and force of a man of genius. It is abounding in hints, full of the loose logic of the studio, expressed with infinite *bonhomie*, and illustrated by tales of personal experience, told with all of a Frenchman's vivacity and with all of an artist's dramatic instinct. The student or critic cannot fail to find in these pages not only amusement, but some new and precious inspirations. Thus, there is a chapter or two on drawing which may be accepted as *ex cathedra*. The remarks on the close observation of nature rather than of art or of the antique, as essential to the establishment of sound foundations, are excellent and timely, and in certain brief sentences are expressed volumes of truth: "Use three quarters of your eyes for observation, and one quarter for drawing." "Above all things, be humble; in the art of painting, humility is the greatest strength." "If you look superficially," says the painter, summarizing the results of an afternoon's study by the borders of a stream, wherein there had been revealed to him innumerable wonders of life, color, and form, — "if you look superficially, you have only a common image; look longer and deeper, the image becomes sublime." "I hope you have observed that I

[1] *Conversations on Art Methods.* By Thomas Couture. Translated from the French by S. E. Stewart. With an Introduction by Robert Swain Gifford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

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attach little importance to so-called rules, and sacrifice them willingly for the expression of natural sentiment." "To be a good servant of art is well; this is not being a slave to nature and the masters." Such ideas are the basis of Couture's teaching and practice, and his application of them in the chapters on drawing, color, composition, portraiture, values, etc., is remarkable for a certain picturesqueness of statement and a certain breadth and liberality of comprehension, which are the natural expressions of a man of original thought and successful achievement. His hints of practice in the use of pigments, though mere hints, are extremely suggestive, and those who have followed his methods have found their reward in a distinctive purity and sweetness of tone, and in a luminous quality of atmospheric effect. Not the least interesting and instructive parts of this volume are those which contain his impressions of the art of Delacroix, in which he finds an imposing display of artifice at the expense of natural inspirations and study; of that of Decamp, which he admires without stint; of that of Titian, Veronese, Rubens, Raphael, Rembrandt, Watteau, Gros, Poussin, and Van Dyck. Of these masters he speaks with the utmost frankness and fearlessness, like an artist in his own studio conversing with his pupils, — like a man who has arrived at convictions by practice, and not by theory.

Indeed, a large part of the interest of this singular volume is to be attributed to the apparently unguarded character of these studio talks. Ideas are not evolved with any formality of speech; it is not a literary performance; there is neither order, compactness of thought, nor neatness of expression in the development of the theme, and some passages have absolutely no *raison d'être*. In parts one has to get behind the straggling text and to read between the lines to discover what is in the master's mind; but the artistic thought of the painter of the *Decadence* is worth looking for in the midst of any indirectness of language. Sometimes he talks as if he were in front of his easel, with palette on thumb, half absorbed in the production of effects upon the canvas, but meanwhile uttering thoughts out of the fullness of his experience and observation. The whole performance, however, is genuine, manly, and wholesome. It is to be observed, moreover, that his attitude towards his pupils throughout, though natural and unaffected, is full of dignity, though earnest and uncompromising, it is inspired with sweetness and modesty. The didactive form of the conversations is never offensive; one can sit at the feet of this master with no loss of self-respect, and with an absolute assurance that his own individuality is not to be lessened, but rather increased and consecrated to efforts in the purest regions of truth. The personal instruction of Couture was during his lifetime regarded as one of the highest privileges to be enjoyed by the student of art, and no one left his *atelier* without freshened inspirations and a certain mastery of the technique, each according to his capacity. This little book, with its unique flavor of personality, opens those hospitable doors to all the world.

— After the studio talks of Couture, who is recognized as a master in an age of complicated ideals, — an age not prone to elevate individualities into any such distinction, — Ruskin's matchless eloquence upon the same themes may be studied with a new intelligence.[1] As far as the observation of nature and the general views of art are concerned, the artist and the critic are in close concord. In many essential points there is an absolute identity of thought, though in all probability the Frenchman, after the manner of his nation, never looked to such a Nazareth as England for any advanced view of the subject. But the contrast in the methods and in the habits of thought and expression of the two men is significant. The one, living in the midst of a people who have for centuries loved beauty for its own sake, inheriting this precious capacity of loving, together with all the accumulated traditions of national art, utters his convictions with decision and firmness indeed, but with a certain modesty and kindliness of expression which seems to recognize in his hearers an intelligent companionship in art. Moreover, his occupation as a painter prevents him from ever separating his theory from his practice. An aspect of nature, a human face and figure, are indissolubly associated in his mind with their capacity to be portrayed by processes of art. When he has observed an effect, straightway he sets a palette to express his impressions in regard to it. The great English critic, on the other hand, speaks with the authority of a prophet preaching the truth to heathen unbelievers, *de haut en bas*. He is arrogant and defiant. He brings not peace, but a

[1] *Ruskin on Painting*. With a Biographical Sketch. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

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sword, and compels a nation to sit at his feet and be converted. Perhaps no other attitude or method of propagandism could have been equally efficient in the midst of a people who, at the time when he wrote as an Oxford graduate, were singularly ignorant of art, and singularly inaccessible to the influence of the beautiful. He accomplished his purpose, and the book by which mainly a nation was aroused has become a monument. But an artist cannot read it without an instinctive feeling of antagonism; not so much because of its matter as of its manner. For if no other writer ever studied nature so closely, or wrote with such impressive eloquence of conviction, surely none has exhibited less respect for the opinions of others, and has been less tolerant of opposition, however intelligent. Moreover, in his work the essential personality of the artist as an element of expression is not recognized; the necessary mechanisms of art, with their compromises, their balance, and their contrast of values, are less to him than nature pure and simple. He would yield nothing to considerations of technique. He is primarily less an artist than a student of nature, and he has influenced art rather by making critics than by direct appeals to the artistic temperament. But the fundamental truths concerning nature which he has set forth cannot be gainsaid, and cannot be made too familiar to us.

Contemporaneous with Couture's Conversations, to which we have just referred, the Messrs. Appleton have published, in their new Handy-Volume Series, a selection of *passages from Modern Painters, which*, taken consecutively, are intended to present the main argument of the work, with the exception of those special discussions which are intelligible only by means of elaborate engravings. These selections are preceded by a brief though acceptable biographical sketch. The excerpts are well chosen, and arranged in the form of a continuous essay, each division of which has its distinctive title, and is made accessible by a sufficient table of contents. It is a useful book, and contains the germ of a great historical revolution in the observation of nature, if not in the practice of art.

— Of the great men of our time, none has lived a life so devoid of picturesqueness, and appealing so little to the imagination, as was that of the late Mr. Thiers; yet it is well worth study, even aside from the importance of the events with which it had to do. For Thiers possessed virtues which alone in a public man would have made him conspicuous in France. In the first place, he cared exclusively for things, the name they bore being to him a matter of entire indifference. He had, in fact, almost no touch of sentiment in his moral make-up, — a lack which in his case implied not only great clearness of view, but entire unconcern with the right and wrong of a matter. Then, whatever theory he might have adopted, he stuck to it; neither argument nor derision could shake his faith; neither unpopularity nor temporary advantage could induce him to give the lie to his past. And, lastly, he never ranted, and was never servile; kings and mobs might come to him, — he would not go to them. On the other hand, Thiers's faults were most serious; and, though they may not really have been more developed than in many others, they stand out plainer in him than in anybody else, Metternich, perhaps, excepted. Not that he can be accused of political cynicism; for cynicism implies a standard of goodness, and of this he had not the faintest conception. To him politics was a game, in which the great object was to damage and to browbeat your opponent; a politician's business was by no means a seeking after truth and justice, with a resolution to stand by them when found. Thiers saw not only that all the world 's a stage, but also that the history of a country is a play. This situation he ever regarded with the eye of a born manager. A quiet, domestic village comedy might have its advantages, — was indeed just the thing for Germans and Italians; but it was quite unworthy of Frenchmen, who must ever be kept preparing or acting some startling melodrama. At whatever cost, the stage must always be ready to produce a thrilling spectacle; and whatever tended to make the actors less inclined to this sort of thing therein condemned itself. Throughout his long career, Thiers remained faithful to this idea, and never lost it from view. In his youth he preached the worship of military glory, and of Bonaparte, its prophet; in his manhood he was ever the enemy of freedom and union abroad, because they made France appear not positively, but relatively, less fortunate; in his old age he opposed at home schemes the most essential to political well-being and national civilization (such as decentralization and the abolition of a professional army), because such measures would make the French people less fond of theatrical parade, less dis-

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posed to engage in risky adventures, more willing to busy their minds and hands with affairs at home.

Yet it was the singular fate of Thiers, after spending a long life in this fashion, to be in his last years of the greatest service to his country, at a time when greater and better men could not have done half so well. And it is a proof of the importance of the time, as well as of the wonderful picturesqueness of all French history, that the two large volumes of Mr. Jules Simon,[1] covering as they do but two years of time, should not only be eagerly read in France, but should excite great interest in English-speaking countries. Then, at the same time that appears this history of Thiers's presidency, we have presented to the American public a biography [2] edited and translated by Mr. Theodore Stanton from the manuscript of Mr. François le Goff. In both these books is visible that strong bias characteristic of almost all books on history written by Frenchmen, — a naïve belief that foreign nations have no rights that France is bound to respect, and, as regards domestic affairs, the firmest confidence in the wicked disposition of all outside their own party. Historically, of course, Mr. Simon's work is very valuable, for the writer is not only an able man, but was a prominent actor in the events described. But in his book, as in the other, is evident that fatal vice of French writers, a constant effort to flatter a party, and a sublime indifference to truth as regards foreigners. Mr. Simon, in fact, is a Parisian before he is a Frenchman, and soundly belabors the conservatives of the Assembly for daring to hold the meetings of that body in Versailles. "To make little of Paris," he says, "is to make little of France, and to lessen its wealth. Foreigners come to see Paris rather than France. To wealthy and enlightened Europe Paris is France, and the strength and splendor of France are estimated by the strength and splendor of Paris. All the rest of the world takes its tastes, its fashions, and its customs from Paris; submits to its judgment; comes thither as to the universal meeting-place, the centre of civilization." He cannot remark that the German neither insulted the inhabitants of the city, nor stole their goods, without intimating that they abstained only because they were a pack of slaves under the eye of a master; while later he repeats the long since exposed newspaper stories about the illegitimate fondness of "Prussian" officers (Mr. Simon knows no other Germans than Prussians, just as the Southern troops knew no Northerners but Yankees) for French clocks and women's clothes. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of this petty malice is where Mr. Simon first has occasion to mention the German emperor, whom he speaks of as "the king, or rather, since he chose to give himself that title at Versailles, the emperor;" thus giving the reader to understand that King Wilhelm appropriated the title from vanity, after the fashion of Bonaparte, instead of its being conferred upon him by the princes of the nation, as a part of a great political change. The value of the book really consists in the author's account of home affairs, and especially in the three chapters of the second volume, The Work of Legislation, The Liberation of the Territory, and The 24th of May. We have here a full account of the organization of the departmental councils, of the new army laws, of the proposed educational acts, of Thiers's financial schemes, etc., and of the final struggle between the president and the parliament. To knowledge, however, Mr. Simon does not unite literary skill, and both these books translate military and administrative terms in such a way that they must be incomprehensible to all not familiar with the original expressions. Mr. Le Goff's book, it should be said, is openly a eulogy, passing over in silence the least creditable acts of Thiers's career; but the story, as far as it goes, is well told, and, barring the very awkward English of the translation, is an agreeable book to read. Neither work has an index or a table of contents.

— Mr. Whitney may well be proud of his excellent catalogue of the Spanish and Portuguese books in the Boston Public Library.[3] It forms a handsome volume of 476 large octavo pages, and will be found really invaluable by all who care for the literature of the Iberian peninsula. Mr. Ticknor's libra-

[1] *The Government of M. Thiers, from 8th February, 1871, to 24th May, 1873.* From the French of M. Jules Simon. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

[2] *The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers.* By François le Goff. Translated from the unpublished MS., by Theodore Stanton, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

[3] *Catalogue of the Spanish Library and of the Portuguese Books bequeathed by George Ticknor to the Boston Public Library.* Together with the Collection of Spanish and Portuguese Literature in the General Library. By James Lyman Whitney. Boston: Printed by Order of the Trustees. 1879.

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ry, which naturally forms the main part of this collection, — 5359 volumes out of 7867, — was even before his death one of the most complete in existence, and now its usefulness is more than doubled by this admirable catalogue. The principal wealth of the collection is in books of general literature and history, and how rich it is can be fairly seen only by those who read over the long list of titles. These titles, useful as they of course are, have an added value for the bibliographer and the student from the exceedingly interesting notes with which Mr. Whitney has kindly made the way easier for those who follow the road which he has graded and paved.

The work of cataloguing is by no means merely mechanical; it calls continually for judgment as well as knowledge, and when the two qualities are combined, as they have been in the preparation of this volume, it is the reader, and too often the ungrateful reader, who reaps the benefit. The bulletins of the Public Library have often been enriched by valuable notes, and here the student will find very copious additions to aid him in his researches. What more can be asked for it is hard to see.

While the Public Library is, in a commercial way, one of the most important pieces of property in the possession of the city, its higher value is beyond computation. And it has this value, not merely from the number of its books, but by its great richness in certain departments, and the value of the books is indefinitely increased by good catalogues. This one which Mr. Whitney has made with such unceasing pains is a model of careful accuracy and intelligence, and we heartily congratulate him, the library, and the public itself on this admirable volume. It is full, precise, rich in information, and well printed. The title-page especially will please the book-lover's eye.

— In pursuance of his method of teaching the art of china painting, to which we have had occasion to refer (see Atlantic Monthly for February, 1879, page 268), M. Camille Piton has published a second album of examples,[1] with two pages of letterpress devoted mainly to hints as to the proper method of copying each plate upon china, and of rendering it in color. The present album is given exclusively to the reproduction of Japanese methods in art. In the absence of Japanese picture-books, which, by the bye, are not very expensive and are easily obtained, these plates present a useful series of examples of vegetable and animal forms applied to decoration; though for the most part suggestions quite as good, and in respect to color better, may be obtained from good fans, which, because they are cheap, are apt to be undervalued as specimens of decorative art. The album, however, has the advantage of presenting a contrasting series of *motifs*, and to the learner the hints as to the technicalities of their transfer to porcelain have their value. Moreover, the plates, and especially the decorations on the covers, readily and conveniently illustrate the leading characteristics of Japanese art as referred to in the text: such as the admirable adaptation of decorative forms to given spaces; its suggestion of motion and action, wherein the traditions of the best style have been faithfully and intelligently preserved from ancient times; its feeling for the values of detail, which, though often to our eyes seeming to interfere with the necessary unity and simplicity of portrayal, is a distinctive expression of Oriental methods of design, and an inestimable addition to our resources. The cover contains excellent reproductions from the work of Ho Kusai, wherein the contortions of acrobats are set forth with a sureness and precision of touch, an appreciation of form and movement, and a parsimony of lines which contrast strangely with our own methods of drawing; and not always to our advantage, as is shown on the back cover, where Japanese fencers are given by M. Piton after Stillfried in the European manner, compared with native representations of the same subject in the native manner.

— The popular idea of music as a science is usually limited to the laws governing its construction and expression, as laid down in the treatises upon harmony, counterpoint, and thorough-bass. That there are fundamental principles underlying the entire structure, which involve physical, physiological, and even psychological laws, very few may suspect. Indeed, so thoroughly identified has the "divine art" become with the emotional inspirations it is used to express that its devotees might shrink from dissecting its anatomy and laying bare the hidden sources of its vitality. But a thorough understanding of its structure is essential to a perfect appreciation of its truest beauty, and whatever illusions may be

[1] *China Painting in America.* Album No. II. By CAMILLE PITON, Principal of National Art Training School, Philadelphia. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1879.

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dispelled will be more than compensated for by the perfected sense of this beauty.

This exposition[1] is based principally on the investigations of the eminent German philosopher Helmholtz, but other authorities are cited and compared where the argument appears open to question. The author announces in his introduction that the object of his inquiry shall be to ascertain how far the rules and forms of musical structure are determined by physical laws of recognized authority, and to what extent they have been influenced by æsthetical principles, which experience has shown are subject to change, or rather to a progressive development. Throughout the work there is an evident inclination to allow much latitude in all cases where individual taste or genius does not controvert any well-established physical law, and the modern theories of harmony which undertake to subject the art in all its details to fixed and definite rules deduced from natural laws are shown to be arbitrary and insecurely based. The question has an important practical bearing upon the music of the future; for once admit that any set of rules are incontrovertible, and we shut the door on every innovation, which experience has frequently shown to be the first step toward advancement. Unrestrained license, on the other hand, would no doubt give rise to many grotesque and fanciful forms, which could not fail to end in deterioration. How far we must obey the law, and where we may safely exercise individual taste and discretion, becomes the question, and it is only by a thorough investigation of the underlying principles of acoustics, physiology, and æsthetics, together with a careful study of the history of the art itself, that we may hope to solve it satisfactorily.

The work commences with a very clear and entertaining account of the acoustical phenomena involved, and many readers will witness with astonishment the sweeping away of long-cherished notions, shown to be purely the result of education and habit; yet so deeply ingrained have they become that it may require a considerable effort to divest the mind of this bias sufficiently to comprehend the full force of the argument. To be told that the intervals in the diatonic scale, with the exceptions of the octave and the fifth, are purely a human invention, and that within the range of an octave we might have had anywhere from four to twenty-two perfect notes, had the inventor so willed it, rather shakes our instinctive belief in their individuality. That our present system of tonality, upon which our modern structure of harmony very largely depends, and without which it is difficult for us even to think a musical phrase, should have been in existence for less than a century, does not confirm our unconsidered assumption that it is a natural necessity. Perhaps one of the most striking instances of the force of education and habit is the inability of a person accustomed to use our chromatic scale to distinguish any melody in the succession of sounds from a Chinese "fiddle." We are in the habit of ridiculing the musical efforts of other races using a different scale from our own, and we call their music barbaric; but although our scale may be in many respects superior, there can be no doubt that the incoherent and unintelligible effect of their music in our ears is entirely due to a want of appreciation on our part, corresponding to the lack of comprehension of their verbal utterances when ignorant of their language. Nay, it is quite as certain that our music, like our language, must in their ears be equally incoherent and unintelligible.

The history of the development of counterpoint from melody, and of harmony from counterpoint, is carefully traced, and furnishes many curious and interesting facts. Many of our modern chords which we prize so highly were considered discords by our forefathers, and avoided accordingly. The well-known chord of the diminished seventh, which is so effective in our estimation, appeared for the first time in an opera by Monteverdi in 1608, and produced quite a marked sensation by reason of its supposed dissonance. In the works of such modern writers as Wagner or Gounod, we occasionally meet with new combinations of notes that on first acquaintance seem discordant; but the musician of the future will doubtless employ them freely, as we have learned to use and admire the diminished seventh.

By an ingenious yet simple mathematical calculation, it is possible accurately to determine the relative amount of dissonance in any given combination of notes sounded simultaneously; under this test the octave is shown to be the only perfect harmony in existence; the perfect fifth ranks second, and the other chords follow with ever-increasing rates of dissonance.

Wherever the argument turns upon phys-

[1] *The Philosophy of Music.* By WILLIAM POLE, F. R. S., F. R. S. E., Mus. Doc. Oxon. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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ical laws or historical facts, the author is unusually forcible and thorough, being evidently the master of his subject. But upon physiological and æsthetic questions he will find others ready to continue his argument from the point where he has thought best to leave it. Some of the questions which he has declared must defy philosophical reasoning have been attacked by no less a writer than Herbert Spencer, in his essay upon the Origin and Function of Music, published in 1858. It is difficult to understand why this branch of the subject has not been more exhaustively treated by the author, who certainly gives no sign of dissent from the views advanced by Spencer; indeed, they are but an extension of his own, and would materially strengthen the general argument.

His tribute to the genius of great composers, whose work need not be "accounted for, that is, brought into conformity with some imagined natural rule," suggests the possibility that a genius accomplishes results neither by overriding natural law, nor by soaring above it, nor in conscious obedience to it, but by an instinctive sympathy with its vital principles, which anticipates its deductions. Such a view of the case would satisfy both parties to the controversy; for while allowing genius full liberty to break any technical rule not capable of immediate demonstration, it would give the theorists a right to test the results by scientific methods, whenever their laws succeeded in reaching the question. This must of necessity be afar off; for until we come to a better comprehension of the several underlying sciences, the philosophy of music can never be completely elaborated. As a clear and entertaining exposition of much that has been done towards achieving such a triumph, the work in question is worthy of careful study.

French and German.

M. Paul Heusy, in his little book, Un Coin de la Vie de Misère,[1] has drawn four sketches of the suffering of paupers, not at all in the method of Zola, but rather in that of Victor Hugo, deprived of all exaggeration, and with great striving for simplicity. The consequence is that the book is really painful reading. It is dedicated to Flaubert, who is very much admired by a number of young French writers, and is accustomed to receive the homages given him as the leader of the realistic school. But there are as many kinds of realists as there are of anything else, and M. Heusy, though he tries hard to be severe, cannot help being touching. The little tales are extremely pathetic; the *étude de pauvre*, for example, is of a sort to make every reader miserable, and the others are quite as sure to inspire the deepest gloom. This is a common condition of things just at the present time, and the cheerful writers are probably starving to death, while the melancholy ones are waxing fat and rosy. The most important question, however, is how the readers can stand these assaults on their feelings. If they like a certain amount of sorrow in the books they read, let them take up this one. They will find pathetic stories, well told, and can glut themselves to their hearts' content with the most delicious melancholy.

Wherever the discussion of French novels goes on, sooner or later something is pretty sure to be said about Theuriet, and this is generally very much to his praise. This is surely just. Theuriet is an excellent writer in many ways. But it may yet be true that it is his intention which is deserving of praise rather than his performance. To hear the laudation that is given him, one would suppose that here was a great novelist who had struck out a new path in literature, and that his originality was most striking. In fact, however, this is rating him pretty high, and higher, possibly, than he deserves. He is, to be sure, original to the moderate extent of leaving Parisian drawing-rooms and brandy-shops to some of his more illustrious contemporaries, while he generally lays his scene in the country; but this is no novelty. George Sand had done this when Theuriet was a child, — it is curious, by the way, to bear in mind that her attention was called to the merit of what we may call rustic literature by a friend who showed her Auerbach's Dorfgeschichten, — and Balzac and Charles de Bernard wrote about other places than Paris.

It is also true that Theuriet describes the country in a pleasant way; but green trees are no rarer in novels than they are in the woods, and there are a good many writers of fiction who are formidable rivals to our best known landscape and marine painters. Possibly this mingling of the arts justifies those hasty critics who are forever talking about word-painting. All

[1] *Un Coin de la Vie de Misère.* Par Paul Heusy. Paris: P. Ollendorff. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1878.

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these qualities are, however, but the outside of the matter; they concern only the frame of the picture; true originality does not show itself in describing new fashions of head-dress, but in the way the people beneath these hats are set before us, and here Theuriet shows but little disposition to leave the beaten path. He makes it very clear that he is wise enough to read English novels, and to profit to some extent by their good qualities, but this no more establishes his claim to originality than the adaptation of French plays proves the existence of that quality in those who purvey to the English stage. In all essentials, Theuriet remains true to those models with which he is infinitely more familiar, and nowhere is this shown more clearly than in his story called La Maison des Deux Barbeaux.[1]

It is no serious objection to the tale that the plot is evident from the time that the first ten pages are read. The interest of a plot is quite an accidental matter, — who reads Thackeray for the plot, and what does all his ingenuity in this respect do to raise Wilkie Collins from his place in the valley by the side of Parnassus? — the only important thing is the way the story is told. Here we have familiar people, the middle-aged, innocent husband, the frivolous wife, and the barber's block of a lover, and the action moves in the well-known ruts. Of course, when things come to a crisis, the broad shoulders of the husband quite dwarf the scented pettiness of the lover, and after a period of probation the wife is taken into favor again. We all know the incidents; French novelists who seek to be proper are never tired of casting their stories after this model, and in consequence they are as much like one another as are the bars of an iron fence.

There are neat touches here and there in the book, but it is hard to see upon what principle its author is called in any way great. Surely, too, the other sketch in the volume is not of a sort to add to a great man's fame. It begins prettily enough, and there is some merit in certain parts, but there are stains in it — or such they seem to be to the reader of another nation — that cannot delight a good many persons. Moreover, many of the most offensive things are lugged in in the most superfluous way.

Yet these criticisms do not in any way detract from what we can call Theuriet's amiability. He is pleasing enough as far as he goes, but he is tethered with a short rope.

We spoke of Auerbach a moment ago, and it is interesting to see how in his old age he has gone back to the sort of writing that first brought him real fame. His Landolin[2] is an example of his best method. After straying away to attempt the composition of the great novel of the period, — for must it not have been with some such ambitious design that he composed such a cumbersome ethical monstrosity as The Villa on the Rhine? — he has wisely learned what is the exact limits of his powers, and has set himself a practicable task. That he has succeeded here no one can deny, and yet it is perfectly credible that a great many readers should find this book unreadable. Those who like Auerbach will like this novel, while those who do not like him will yawn over it. And it is very possible to see great merits in a book without caring to read it. We are all ready enough to acknowledge, as an abstract question, the importance of mathematical study, yet there are those of us who never open a book on the subject; and in the same way, it is easy to be indifferent to a writer whose ability and good intention we are ready enough to admit. As Paul Stapfer says in his Causeries Guernesiaises, the only position of absolutely uniform feeling towards every writer is that of indifference to all. Hence it may be very possible to read some books with every feeling of respect and none of liking. There will be others, however, who will take pleasure in this novel.

Certainly the attraction that even poor novels have for a large number of American readers is a curious thing. And it is by no means the best ones that are liked most: authors who rank at home no higher than, say, Mrs. Southworth does here are translated for the delight of thousands, while a really fine novel, like Geier-Wally, has no exceptional success. It would seem as if sometimes people who shifted from one country to another lost the bearings in more ways than one. On the other hand, we have Julian Schmidt praising the novels of Edmund Yates, of all men. But this is straying far from the discussion of Auerbach's last novel. He takes us back to the country that he has made famous in litera-

[1] *La Maison des Deux Barbeaux.* Par A. Theuriet. Paris: P. Ollendorff. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

[2] *Landolin von Reutershöfen.* Erzählung von Berthold Auerbach. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1878.

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ture, and sets before us familiar figures. The main character is the heroine, the daughter of the rich farmer. This man complicates matters very much by committing a murder, and the main interest of the story, so far as the action is continued, is the trial of the murderer, and his subsequent career. It would be unkind to the reader to unfold here the various ins and outs of the plot; it will be sufficient to say that any one who cares for the tale at the beginning will be interested to the end. Yet the story is hardly in every respect a success. The heroine, who gives her name to the novel, is a tremendous creature, who can exist only in the imagination of a novelist who carries on his shoulders a good deal more than the construction of his stories. She is more like a goddess than a human being. In fact, it might not be inaccurate to state that the German imagination in literary matters strays from exactness very much as their imagination in art differs from that of the Greeks when they undertake to treat similar problems. Consider, for instance, what a bombastic, inflated modern Athens Munich is, what an overgrown enormity is the statue of Liberty, and it will be easy to see that the heroine of this tale has bulk and a certain sort of impressiveness, yet without belonging to the immortals. It was not the size of Zeus that made him impressive, yet it is in this respect that much of German work has tried to make itself felt, and has — with respect be it spoken — failed.

In æsthetic matters, Germany has not yet succeeded in supplanting Greece, whatever it may have done on the lists of studies in college catalogues.

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